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REVISED EDITION.

CHAMBERS'S MISCELLANY

OF

USEFUL & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

VOLUME VII.

W. & R. CHAMBERS
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

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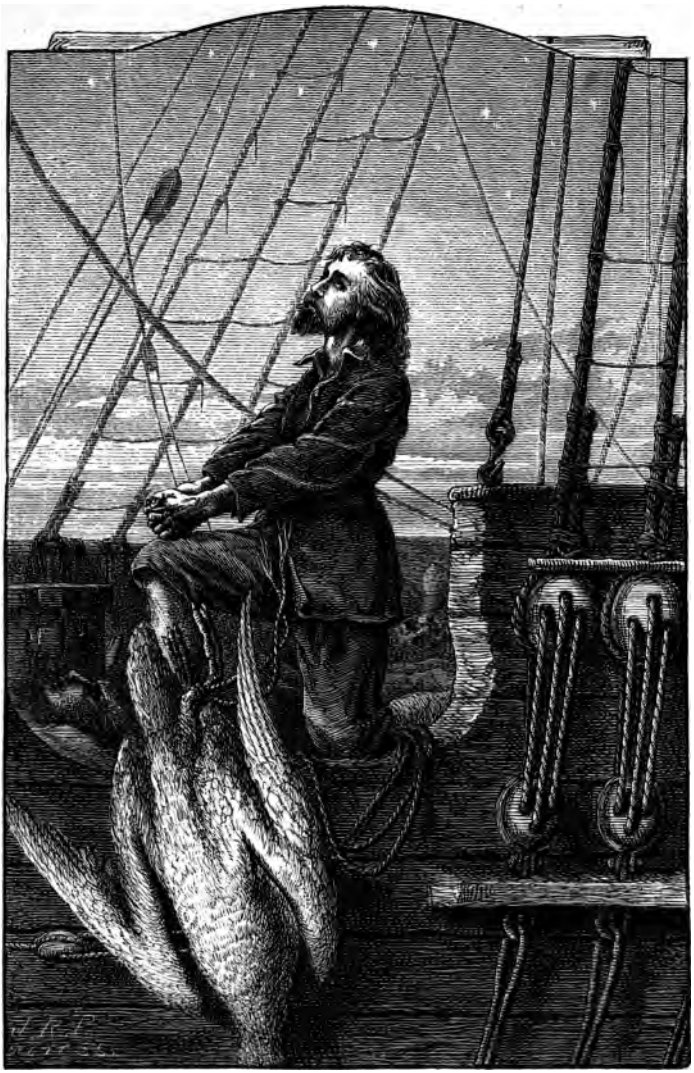

The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sunk
Like lead into the sea.

Coleridge.

CHAMBERS'S

MISCELLANY

OF

INSTRUCTIVE & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

New and Revised Edition

VOL. VII.

BIBLIOTHECA REGIA

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JOAN OF ARC, MAID OF ORLEANS.

FIVE hundred years ago, a considerable part of France was under the rule of the kings of England. The manner in which the English gained possession of territories in that country is perhaps not very generally known. When William, Duke of Normandy, fixed by conquest his sway over England, he still retained his Norman possessions. These, with some other districts, descended as an heritage to the English crown, so that, in process of time, when the invasion of the Normans was forgotten, it almost appeared as if the English had intruded themselves into Normandy, instead of the Norman dukes having intruded themselves into England. With Normandy as a stronghold, the English monarchs contrived to extend their possessions in France by means of wars, for which it was always easy to find a pretext. Besides this odious practice, there was another means of extending kingdoms much resorted to in these times. This consisted in the intermarriage of princes and princesses. When the son of an English king married the daughter and heiress of a French duke, and when the duke died, his possessions, including all the people upon them, became, as a matter of course, the lawful patrimony of his daughter's family. Vast possessions, in what is now included under the name France, were thus added to the English crown. One of the most sweeping encroachments of this kind arose from the marriage of a daughter of Charles VI. of France to Henry V. of England. When Charles VI. died

(1422), the succession was settled on his son-in-law Henry, to the exclusion of a son, Charles—a man of weak dispositions. Henry V. died before he was installed in this splendid acquisition, but he left a son, Henry VI., who inherited his claims, and though only a child, was acknowledged as king by the greater part of France, and crowned in Paris. This event gave the English a much more extended footing in France than they ever had before. In point of fact, with the exception of certain provinces under independent dukes and counts, they had a complete mastery in the country, and the sovereigns were henceforth styled kings of France and England.

What, it may be asked, were the feelings of the French people on finding themselves so coolly handed over to a foreign power? At the time we speak of, the people at large were for the greater part serfs or bondsmen, under powerful nobles, and to them one king was generally as good as another. Their occasional oppression under these feudal chiefs was their principal grievance, and sometimes they arose in immense numbers and slew the nobility and their families. A dreadful outburst of this nature occurred about the year 1358, and is known in history as the revolt of the *Jacquerie*. Sometimes much blood was also shed by the contentions of rival dukes, each bringing his vassals into the field to fight against the other. A fierce civil war of this kind took place a short time previous to the accession of Henry VI.

This young king being incapable of ruling in his own person, his government in France was conducted by the Dukes of Bedford and Gloucester. These noblemen had a difficult part to act; for Charles, the Dauphin, or son of the late king of France, had a party in the state who favoured his preferable claims to the throne; and, besides, the civil broils among the noblesse and peasantry kept everything unsettled. The English power, fortified by the Duke of Burgundy, was, however, supreme. All the towns and forts were garrisoned with English soldiers; and it is not unlikely that, with prudent management, and with a popular monarch, France would have irrevocably become a province of England.

Such a misfortune for both countries was prevented in a most singular manner by the intrepidity of a peasant-girl; and it is the story of this girl that we now propose to tell, and we tell it to the shame of the English nation—the shame of bigotry—the shame of having cruelly maltreated an innocent and patriotic maiden.

EARLY LIFE OF JOAN OF ARC.

Jeanne Darc, or, as we translate the name, Joan of Arc, was born in the year 1412. Her parents—Jacques Darc, and his wife Isabelle—were cottagers, who dwelt in Domremy, a village on the borders of Lorraine, in the north-eastern part of France. Joan had a sister who died young, and three brothers, who lived to reap advantages

from their sister's heroism. Jacques Darc and his wife were honest and industrious people, who entertained no other ambition than that of bringing up their children creditably in their own station. Joan was not instructed in reading or writing—but we must remember that such accomplishments were rare at the time when printing was unknown, and when learning was confined almost entirely to the priests. It is certain, however, that she had many comparative advantages; her parents were distinguished for piety and good-conduct, and there can be no doubt that she was early instructed by them in the tenets of the Christian religion. Her mother taught her to spin and to sew; and from every record of her early years, we may gather that she was looked upon as a modest, industrious, kind-hearted girl; and sufficiently distinguished for the fervour of her religious impressions, to be sometimes laughed at by her companions for preferring to attend church to joining with them in the song or the dance. There are many testimonials of her zeal and devotion in the exercises of religion, which she appears to have always performed without show or affectation. And often, when occupied in the fields weeding or reaping, she was known to separate from her companions, and afterwards found offering up her prayers in some secluded nook. When we add that she was also distinguished by shyness and timidity, thoughtful observers may perhaps discover a key to her character.

Joan of Arc has never been represented as a person of many words; and certainly the simplest clue to her extraordinary history would be found in considering her of that earnest, thoughtful temperament which broods constantly on the ideas which have once taken fast hold of the mind, and which, when joined to a vivid imagination and high-toned moral feeling, is sure to produce a warm but sincere enthusiast.

In the neighbourhood of the village of Domremy, on the road which led to Neufchâteau, there was a fine old beech-tree, whose arching boughs, descending to the ground, formed a kind of vault, and which, time out of mind, had been called 'the Fairies' Tree.' Near to it there arose a spring called the 'Fairies' Well.' The tree and spring were the objects of superstitious offerings by the ignorant villagers; but not so to Joan of Arc, who would attend no *fêtes* and dances in honour of the tree or well; and on all such occasions she preferred to carry garlands of flowers to hang at the shrine of the Virgin in the church of Domremy.

If we add that Joan, as she grew up, was not confined to household duties; that, on the contrary, she was accustomed to frequent outdoor employment, and often drove cattle and horses to graze and to water, mounting the latter with little or no accoutrements, which might well account for the equestrian skill and fearless riding she afterwards displayed, we believe we have related all by which her early girlhood was distinguished.

But, with her warm enthusiasm and ardent imagination, the village girl must have been an eager listener to the many tales of outrage, woe, and suffering inseparable from the condition of her oppressed country; and which, from far and near, must have floated on the breath of rumour even to Domremy. We learn that, with one single exception, the villagers were all Armagnacs, as the adherents of Charles were called, from the part which the Count d'Armagnac took in the struggle; but that the inhabitants of the neighbouring village of Masey were of the rival party of Burgundians. We learn, too, that the children of both places carried out the factious animosities of their elders into their own childish play; and that mock-fights, in which sticks and stones often proved dangerous weapons, were common between them. Joan had frequently beheld her young friends and her own brothers covered with blood after these fierce encounters; and while such things were proofs of the strong party-feelings which existed under an apparent calm, they must themselves have kept alive and kindled the very enthusiasm from which they sprung. Nay, on one occasion at least, their country's troubles came more nearly home to the villagers of Domremy than through mimic fights, or the echoing reports of far-off calamities. A party of Burgundian cavalry drove them, with their families and flocks, from their peaceful homes, and compelled them to take refuge elsewhere. On this occasion the family of Darc found shelter in a hostelry at Neufchâteau, a town which, belonging to the Duke of Lorraine, was safe from aggression. Here they remained fifteen days, during which time it is highly probable that Joan, as some return for the hospitality and protection afforded, assisted in many domestic offices; at anyrate, this conjecture is the only foundation for the story of Joan having been servant at an inn, a story first related by a chronicler of the Burgundian faction, and adopted by English historians.

Joan was between thirteen and fourteen years of age when, according to her own account, she began to see visions, and hear the voices of departed saints calling upon her to re-establish the throne of France. Now that time has removed the mists of prejudice, and reason, with many helps from science and experience, is allowed to rule our opinions, we see in these supposed preternatural revelations only the workings of an ardent and imaginative temperament. Swayed by those two powerful emotions, religious and political enthusiasm, Joan was no impostor. Her mind, feeding upon itself, had become in some measure deranged, and produced those impressions which the simplicity of her own nature interpreted as direct messages from Heaven. This belief is indeed the only satisfactory key to her conduct: she believed herself a chosen instrument in the hands of the Deity, and by the strength of this faith the heroine was supported.

The battles of Crevant and Verneuil had apparently annihilated

the hopes of the Dauphin—or, as we will more properly call him, Charles VII.—when Joan believed herself to be first visited by supernatural agents. Of course her own testimony is the only one afforded. She said that, when sitting one summer day in her father's garden, she saw a shining light in the direction of the church, and heard a voice bidding her continue pious and good, and assuring her that God would bless her. The second vision took a far more distinct form. On this occasion, she says, she was tending her flocks in the fields when she heard the same voice, but she beheld also the majestic forms of St Catharine and St Margaret, while the voice announced itself as that of the Archangel Michael. It now delivered some mysterious words, intimating that France should be delivered from the English yoke through her means. This second vision filled her soul with rapture; and, as a token of gratitude to the Most High for choosing her as an instrument of his will, she took a vow to remain unmarried, and to devote herself entirely to her mission.

Her own family seem to have treated these rhapsodies very lightly; although it is reported that her father, dreading she might be worked on by some men-at-arms, and induced to follow the army, declared that 'he would rather drown her with his own hands,' than live to witness such a thing. Meanwhile she was sought in marriage by an honest yeoman, whose suit was warmly encouraged by her parents. Joan, however, positively refused; and the lover resorted to the singular expedient of declaring she had promised him marriage, and citing her before a legal tribunal, believing they would compel her to fulfil the same. But the maid undertook her own defence; and having declared on oath that she had made no such promise, sentence was given in her favour. From this otherwise unimportant incident we may gather two facts—namely, that Joan was already possessed of great firmness, and that her character for honour and veracity stood high.

Public events now began to excite party-feeling to the highest pitch. The Duke of Bedford had returned to France, and, including a reinforcement from Burgundy, had sent forth a mighty army against Charles. He had intrusted its command to the Earl of Salisbury, who was assisted by the valiant officers, Sir John Talbot, Sir John Fastolf, and Sir William Gladsdale. Salisbury having reduced Rambouillet, Pithiviers, Jargeau, Sully, and other small towns, which had offered but a feeble resistance to his arms, proceeded to the chief object of the enterprise, the siege of Orleans, a city which commanded the Loire and the entrance to the southern provinces, and was the last stronghold of Charles and his party. Had Orleans been subdued, the troops of Bedford might easily have penetrated the open country beyond the Loire, and have driven the court of Charles to seek shelter in the mountains of Auvergne and Dauphiné.

It was in the month of October 1428 that Orleans was first invested by the Earl of Salisbury; but happily his design had been foreseen, and every preparation had been made both by the French king and the inhabitants themselves to prepare for a long and desperate defence. The Sire de Gaucourt was appointed governor; and two of the bravest captains of the age, Pothon de Saintrailles, and Dunois, threw themselves, with a large body of followers, into the city, while the citizens on their part shewed the most patriotic spirit. They brought to the common stock even a larger sum than the heavy taxes they had imposed upon themselves; they cheerfully consented that their suburb of Portereau, on the opposite or south bank of the Loire, should be razed to the ground, lest it should afford shelter to the English; and from a similar motive the vine-yards and gardens within two miles of the city were laid waste. The men competent to bear arms were enrolled for that purpose, while the remainder of the inhabitants employed themselves almost unceasingly in prayer, and in bearing the relics from church to church with solemn processions.

The first assault of the enemy was directed against the bulwark which defended the approaches of the bridge on the southern bank; and after a vigorous resistance, and considerable loss, they dislodged the towns-people from the place. The latter now planted themselves at two towers which had been erected some way forward on the bridge, and breaking down one of the arches behind them for the security of the city, kept up their own communication with it only by planks and beams, which could be in a moment removed. But the next day Sir William Gladsdale, finding the waters of the Loire sufficiently shallow, waded with his men to the towers, and succeeded in storming them. He then connected them with the bulwark already obtained, and formed a fort, which enabled him to plant a battery against the apparently devoted city. This success, however, cost the life of the Earl of Salisbury, who, a few days afterwards, having ascended one of these towers to view the works, and examine more nearly the enemy's walls, was killed by a splinter from a cannon-ball—this, by the way, being one of the earliest sieges at which cannon was found to be of importance. The Earl of Suffolk succeeded to the command; and after experiencing in several attacks the stubborn resolution of the besieged, he resolved to surround the city with forts, and reduce it by all the horrors of famine.

The winter was occupied in the construction of these forts, though numerous assaults from the one party, and sallies from the other, bore witness to the undiminished energy of the besiegers, and the untiring constancy of the besieged. While the English works remained incomplete, food and reinforcements occasionally found their way into Orleans; and as the French troops beyond ravaged the country, it sometimes happened that they cut off the necessary

supplies of the English. Yet, on the whole, both the stores and garrison of Orleans sensibly diminished; and as the besieged saw tower after tower arising to complete the circle which was to bind them, it became evident that, unless some surprising effort was made for their deliverance, they must be overpowered in the ensuing spring.

JOAN SETS OUT ON HER MISSION.

The news of the events just related kindled the fervent imagination of Joan to its highest pitch. For a time, her visions and the instructions of 'her voices' might have wavered somewhat indistinctly, but now they clearly indicated two objects which she was to achieve—first, the raising of the siege of Orleans; and secondly, that Charles should be solemnly crowned at Rheims. In the latter promise we may clearly trace the influence of that firm religious faith which had always been so strong an element in Joan's character; for to the priests and to the pious among the populace, Charles was not a lawful king until his claims were thus sanctified—his head encircled with the ancient crown, and anointed with the holy oil.

But the time for action was at hand; and Joan determined that her first step should be to seek an interview with Robert de Baudricourt, the governor of the neighbouring town of Vaucouleurs, and, revealing her visions to him, entreat his assistance to reach the king's presence. She dared not impart her scheme to her parents, knowing that they would throw additional obstacles in her way; but strong in the belief that hers was a divine commission, that was to supersede even the ties of filial duty, the maid had now recourse to stratagem. She feigned a strong desire to pay a visit of a few days to her maternal uncle, Durand Laxart, who resided at the village of Petit Burey, situated between Domremy and Vaucouleurs. She contrived to have her wishes intimated to him, and Laxart himself came to fetch his niece, and to gain her parents' consent to the visit. It was in this manner that Joan of Arc left that humble home to which she was never more to return.

It would seem that Joan had a strong affection for this uncle, and much confidence in him; for, during the seven or eight days she remained at his house, she confided all her visions, hopes, and aspirations to him. Eloquent must have been her words, for it is quite clear that she persuaded Laxart of the truth of her mission; and we can understand with what rapture Joan, now about seventeen or eighteen years of age, felt that there was one at least who treated these holy revelations with due respect. Laxart, in fact, decided on going to the governor himself as a messenger from his niece; but when he had succeeded in obtaining an interview with him, Baudricourt treated these mysterious promises with the utmost ridicule,

and advised him 'to box her ears, and send her back to her parents.' Yet so far from being disheartened by this failure, Joan resolved to see him herself, declaring that she would go alone if need be. Her uncle, however, accompanied her.

It was with great difficulty that the peasant-girl obtained admission to the governor; and when in his presence, it was yet more difficult to win from him a patient hearing. But she opposed the energy of a determined will to derision and contempt, and determined to remain at Vaucouleurs, almost literally dividing her time between passionate appeals to the governor and fervent prayers in the church.

Once for a short time she returned to the village of Petit Burey, to await there the governor's answer; but she soon came back to Vaucouleurs, to renew her entreaties and protestations, declaring that she must, and she would reach the presence of the king, even if in doing so 'she wore through her feet to her knees.' Joan and her uncle lodged at Vaucouleurs at the house of a cartwright, with whose wife the maid formed an intimate acquaintance, being accompanied by her everywhere when her uncle was not at her side. This circumstance, carefully recorded, argues, we think, that Joan had already formed a plan from which she never deviated. In her after-career, as now, it was her custom in every town to choose some matron of irreproachable character as her companion and protectress. But to return to Vaucouleurs. Though she was slow in persuading the governor to listen either to her promises or requests, her fervent piety and earnest entreaties made a great impression on the towns-people. At last, Baudricourt consented to write to King Charles, and refer the question of her journey to his decision. Meanwhile, she had made two converts at Vaucouleurs of some importance. The first of these was a gentleman surnamed De Metz, who declared that her tone of inspiration had convinced him, and who promised, 'on the faith of a gentleman, and under the conduct of God, to lead her before the king.' The other was Bertrand de Poulengy, a gentleman who had been present at her first interview with Baudricourt, and who also resolved to escort her on her journey. The fame of Joan had also by this time reached the Duke of Lorraine, who sent for her, considering that, if she were endowed with supernatural powers, she could cure him of a dangerous disease under which he was suffering. But Joan replied, with truthful simplicity, that her mission was not to that prince, nor had she such a gift as that he desired. The duke dismissed her with a present of four livres, which were most probably highly acceptable; for though Baudricourt, worked on by De Metz and Poulengy, and by the force of popular opinion, was now consenting to her departure, the only assistance he rendered her was the present of a sword. Whether the governor had received any answer or not to the letter he had addressed to the king, is not recorded; but it was the honest Durand Laxart who, assisted by another countryman, borrowed the money

wherewith to purchase a horse for Joan's use; and the expenses of the journey were defrayed by Jean de Metz, though it appears he was afterwards reimbursed by the king. The maid, by command, as she said, of 'her voices,' assumed male attire, which she wore throughout her expedition; and Baudricourt so far protected her as to require an oath from her escort that they would take all possible means to conduct her safely to the court.

The news of these proceedings caused great consternation at Domremy. The parents of the maid hastened to Vaucouleurs; but their dissuasions failed to shake her resolutions; though she appears to have suffered greatly at witnessing their grief, and to have been uneasy until she received their forgiveness. There is no doubt this was shortly awarded to her. It was not according to human experience that Joan's immediate family should have been the first to acknowledge her as a 'prophetess;' but neither were they the last; and we find that, shortly afterwards, when at Touraine, she was joined by her youngest brother Pierre. Joan set out from Vaucouleurs on the first Sunday in Lent, the 13th of February 1428; her escort consisting of six persons—namely, the Sires de Poulengy and de Metz, each with an attendant, a king's archer, and a certain Colet de Vienne, who is styled a king's messenger. Their direct road lay through a track of hostile country, where they would be exposed to the attacks of Burgundian and English soldiery; to avoid which danger they chose the most unfrequented by-paths, traversed thick forests, and forded large rivers. But the maid seemed indifferent to toil or danger, her chief complaint being, that her escort would not allow her to stop so often as she desired to attend public worship in the churches.

They crossed the Loire at Gien, and, now on friendly ground, Joan began openly to declare her mission, announcing to all whom she met that she was sent from God to crown the king, and release the faithful city of Orleans. Wild as the story was, we should remember that it was an age when religion was superstition; and no wonder that, when the news of a coming deliverer sent from Heaven reached the poor besieged, the hard-pressed dispirited band should welcome this bright ray of hope with renewed confidence. They seemed indeed well-nigh to have despaired of human aid. While Joan was detained at Vaucouleurs by Baudricourt's indecision, the besieged had besought the king once more to afford them some assistance; and it was with the utmost difficulty Charles had mustered 3000 men. These, under the command of the Count of Clermont, were joined by 1000 men from the garrison, the plan being to intercept a large convoy of provisions which Sir John Fastolf was escorting from Paris. Fastolf opposed only 2000 soldiers to this force; but so harassed, and weakened, and dispirited must the French have been, that they were completely routed, leaving 500 dead upon the field. This engagement was called

the 'Battle of Herrings,' because the provisions under the charge of Fastolf chiefly consisted of salt-fish, for the use of the English army during Lent.

In the meantime, the young king, surrounded at the castle of Chinon, the retreat he had chosen, by pusillanimous counsellors, was more than half persuaded to abandon Orleans to its fate, and at once take refuge in the mountainous recesses of Dauphiné and Languedoc. But happily, the advice of some more patriotic spirit prevailed, and no such craven steps were taken.

Arrived at the village of St Catharine de Fierbois, a few leagues from Chinon, a messenger was despatched from Joan to the king; and though permission was easily awarded for her to proceed to a hostelry at the latter place, much grave deliberation ensued before she could be admitted to the royal presence. Some considered her a sorceress empowered by the Evil One; others looked upon her as a mad enthusiast; while not a few considered that, at so sad a crisis as the present, no promised means of deliverance, however extraordinary, should be rashly spurned. At last it was agreed that a commission should be appointed to receive her answers to certain questions; and their report proving favourable, and several lords of the court, whose curiosity had led them to visit her, being forcibly struck by her fervid piety and exalted strain of inspiration, the wavering Charles, after some further delay, decided to receive her.

It was in the hall of Chinon, lighted up for the occasion with fifty torches, and crowded with knights and nobles, that this remarkable audience took place. The king, the better to test Joan's powers, had so far disguised himself as to appear in plain clothes, mingling without ceremony among his courtiers, while some of them, splendidly attired, took the upper places. Undismayed at the splendour of the scene, or the gaze of the spectators, she advanced with a firm step, and with her acute eye at once singled out the king in a moment, and bending her knee before him, exclaimed: 'God give you good life, gentle king!'

'I am not the king; he is there,' replied Charles, pointing to one of his nobles, and condescending to a falsehood.

'In the name of God, you are he, and no other,' returned Joan. 'O most noble Dauphin!' she continued, 'I am Joan the Maid, sent by God to aid you and your kingdom. I am ready to take arms against the English. And I am commanded to announce to you that you shall be crowned in the city of Rheims. Gentle Dauphin, why will you not believe me? I tell you that God has pity upon you and upon your people, and that St Louis and Charlemagne are interceding for you now before him.'

Charles then drew her aside, and, after conversing with her for some time in an under-tone, he declared himself in favour of her oracular gifts.

While at Chinon, an incident occurred which went far to strengthen

the popular belief in Joan's powers. A soldier, when she was passing by, addressed some rudeness to her, to which she gently replied, that such words ill became a man who might be so near his end. The soldier was drowned that very day in attempting to ford a river, and Joan's reproof was immediately regarded as a prophecy. The populace, indeed, were now growing warm in her behalf; and it is worthy of remark, that with them the maid always retained her ascendency, while the faith of those more exalted in rank, and more about her person, constantly wavered; a proof, to our mind, of her own sincerity, for the reverse is always the case with a clever charlatan. There can be no doubt that the more closely she was seen, the more evident did her fervid piety and religious and political enthusiasm appear; but the warriors about her must also have discovered that she was totally ignorant of war and politics, and unable even without their mediation to reach the army. Charles's doubts returned, notwithstanding her marvellous communication to himself, and the case was referred to the university and parliament at Poitiers. A long and tedious theological examination ensued; messengers were despatched to Domremy to learn all the particulars of her early life; and every means being resorted to that could prove her spotless purity, the learned doctors—such learning!—gave it as their opinion, that Charles might accept her services without harm to his soul.

JOAN TAKES PART IN THE WAR.

Joan being now recognised as a useful auxiliary in the almost hopeless cause of France, she was equipped with a suit of knight's armour, and furnished with a certain sword, which she described as being marked with five crosses, and lying, with other arms, in the church-vault of St Catharine at Fierbois. A messenger was sent thither, and the old neglected weapon—said by some to have belonged to the redoubtable Charles Martel—was found precisely in the spot she had mentioned. This was interpreted as a new proof of her supernatural powers; but surely it is very possible that she might have seen the sword during her stay at Fierbois, when, there is no doubt, according to her usual custom, she attended mass. She was also provided with a banner of white, strewn with the *fleurs-de-lis* of France, and bearing the figure of the Saviour in his glory, with the inscription, 'Jhesus Maria.' This was made under her own direction, according to the instructions she said she had received from her 'voices.' A brave knight, named the Sire d'Aulon, was appointed her esquire; and a good old friar, Father Pasquerel, her confessor; and she had two heralds and two pages.

Amid the doubts and difficulties and trials to which Joan had been subjected, two months had slipped away; so that it was the middle of April before these preparations were completed, and the maid

appeared at Blois. She made her entry on horseback, in complete armour, but with her head uncovered, her beautiful chestnut hair braided across her forehead, and falling upon her neck, though not descending lower than her shoulders. Her fame had already so roused the soldiers' flagging spirits, and her appearance was so imposing, that, confident now of divine support, numbers who had flung down their arms in despair, rallied round the standard of the maid; and thus nearly 6000 men were assembled. The indolent monarch had again withdrawn to the retirement of Chinon; but his most valiant captains, De Boussac, De Culant, La Hire, De Retz, and De Loré, were ready for the field.

It had not been quite decided whether Joan was to control the troops, or only cheer them by her presence and promises of divine assistance. But this was not long a point of dispute; the rising enthusiasm among the common people was so marked, that the chiefs, perforce, gave way. One of her first steps was the bold endeavour to reform the morals of the camp by expelling all bad characters from it, and by calling upon the men to prepare for battle by confession and prayer. From Blois, the maid now dictated a letter to the English captains before Orleans, commanding them, under pain of vengeance from Heaven, to yield—not only that city, but all the towns of which they had unjustly acquired possession. It afterwards appeared that she had directed the scribe to write, 'Yield to the king;' but that he, instigated no doubt by the warriors about her, had written, 'Yield to the maid'—a striking proof that Joan was at this time used rather as an instrument by those near her person, than looked up to and implicitly obeyed as one divinely inspired.

The English affected to treat her summons with scorn; but the fame of the maid must already have reached them, with even exaggerated reports of her supernatural endowments; and it is very evident that the English, in their hearts, believed one of two things: either that she was inspired by God, in which case there would be sin in opposing her; or, according to the popular faith of the period, that she was strengthened by Satanic agency—the latter being by no means an encouraging prospect for the enemy. As for the wretched besieged, they were now reduced to the utmost need; and the first object of the French chiefs was to convey food into the city. They had for some time been collecting two convoys of provisions for this purpose: and Joan, now asserting her authority, insisted they should proceed with one of them along the northern bank of the Loire; while her colleagues proposed the southern bank, believing this to be more weakly guarded by the English. Unable to alter her decision, and yet distrusting her judgment, they took advantage of her ignorance of the country, and persuaded her that they were still on the northern bank when really traversing the southern one. After two days' march, Joan discovered the deception, and broke out

into angry reproaches at finding that the Loire still flowed between her and the beleaguered city. It really did seem that her plan, as it turned out, would have been the safer. The night was coming on, a storm was raging, and the wind was dead against them, so that the boats Dunois had brought to receive the supplies bade fair to be of little use. However, the maid insisted they should be immediately put on board, although the chiefs now counselled delay. Joan assured them that the wind would change; which really happened, and the welcome convoy reached Orleans in safety.

It was Joan's wish that the army who had accompanied her should throw themselves into the city, and without delay attack the English, and force them to raise the siege; but the captains declared that it was their duty to return to Blois, for the purpose of escorting the second convoy of provisions. Finding that she could not shake this determination, which, till the present moment, had been kept secret from her, she still obtained a promise that this second convoy should be brought by the northern bank through Beauce, as she had on the former occasion directed. She likewise stipulated that Father Pasquerel and the other priests should remain with the army to preserve its morality, and perform the religious ceremonies on which she insisted. While, for herself, she undertook, at the entreaty of Dunois, to enter the beleaguered city and share its fortunes. Accordingly, she stepped into his boat, standard in hand, and was followed by the brave La Hire and several others. Two hundred lances crossed in other boats. They must actually have embarked close under an English fort; but the besieged had sallied out in another direction to draw off the enemy's attention.

It was late in the evening of the 29th of April 1429 when Joan of Arc entered the city, having certainly surmounted dangers and difficulties enough in reaching the place to confirm the popular belief in her divine protection. Moreover, the promised deliverer had come, heralded by the lightning and the thunder, and the first sign of her beneficent power was to bring plenty to the starving people. No wonder that their already excited imaginations were yet more keenly affected by gratitude and hope, or that they thronged round her with eager acclamations and devotion. Women, children, and old men pressed near to touch even her armour, or the white charger on which she rode, fondly believing they thus drew down a blessing.

Notwithstanding her fatigue, and notwithstanding it was nearly midnight, the maid first proceeded to the cathedral, where the *Te Deum* was chanted by torch-light. She then selected her dwelling, according to her usual practice, at the house of one of the most esteemed ladies of the city, and retired to rest, contenting herself for refreshment with a piece of bread soaked in wine and water, although a splendid repast had been prepared for her, and although she had not tasted food since early in the morning. The house in which Joan lodged at Orleans is still shewn. The interior has been

altered; but it is believed by antiquaries that the street-front is the same as in her time.

The next morning the maid had a conference with Dunois and others, at which her advice was to proceed immediately to action; but her opinion was overruled, and it was decided they should wait the arrival of the second convoy of provisions. Meanwhile, though she spoke confidently of raising the siege, she seemed desirous, if possible, to save bloodshed; and directed an archer to shoot, attached to his arrow, a letter of warning into the English lines. She also advanced along the bridge, and herself exhorted them in a loud voice to depart. However, as before, they treated her threats with insult and ridicule; but their derision was probably only the readiest mask for real apprehension. Nor can we wonder that the English were cowed; for, setting aside any dread of the supernatural, they must at anyrate have felt that the exertions of the last seven months were set at nought, since the besieged were again well stocked with provisions, and full of hope. They must indeed have been dispirited; for when the second convoy drew near, they suffered the heroic Joan and La Hire to sally forth and escort it, without so much as raising one note of defiance, or one man stirring to intercept the wagons and herds which came to enrich the city!

Fatigued with this exertion, she had thrown herself on her bed; but, as it is reported, she was too much agitated to sleep. At the same time, unknown to her, a part of the garrison, flushed with the morning's success, had sallied out and attacked the English bastille of St Loup. Suddenly, Joan started from her couch, and procuring her banner, darted full speed in the direction of the uproar; when she reached the scene of action, she plunged headlong among the combatants. The battle raged fiercely for three hours, but it ended in the overthrow of the English; all of whom found within the walls of the fort were put to the sword, except forty prisoners, and a few who, having disguised themselves in priests' garments, were saved at the intercession of the maid.

The next day, the 5th of May, was the festival of the Ascension, and as such was religiously kept by the French. No new attack was made on the enemy; but the day was devoted to prayers and thanksgivings, in which Joan, as usual, was foremost. The following morning, however, accompanied by La Hire and other chiefs, another onset was made; and after a day's hard fighting, their success was so decided, that only one fort—although this was the strongest—remained in the hands of the English. A body of French troops was planted for the night on the northern shore, but Joan returned into the city, having been slightly wounded in the fort.

It was the Bastille des Tournelles which the English still retained. This fort was defended on one side by the broken bridge with its massy wall; on the land-side was a formidable bulwark, with a deep ditch filled with the waters of the Loire. It was commanded by the

brave Gladsdale, and picked soldiers; and notwithstanding Joan's wonderful achievements, the French chiefs could not hide their misgivings as to her future success. They wished to rest content with the freedom of communication now opened to the provinces, and to delay any further attack until they should receive fresh reinforcements. But Joan would not listen to such arguments. She talked again of her celestial advisers, and persisted in setting out. Not, however, till she had actually left the city, followed by an eager multitude, was she joined by the chiefs, who now determined to share her perils, and whose valiant conduct certainly proved that their hesitation had not proceeded from fear.

In proportion as the French were elated by Joan's presence, so were the English panic-stricken. It was an age in which all classes, learned as well as ignorant, believed in diabolical agency and witchcraft; and hence the English soldiery could scarcely be considered poltroons for quailing before one whom they imagined to be a sorceress. The English commanders tried to rally their men, but they could neither persuade them to assist their comrades, nor to attack the city while deprived of its best defenders. Gladsdale, in the Bastille des Tournelles, was left to his own resources; fortunately, his 500 men of garrison were the flower of the English army, and his fortifications were of amazing strength, so that his resistance was long and desperate. A well-sustained discharge both from bows and firearms was kept up; and as quickly as scaling-ladders were placed, they were hewn down by hatchets and mallets. It was about ten in the morning that the assault had begun, and about noon when Joan planted a ladder against the walls, and began ascending. But an arrow from the fort pierced through her corselet, wounding her in the neck, and she fell into the ditch beneath. The English were pressing down to make her their prisoner, when she was rescued by her countrymen, and carried to a place of safety. The agony of her wound drew a few tears from her eyes; but she plucked out the arrow with her own hands, and assured the bystanders that she had received consolation from her two saints. She desired that the wound should be quickly dressed, and insisted on hastening back to head the troops, who, although the conflict had been suspended in her absence, were no way disheartened by this accident, as they now remembered she had more than once foretold that she should be wounded.

Refreshed by this short rest, and yet more inspirited by her return, they rushed with fresh ardour on the English, who quailed with astonishment at the sudden appearance in arms of her whom they had hurled down, and whom they thought they had seen at the point of death. Bewildered by their fears, some of them declared they saw angelic forms fighting on the side of the French; while the more matter-of-fact party were dismayed at hearing that another body of the towns-people had advanced to the broken arch, where

they were keeping up a murderous fire, and endeavouring, by the aid of beams of wood, to force a passage. Sir William Gladsdale, thus sorely pressed, resolved to withdraw from the outer bulwarks, and concentrate his remaining force within the towers. While attempting to do this, he came full in the sight of Joan, who cried out to him to surrender; but, heedless of her summons, he pursued his way along the drawbridge. At this moment, a cannon-ball from the French batteries broke the drawbridge asunder, and Gladsdale, with his most valiant followers, perished in the stream. The victory was now complete. Three hundred of the garrison of the Tournelles were already slain, and the remaining 200 yielded with scarcely a show of resistance. The loss of the English before Orleans amounted to between 7000 and 8000 men.

This remarkable engagement, which relieved Orleans, took place on the 7th of May 1429. At the close of the struggle, Joan, according to her prediction, returned by the way of the bridge. It was indeed a triumphal entry. The joy-bells rang from all the churches, and the acclamations of the people rent the air. The *Te Deum* was chanted in the cathedral, whither the people flocked to offer up their grateful thanks; and the victorious troops, proud to relate particulars, were surrounded by eager listeners. But the holy maid was the centre of all hearts and eyes; and Dunois and the other captains who attended her as she entered presumed not to take any merit to themselves. The next morning, Sunday the 8th of May, the English, with heavy hearts, began their retreat towards Mehun-sur-Loire, after committing their remaining lodgments and redoubts to the flames. For want of the means of transport, they left behind their baggage, and the sick and wounded; and they had at the last moment challenged the enemy to come out in battle-array, and meet them on the open field. But Joan wisely dissuaded them from so rash a waste of life and energy, crying: 'In the name of God, let them depart, and let us go and give thanks to God!' And so saying, she led the way to high-mass.

The first part of Joan's promise had now been achieved, the result shewing how much may be done in cases of the worst emergency by one eager and dauntless mind. Her heroism in relieving the long-beleaguered city procured her from this time the title of PUCELLE D'ORLEANS (Maid of Orleans), by which she is still chiefly known in France. In grateful remembrance of the succour which the perplexed citizens of Orleans had received through her instrumentality, they set apart the 8th of May for devotional exercises, and this day is still held sacred as a holiday in Orleans.

ATTENDS CHARLES'S CORONATION AND COURT.

The day after the raising of the siege, Joan began the preparations for her departure. Until the king should be crowned at Rheims,

she considered her mission but half fulfilled; and neither elated with her triumphs, and the homage she was receiving, nor wearied with her toils, she left Orleans on the 10th of May, and arrived at Blois the same day. Indeed, the only way to account for the immense bodily fatigue Joan so surprisingly endured—even granting her to have had from nature and a hardy training a most robust constitution—is to allow largely for that kind of artificial strength derived from the excitement of her mind.

Notwithstanding the apparently miraculous fulfilment of her first prediction, Charles did not at present yield to her urgent entreaties that he would undertake an expedition to Rheims. It seemed necessary previously to reduce other places on the Loire which were still held by the English; and, as if the chiefs whom Joan had left at Orleans were of the same opinion (or it is not unlikely they were anxious to win some laurels unshared by the heroine), scarcely had she departed, when they resolved to attack Jargeau, a place now defended by the Earl of Suffolk and several hundred men. But after many days being vainly spent, and little progress made, Joan came to their assistance; and chiefly, there is no doubt, from the ardour with which her presence inspired the troops, the town was taken. Yet here the maid met with an accident very similar to that which she had encountered at Orleans: she was a second time thrown from a scaling-ladder which she had planted into the fosse or ditch; on this occasion, by a huge stone which rolled from the wall, struck her on the helmet, and hurled her down. Although much hurt, she was able to rise again immediately, and to lead on the soldiers, still crying that victory was sure. The Earl of Suffolk was made prisoner in this furious encounter.

The fall of Jargeau deterred other garrisons from resistance; and Talbot, now at the head of the English forces, gathered them into one body, and began a hasty retreat towards the Seine. In his way, he met Fastolf with a reinforcement of 4000 men; but the French at the same time received an accession of the like number, under the command of Arthur de Richemont, the Constable of France.

It was now the policy of the combined chiefs to overtake the English army in its retreat; and on the 18th of June they came up with it near the village of Patay. So dispirited were the English —so subdued by their late reverses—so awe-stricken at the idea of the maid's supernatural powers, that they offered but slight resistance to the impetuous attack of the French. Fastolf, who had been on former occasions renowned for his bravery, was one of the first to flee—an act for which he was afterwards deprived of the Order of the Garter. Lord Scales, Lord Hungerford, and other Englishmen of rank, fell into the hands of the conquerors, and even the brave Talbot surrendered to Saintrailles. The loss of the English in this battle was reckoned at between 4000 and 5000

men, of whom between 2000 and 3000 were killed, the remainder being taken prisoners. It is an extraordinary fact, though on all hands accredited, that the French lost but one man, an esquire in the company of the Count of Armagnac. Joan of Arc performed in this battle prodigies of valour; but as soon as the victory was decided, and while the French soldiers were eagerly pursuing the fugitives, she busied herself in staying the carnage, and, like a true woman, in tending the wounded, and in affording religious consolations to the dying.

The maid, with the chief captains of the army, repaired to Sully, to render to Charles an account of the victory. Saintrailles, in a chivalrous spirit, requested to be allowed to release his prisoner, the brave Talbot, without ransom—a permission which was graciously awarded to him. The aspect of affairs was now so pleasing, that though doubts and difficulties still lay in the way of Charles's expedition to Rheims, he at least listened to Joan's entreaties with patience and attention.

Collecting 10,000 or 12,000 men at Gien, Charles commenced his march, accompanied by Joan and his bravest captains, and with little difficulty took Troyes and several other towns in his way. On the evening of the 16th of July, Charles made his triumphal entry into the city of Rheims, accompanied by a vast retinue, and followed by the whole army, the Maid of Orleans riding at his side, and being the chief object of attraction to the people. It was at once decided that the coronation should take place without delay; and short as the time was for preparation, everything was in readiness on the following morning. The tide of fortune so clearly turned, that a crowd of strangers hastened to the city to witness the solemnity about to take place, while a great number of men-at-arms came to offer their services to the king.

Before the coronation, Charles received knighthood from the Duke d'Alençon: and early in the morning, the princes and prelates who had accompanied the king in this prosperous journey assembled in the cathedral of Notre-Dame, where the ceremony was to take place. But not one was looked on with such wonder and respect as was Joan of Arc, for to her was attributed all the successes which had brought about this happy result. Thus, during the whole of the solemn ceremony, she stood close to the altar, with her banner unfurled in her hand.

Immediately the holy rites were concluded, the maid threw herself on her knees before the crowned monarch, her eyes streaming with tears, and her whole deportment testifying the most lively emotion.

'Gentle king,' she exclaimed, 'now is fulfilled the pleasure of God, who willed that I should raise the siege of Orleans, and conduct you to receive here the anointing oil, shewing you to be the king to whom belongs the kingdom.'

It is evident that she now looked upon her mission as fully

accomplished, and would willingly have retired from the gaiety of the court and the triumphs which attended her. The very day of the coronation, Joan dictated a letter to the Duke of Burgundy, which is still preserved in the archives of Lille. It is too long to translate entire; but in it she endeavours, by many religious persuasions, to draw back the duke to his allegiance, advising him, if he must play the warrior, to go and fight the Saracens.

During her sojourn at Rheims, the young heroine had the happiness of meeting her father and her uncle Laxart, who had been drawn thither to enjoy her triumph. At this time, the maid was at the summit of her glory; yet was she in no way elated by the homage she received, or changed in her deportment from that of the simple modest peasant-girl. When some one said to her: 'Not in any book are such great things related as those you have done,' she answered: 'The Lord has a book in which not every scholar can read, however learned he may be. I am only God's minister.'

The sight of Joan's father and uncle probably recalled forcibly to her mind the dear ties of home, and the pleasures of a peaceful country-life. Besides, her mission seemed finished, and henceforth there was nothing to detain her at court. It was now that she entreated the king to allow her to return to Domremy; but Charles was so anxious still to keep her near him, that she dared not, or would not, refuse him. Conscious of the influence of her name and her presence, there is no wonder at this desire on his part; but it is certain that Joan's entreaties were urgent, and that she consented to remain very much against her will.

A marked change was observable in the maid from this period. She still displayed the same courage in action, and the same fortitude in pain; but she no longer opposed her own opinions to those of the French chiefs, and seemed no longer assured that she was acting under the especial guidance of Heaven. With the view we have taken of Joan's character, all this agrees most naturally. She had proposed to herself but two objects—the raising of the siege of Orleans, and the coronation of the Dauphin; and now that they were so happily accomplished, her mind, previously strained to its highest pitch, must naturally have sought an interval of repose. To us there is scarcely anything more touching in her whole career than this home-sick yearning for 'green Lorraine' and its quiet joys, after the fever of battles and the flush of triumph. Alas, that the longings of her simple faithful heart were not gratified! Alas, that the heroic self-denying girl should have been the victim of selfish policy!

Charles remained but three days at Rheims, setting out on the 20th of July on a pilgrimage of thanksgiving to the tomb of a certain saint, situated about five leagues distant. The little town of Vailly speedily submitted; and the more important towns of Laon and Soissons sent deputations, bearing their keys to the king. Charles

went first to Soissons, where he was received with the liveliest demonstrations of joy, and where, during his stay of three days, he received the happy tidings of the voluntary submission of various other places. He then proceeded to Château-Thierry, which was defended by a hostile garrison; but the towns-people were favourable to the French, and when the maid appeared at the head of a division of the royal army, either real fear or superstitious terror prevailed, for the garrison offered terms of capitulation, and obtained permission to carry away their arms and baggage.

Charles remained at Château-Thierry some days; and it was here that Joan obtained from him a boon by which she was fondly remembered for nearly four centuries. She declined all honours and presents for herself, beseeching only that henceforth her native village might be free from any kind of impost! The official document granting this privilege bears the date of July 31, 1429; and until the storm of the Revolution, which swept away many a touching memorial, the registers of taxes, still keeping the name of Domremy on their list, wrote always against it: 'Nothing, for the maid's sake!'

The marches and successes of the king and the royal army soon brought them near Paris, and the people of the capital, who were of the English or Burgundian party, began to tremble. However, the return of the Duke of Bedford, who had gone to Normandy on the affairs of that province, inspired the Parisians with fresh courage, especially as he was accompanied by a large body of archers and men-at-arms. In a few days, they had still further reinforcements, so that the English commander found himself at last at the head of 10,000 men. No longer dreading the French army, he made his way to Montereau, where he arrived on the 7th of August, and whence he despatched a letter of defiance to Charles.

'Your master,' said the king to the herald who brought the letter, 'complains that he cannot find me; but he need not complain much longer, for I am seeking him.' It was during the march to Paris that a circumstance occurred not altogether creditable to Joan's command of temper. The victories of the French had rendered the soldiers insolent and unruly, and the Pucelle could no longer maintain that moral discipline on which she so constantly insisted. On one occasion, her wrath was so great, that she struck one of the soldiers, whose proceedings incensed her, with the flat of her sword; in which somewhat ignoble, though very characteristic action the weapon broke. It was the sword found in the church of Fierbois, and supposed to have been miraculously described by her. It is related that the king was much annoyed at this catastrophe, and blamed Joan for not using a stout stick instead of this famous weapon.

From the heights of St Denis, the king beheld his ancient capital;

and an assault was given, in the month of September, on the same ground now occupied by the Rue Traversière. But though the personal exertions of the maid were as great as on former occasions, a spirit of fear and distrust seemed to have crept in among the troops, and her efforts were far from being ably seconded. Even the ardour of the king was cooled, and he did not himself approach nearer than St Denis. Joan, however, led her troops across the first ditch without much difficulty; but, contrary to her expectations, she found the second, which was deeper and wider, full of water. It is astonishing that no one had apprised her of this obstacle, for it must have been familiar to many of the soldiers. Not easily disconcerted, she called loudly for fagots and fascines; and meanwhile endeavoured with her lance to sound its depths, and discover where they had best risk a passage.

A part of the inhabitants of Paris had already sought sanctuary in the churches; while, along the ramparts, the English and Burgundians passed to and fro in haste and consternation. Joan called out to them to surrender 'to the king of France;' but they replied only with insulting words and by a shower of arrows. Her standard-bearer fell dead at her side, and she herself received a serious wound in the leg, which compelled her to take refuge on the sheltered side of the little hill which separated the two ditches. She resisted for a long time all entreaties to withdraw further from the scene of action; and from the ground where she lay, helpless and suffering, continued to urge on the soldiers. Not till the evening drew on, and the Duke d'Alençon himself came up to point out to her the necessity of postponing any further attack, did she suffer herself to be removed.

The retreat of the French was not interrupted. Probably, the garrison of Paris had sufficient judgment not to drive their opponents to any desperate measures. They were allowed to gather up their dead, which, in their haste, they burned in one huge pyre, instead of burying. Joan, disheartened by this failure, which she looked upon as a warning from Heaven, determined to retire from the war. She even went so far as to suspend her armour above the tomb of St Denis, and consecrate it to God. But she could not resist the persuasions of the chiefs, who, knowing the influence of her presence, prevailed on her to remain with the king. Not that any further attempts were at present projected. Charles was without money, and far from the provinces which could supply his need. His soldiers were dispirited by their late reverse, and the Duke of Bedford was returning to Paris with his vast reinforcement. Discord reigned in the council; some of the chiefs declaring that the attack on Paris had been against their advice, and others protesting, that if it had been persevered in with more constancy, it would have succeeded. Many murmured against the maid: in fact, the only point on which they could agree was to lead back the troops across

the Loire, and disperse them to winter-quarters. The king accordingly went southwards, and forming a court around him, passed the winter at Bourges, or in its neighbourhood. It was during this time that Charles ennobled the Maid of Orleans and all her family. 'To testify and render thanks,' say the letters-patent, which bear the date of December 1429, 'to the Divine wisdom, for the numberless mercies he has vouchsafed through the hands of his chosen minister, and our well-beloved maid, Joan of Arc of Domremy.' The king granted armorial bearings to Joan's brothers, a sword bearing a crown of gold on its point, with the *fleurs-de-lis* of France by its side. It was the design of this coat of arms which induced the family subsequently to change the name of Darc for that of Dulys, or Dalys.

Nor was this all. The monarch insisted that henceforth Joan should wear the richest clothing, and that she should keep up a state equal to the rank of a count. 'She had,' says a contemporary writer, 'besides several ladies attendant on her person, a chamberlain, an equerry, and many pages and valets. She was treated by the king, the nobles, and the people as a sort of divinity.' All this looked like gratitude; and it is very possible that a taste of ill-fortune had gone far to make Charles feel the magnitude of her services. But all these honours in no way altered the character of the maid. She was still the simple-hearted girl, now in this season of rest chiefly devoting herself to the exercises of religion.

In the spring of the following year, the king's troops, accompanied by Joan, passed the Loire on their way to the northern provinces; but it is a remarkable fact, and one really quite unaccountable, that Charles neither headed them in person, nor intrusted the command to any noble or experienced chief. Joan was now associated with a set of men little removed from coarse adventurers, ill supplied with money and ammunition, and scarcely able to maintain any discipline. Nevertheless, in several skirmishes she gained the advantage, and the enemy seemed as much struck with the terror of her name as ever.

JOAN'S REVERSES OF FORTUNE.

Hitherto, the Maid of Orleans had been generally successful in her schemes and enterprises. Her strong mind and enthusiasm had carried her over every difficulty. A change, however, now came over her fortunes. Compiègne, a fortified town on the river Oise, in the north of France, being besieged by the English and Burgundian forces, and in danger of falling into their hands, Joan, with a chosen band, threw herself into it, to the great joy of the despairing inhabitants. On the day after her arrival, having resolved on attacking the enemy, with her usual impetuosity, and not reckoning on any steady rebuff, she sallied out unexpectedly from the beleaguered city, and

at first drove everything before her; swarm after swarm, however, coming to the rescue, she saw the error of her movement, and gave the signal for retreat; choosing, however, with her customary intrepidity, the post of honour, the last of the rear-guard.

The English and Burgundians pursued the fugitives with all the vigour induced by the knowledge that Joan was among them. They had recognised her standard, and knew her by her embroidered coat of crimson velvet; and were endeavouring to throw themselves in her path, and thus cut off the retreat of the French, who, alarmed at this movement, pressed tumultuously towards the gate of the town. Fearing that, under cover of this disorder, the enemy would force an entrance, the barrier was only partially opened; and at the moment that the discomfited party was pressing for admission in terror and wild disorder, the Burgundians made a furious charge upon this struggling body. Many threw themselves into the Oise, heavily armed as they were; others were taken prisoners; and in a few moments Joan found herself surrounded by the enemy. She performed prodigies of valour to escape being taken; but it seemed that the French, paralysed by fright, retained no sense beyond the instinct of individual self-preservation. No way had been made to lead the heroine through the narrow barrier; though, had she chosen any less honourable post in the retreat than the rear, she would in all probability have been saved. And now, in the peril of life and liberty, the heroine of Orleans struggled alone against thronging numbers. At last an archer in the train of John of Luxemburg seized her by her velvet coat, and dragging her from her horse, she was disarmed by Lionel of Vendôme, who chanced to be near her.

She was first conducted to the quarters of John of Luxemburg, whence she was transferred, with a numerous escort, to the castle of Beaulieu. Here, however, she made an attempt to escape, by breaking a passage through the wall; but was discovered, and sent, in consequence, to the castle of Beaurevoir, where, it is said, she was kindly received by the wife and sister of Luxemburg.

So great was the joy of the besiegers, that one would have thought they had gained some glorious victory, or that all France had submitted to their arms. They seemed to have feared nothing but the inspired maid. By order of the Duke of Bedford, the *Te Deum*, or Thanksgiving to God, was impiously chanted in great solemnity both in England and Burgundy, for having made this terrible enemy —the simple Maid of Orleans—their prisoner. The grief of the French, on the other hand, was equally extreme, mixed with accusations against the officers and governor of Compiègne for having permitted the heroic Pucelle to be led into captivity.

FATE OF THE UNFORTUNATE MAID.

Joan of Arc, as a prisoner of war, was, according to usage, entitled to respectful treatment, though retained in the safe custody of her enemies. The English, however, resolved to set aside this principle in warfare, on the plea that the Pucelle was in league with demons, and should be brought to trial for this terrible offence. The university of Paris, a body of men in the English interest, was the first to propose this mode of inquiry, and demanded that Joan should be interrogated on her faith by the Bishop of Beauvais, in whose diocese she had been taken. The bishop, who had already planned the trial and death of the maid with all the zeal of a servant of the church and of the English, seconded this demand, and strengthened it by an offer of ten thousand francs to John of Luxemburg for a delivery of his illustrious prisoner.

During this negotiation, the captive maid made another attempt to escape. She leaped from the tower of her dungeon, but was seriously injured in her fall, and was taken up senseless by her guards. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered, she was removed to Arras, and thence to the castle of Crotoy, a fortress at the mouth of the Somme. Thus transferred from a party of French, auxiliaries of the English, to the English themselves, Joan felt she had no longer any mercy to expect. At Crotoy she had the consolation of meeting a fellow-prisoner, a priest, who regularly performed for her the offices of religion, and whose society seemed greatly to comfort her. Yet she still believed herself to be visited by supernatural beings, and declared they had reproached her for her attempt to escape from Beaurevoir, as an act of despair and distrust of their guidance; but that she had humbled herself in penitence, and received pardon.

During the time of Joan's captivity, her countrymen had not been idle. The garrison of Compiègne had compelled the Burgundians and English to raise the siege; and this deliverance was followed by the recapture of several other places. The brave Saintrailles gained a complete victory, and took a great number of prisoners; and the famous Barbegau defeated the enemy on two important occasions. All this no doubt incensed the English yet more bitterly against the heroic maid. To her they attributed all their troubles. When she appeared on the scene of action, they were at the height of their glory and prosperity; and they believed that, while she lived, there would be no change in the tide which she had turned. Moreover, they thought that if they could brand her as a sorceress, the stigma would cling to Charles VII. and his partisans, whom she had so much assisted; and that thus discredited in popular opinion, even those most loyally inclined would shrink from rendering them assistance. So great, indeed, was their fury against the unhappy girl,

that they actually burned a poor woman at Paris simply for saying that she thought Joan a good Christian, and that she had been sent from God.

After six months passed in a dreary and harsh imprisonment, Joan was conducted to Rouen, where at that time the young king, Henry, and his court were assembled. Here she was confined in the great tower of the castle—the only tower which now remains, and which is yet shewn as her prison. She was now treated with the most determined cruelty. Heavily ironed, her feet in the daytime were fixed in iron stocks; and at night a chain was passed round her waist, so that she could not move upon her wretched bed! Five English archers were appointed her guards, three remaining in her chamber, and two being stationed at her door. Certainly the extraordinary pains they took to keep safe their captive, prove how much they dreaded her escape. Not only from her coarse and brutal guards was she exposed to every species of insult; even her captor, John of Luxemburg, accompanied by Warwick and Strafford, did not blush to visit her in prison, and triumph in her misery. Yet this was the age of chivalry, and Joan was a woman, and a fallen foe!—one who, enduring the foulest wrongs at the hands of so-called *Christian* knights and nobles, would have received, among the pagan ancients, the honours due to the most devoted patriotism! Luxemburg jestingly told the poor captive he had come to release her, if she would promise never to take arms again. 'Do not mock me,' she replied with dignity; 'I know that you have neither the will nor the power. The English will kill me, believing that, after my death, they will gain the kingdom of France; but were there a hundred thousand more of them than there are, they should not conquer.' It is said that her words so irritated Strafford that he drew his dagger, and would have struck her, had not his hand been stayed by the Earl of Warwick.

There was at this time no Archbishop of Rouen; but the Bishop of Beauvais, who was wholly devoted to the English interest, and was, as it has been seen, Joan's determined enemy, presented a petition, praying for her trial, on the ground that she had been made prisoner within the jurisdiction of his diocese. He was himself appointed first judge, assisted by Jean Lemaitre, vicar-general of the Inquisition; and the office of public accuser was intrusted to Estivet, a canon of Beauvais. This tribunal, which was directed to hold its sittings at Rouen, was also attended by nearly a hundred doctors of divinity, who, though not allowed to vote in the decision, were expected to give their counsel and assistance if required.

It was a most subtle proceeding thus to try Joan by an ecclesiastical tribunal; for, had they considered her simply as a prisoner of war, it would have been hard to say of what crime she could be guilty that should prevent her being ransomed or exchanged for some English captives; and yet they had no right to treat her as a

subject, which now they were doing: but, at a time when all ideas of justice were more or less confused, there is no wonder that might held the place of right.

The judges, at this mockery of a trial, were predetermined to condemn. They had sent a messenger to Domremy to glean some particulars of their victim's early life, but as these were most favourable, they were of course suppressed. A priest named L'Oiseleur, who basely lent himself to their purposes, had access to her prison, and represented himself to Joan as her countryman from Lorraine, and as a sufferer from his adherence to the cause of Charles. Under the seal of confession, he won from her several disclosures, which he returned by giving her false counsel. It was even said that the Bishop of Beauvais and the Earl of Warwick were hidden close by, to listen to all that transpired.

The letters-patent by which Joan was given into the power of the Bishop of Beauvais accuse 'the woman who calls herself La Pucelle of having relinquished the clothing of her sex, and appeared in man's attire, a thing contrary to the divine law, and abominable in the sight of God; of having slain many men; and, as it is said, of having given the people to understand, for the purpose of deceiving and seducing them to evil deeds, that she was sent by God, and had a knowledge of his divine secrets; together with teaching many other scandalous doctrines, most perilous to the holy Catholic faith.'

It was on the 21st of February 1431 that Joan was brought for the first time before her judges, although she underwent as many as fifteen examinations. The hall of judgment was the castle chapel at Rouen, and thither the heroine was led, loaded with chains, though dressed in her military attire. Not permitted an advocate or defender, she was only supported by the courage of conscious innocence; but never was her self-possession more remarkable than on this agonising occasion. There was a shrewdness, too, and simple good sense displayed in her answers, which contrasted strongly with the subtle dealings of those about her. Her answers more than once abashed the learned doctors, when they had framed a question, hoping it would lead to some unguarded rejoinder that might convict her of heresy or magic. Thus, when they inquired if she knew herself to be in the grace of God, she said: 'It is a great matter to reply to such a question.' 'Yes,' interrupted one of the assessors (the doctors who were present to give their advice if needed), named Jean Fabry—'yes, it is so great a matter that the prisoner is not bound by law to answer it.'

'You had better be silent,' exclaimed the bishop in a fury of passion; and he repeated the question.

'If I am not in the grace of God,' replied Joan, 'I pray God it may be vouchsafed to me; if I am, I pray God that I may be preserved in it.'

When asked if the saints of her visions hated the English, she

answered: 'They love whatever God loves, and hate whatever he hates.' Almost any other answer would have been construed as blasphemy. And when the Bishop of Beauvais, still trying to entrap her, proceeded: 'Does God, then, hate the English?' she still replied with discretion, saying: 'Whether God loves or hates the English, I do not know; but I know that all those who do not die in battle shall be driven away from this realm by the king of France.' When questioned about her standard, she said: 'I carried it instead of a lance, to avoid slaying any one; I have killed nobody. I only said: "Rush in among the English," and I rushed among them the first myself.—The voices,' she continued, in answer to further interrogations—'the voices told me to take it without fear, and that God would help me.' And when they asked her if her hope of victory was founded on the banner or herself, she said: 'It was founded on God, and on nought besides.'

With regard to assuming man's attire, she replied that she had worn it in obedience to the command of God. It is really astonishing to reflect on the subtle wiles which it was thought necessary to use against this poor defenceless girl. But while the English may blush at the share they had in the cruel transaction, it is but just to ourselves to remember that the relentless bishop, her judge, Estivet the advocate, her fierce accuser, and the perfidious L'Oiseleur, were all the countrymen of the ill-fated maid!

But while there is so much distinctness and precision evident in her answers to these trying questions, it is most remarkable that she was unable to give other than a confused and vague account of those actual events in which she had borne so important a part. Thus, when examined in reference to her first interview with the king, she for some time refused to answer at all, saying that her 'voices' had forbidden her to do so; and when at last she was prevailed on to speak, she talked only in a mysterious and incoherent manner of a vision which Charles had seen, and of an angel who had brought a crown to him from heaven. Afterwards, she seemed to confound this imaginary crown with the ceremony of the coronation at Rheims. In fact, the whole scene was one which, before more humane and enlightened judges, would have convinced them that hers was that peculiar condition of mind found often enough even at the present time: morbid on one particular point to such an extent, that the diseased imagination overthrows judgment and memory, and has the power to render every other element of the mind subservient to its own extraordinary fantasies.

Notwithstanding all their machinations, Joan's enemies found it difficult, with even the show of a trial, to convict her of sorcery. The infamous L'Oiseleur and another were for putting her on the rack, with the hope of extracting some positive confession from her; but many of the assessors had been deeply touched with the bearing of the maid, and none were found to second this atrocious proposal.

It is said even that one of our countrymen, who was present at the trial, was so struck with the evident sincerity of her demeanour, that he could not refrain from crying out: 'A worthy woman, if she were but English!' Her judges drew up twelve articles of accusation on the grounds of sorcery and heresy, which the university of Paris, so eager to condemn her, gladly confirmed. On the 24th of May 1431, the anniversary of the day on which the maid had been taken prisoner the year before, she was led to the cemetery of St Ouen, where two platforms were erected. On the one stood the Cardinal of Winchester, the Bishop of Beauvais, and several other prelates. Joan was conducted to the second platform, where a preacher, named Erard, launched out the most vehement invectives; to which she listened with gentle patience, until he began to accuse the king in his sweeping condemnation; then she interrupted him warmly, saying: 'Speak of me, but do not speak of the king. He is a good Christian, and not such as you say; I can swear to you he is the noblest of all Christians, and one who the most loves the church and the faith.' But here she was silenced by the angry Bishop of Beauvais. By the side of Erard, on this platform, stood the officers to guard her, L'Oiseleur, her betrayer, and another priest who had acted as her confessor.

When the sermon was finished, the preacher read to Joan a form of abjuration, of which she asked an explanation, saying she had nothing to abjure, for that all she had done was at the command of God. At this they told her she must submit to the church, and then using threats, they pointed to the public executioner, telling her that instant death was the only alternative. Poor Joan! Braver hearts than thine have failed at such a trial. Even 'starry Galileo,' a martyr, like thee, to ignorance and superstition, who might have been cheered by the light of science, and upheld by the might of truth, even he quailed at the approach of torture and death. Is there wonder or scorn because the defenceless woman, the half-demented Joan, trembled also, and put her mark to the paper, saying: 'I would rather sign than burn?' But even yet further was she to be cheated; for, instead of the paper which had been read to her—and which, scarcely comprehending, she had yet been induced only by these extreme measures to subscribe—one was substituted and read to the people, containing a far more explicit confession, in which she was made to own the falsehood of all her protestations.

The English were angry she had not been burned, and pelted her with stones, to shew their fury. The few friends she had were glad her life was spared on any terms. This, however, was well known to be but for a time; for, on hearing some rumour of Joan being ill in prison, and that some friendly hand had administered poison to her to save her further suffering, the Earl of Warwick had shewn the greatest indignation, saying: 'The king would not for the world

she should die a natural death; he had bought her so dearly, that she must be burned;' desiring them 'to cure her quickly.' What a picture of the barbarism and cruelty of the age!

After the scene of the recantation we have above described, the Bishop of Beauvais proceeded to pass the sentence of the tribunal, of course prepared beforehand. He said, 'that as, by the grace of God, she had recanted her errors, and come back to the bosom of the church, and publicly abjured her heresies, according to the form of the church, the ban of excommunication was removed, provided always she was willing to observe all that was prescribed to her. But,' he added, 'as she had sinned against God and the holy Catholic Church, though "by grace and moderation" her life was spared, she must pass the rest of it in prison, with the bread of grief and the water of anguish for her food.'

Joan hoped that, after this sentence, she should be placed in some prison within the jurisdiction of the church; possibly she might have thought of a convent; at all events, she called eagerly to her guards to lead her back to prison, 'out of the hands of the English;' but she was conducted to her former dungeon, the great tower of Rouen.

As we have before hinted, it was not designed that her life should be much longer spared. By some show of apparent lenity, there is no doubt her enemies only took time to weave more completely their meshes about her; and, while completing her destruction, palliate their own guilt. One of the instructions she received was to resume the dress of her sex, and to let her hair grow long; her tresses having been somewhat cropped for the convenience of her military attire. All this she readily promised. But in a few days they placed, on purpose, though apparently by accident, her warlike apparel in her chamber. Seeing that, true to her word, she did not attempt to resume it, one of her guards, in unchaining her from her bed for the purpose of her rising, snatched away the female clothing which lay near, and throwing the military garments upon the bed, desired her to get up.

'Sir,' she said meekly, 'you know this is forbidden me; I will not wear this coat.' But her remonstrances were unavailing, though the debate lasted till noon. Forced then to rise, she was obliged to take the only clothing at her command. A messenger was instantly sent to the Earl of Warwick to apprise him of the success of the scheme. Warwick immediately communicated with the bishop, who, accompanied by the assessors, hastened to the prison. One of them, named André Marguerie, had the charity to exclaim that it would be only fair to ask her why she had resumed male attire; but he was, in consequence, so ill-used by the mob that he had to run for his life.

There was now no appeal; for, according to the ecclesiastical law, it was the relapse into heresy, punishable with death. Into this

they had entrapped her. Joan's enemies would not listen to her explanations; and it would appear that, stung into dignity by her accumulated wrongs, the maid spoke now even with more determination than on her trial. She reproached herself with weakness in having signed the abjuration, and declared that she would now in no way yield to her judges, except in adopting the dress of her sex, which she was quite ready to do.

It was early in the morning of the 30th of May that her confessor, L'Advenu, one of the few who had shewn some compassion for her fate, entered her cell to prepare her for death. The decree had gone forth—she was to be burned that day at the market-place of Rouen. On first hearing this dreadful sentence, her fortitude forsook her: she tore her hair in anguish, and uttered the most piteous complaints against so cruel a death. But by degrees she recovered calmness and fortitude, and received the holy sacrament from the hands of L'Advenu. At nine o'clock in the morning, she mounted the fatal car, arrayed for this last occasion in female attire, and accompanied by the priest, Martin L'Advenu, and some other persons, among whom was one who had incurred the anger of her judges by having spoken in favour of the unhappy girl. No less a body than 800 English armed men accompanied her to the place of execution. As she passed on, the wretched L'Oiseleur, touched at this moment with remorse, threw himself in her way to seek pardon for his perfidy; but he was dragged from the car by the brutal soldiery, and ordered by the Earl of Warwick to quit the town if he wished to preserve his life. As she rode on, her prayers were so devout, and she recommended her soul to the Almighty in such touching accents, that several of the spectators were moved to tears; and some of the assessors had not the heart to follow her to the last. 'O Rouen! Rouen!' she exclaimed as she came near the market-place, 'is it here, indeed, that I must die!'

At the spot where now rises a statue to her memory, she found the wood ready piled, and her implacable enemies, the Bishop of Beauvais and the Cardinal of Winchester, with other prelates, awaiting their victim. A sermon was read, during which time she shed tears, and asking for a cross, an English soldier made one by breaking his staff asunder. She kissed it, and clasped it to her breast, and afterwards she was furnished with one from a neighbouring church. After the sermon, the preacher addressed her, saying: 'Joan, depart in peace; the church delivers you to the secular authorities.'

She now knelt down in fervent prayer, commending herself to the Holy Trinity and all the blessed saints, naming especially her protectresses, St Catharine and St Margaret. She then asked pardon for all her offences, declared that she forgave all those who had injured her, and concluded by entreating the prayers of the spectators. She spoke distinctly, and her words and resignation to

the will of God drew tears and sobs from many who had come prepared to revile her. It was said that many of the clergy were so overcome at the sight that they were obliged to leave the platform on which they were ranged.

But the brutal soldiers, eager to feast their sight with the victim's agonies, murmured at delay, exclaiming to L'Advenu: 'How now, priest, do you mean to make us dine here?' Although she was walking between the officers, accompanied by the good L'Advenu, to the stake, the impatient soldiers seized her violently to drag her thither. The pile was made secure with masonry, and after the ill-fated maid was bound to the stake, they placed a mitre upon her head, on which were inscribed in large letters the words RELAPSED HERETIC, APOSTATE, IDOLATRESS—and before the scaffold was placed a sort of scroll, enumerating the crimes of which she was accused. To the end she maintained that she had acted in obedience to the commands of God; and her last word was 'Jesus.' As the flames spread, she desired L'Advenu, who had remained to comfort her, to withdraw out of danger, but to hold the crucifix aloft, that her last look might rest on the sign of the Redeemer. And this he did, continuing to pray with her in a loud voice. Such was the end of the heroic martyred Joan of Arc!

Scarcely, however, was the frightful tragedy concluded, before there was a movement of pity among the spectators. Some began to think they had committed a crime in burning a saint; others wished their own persons had been burned in the place of hers. Yet, notwithstanding these demonstrations of feeling, further indignities were heaped on her remains. The blackened corpse was shewn to the people, to convince them of her identity; then a second time the fire was kindled, and her body, reduced to ashes, was thrown into the Seine.

Thus perished, after a year's captivity, all that was mortal of this heroic girl. But her memory still dwells among us, not only to form the poet's inspiration, but to teach a stern lesson of those dark days when an ignorant superstition usurped the place of judgment. In happier times, her heroism and devotion would have won admiration even from her foes, and her hallucination under the circumstances, proceeding as it did from zeal in a righteous cause, has something in it almost worthy of respect.

The affairs of the English in France, far from being advanced by this execution, went every day more and more to decay: the great abilities of the Duke of Bedford, as regent, were unable to resist the strong inclination which had seized the French to return under the obedience of their rightful sovereign, and which that act of cruelty was ill fitted to remove. Besides losing one town and province after another, the English sustained a serious blow in the withdrawal of the Duke of Burgundy from their interests. Having only served them to satisfy a temporary pique against Charles, he now

relented in his animosity; and having received certain concessions, at the expense of the English claims, he gave in his adhesion to the French crown. This, with some subsequent movements, turned the balance so effectually against the English, that in a few years they were, with trifling exceptions, stripped of all their French possessions. Although Charles was thus successful in the restoration of the French monarchy, and in after-years favourably distinguished himself, it is hard to forgive the apathy with which he endured the captivity and death of the Maid of Orleans, without whose energetic measures he most likely would have lost all title to king of France. His death, which happened in 1461, was almost as terrible as that of Joan. He died from voluntary starvation, induced from a dread of being poisoned by his own son, that monster afterwards known as Louis XI.

In 1456, as an act of justice to her memory, an ecclesiastical court, headed by the Archbishop of Rheims, revised the case of Joan of Arc, and finding the allegations against her false, pronounced her to have been entirely innocent—a poor compensation, it will be admitted, for the torments and indignity of a cruel death.* Posterity has further done justice to the memory of the heroic Pucelle in numerous poems and dramas: a recollection of her person and deeds has also been preserved in France by different statues, one of the most beautiful being that executed by a daughter of Louis-Philippe, king of the French, in which she is represented in her suit of armour, and in that modesty of attitude which befitted her simplicity of character. Upon the pedestal of the statue erected to her memory in Rouen, on the spot of her unjust execution, was affixed an inscription in acknowledgment of her services to the state, which may be thus translated:

'THE MAIDEN'S SWORD PROTECTS THE ROYAL CROWN:
BENEATH HER SACRED CARE, THE LILIES SAFELY BLOOM.'

* Few facts in history seem better authenticated than the death of 'the Maid' at Rouen in 1431, and yet grave doubts have been raised on the point. There was a popular belief at the time that some one had been executed in the place of Joan; and many pretended Maids appeared, who, however, were punished as impostors. But a Father Vignier, in the 17th century, found among the archives of Metz a paper purporting to be written at the time, and giving an account of the arrival at Metz, on the 20th May 1436, of the Maid Jeanne, who was at once recognised by her two brothers, and was subsequently married to a Sieur de Hermoise. Vignier afterwards found in the family muniment-chest of a M. des Armoise, in Lorraine, a contract of marriage between 'Robert des Armoise, Knight, with Jeanne D'Arcy, surnamed the Maid of Orleans.' In addition to this, there was found, in 1740, among the archives of the Maison de Ville of Orleans, under the dates 1435, 1436, a record of certain payments to a messenger bringing letters from Jeanne the Maid, and also to her brother John du Lils or Lys. (De Lys was the name by which the family of Darc was ennobled.) A subsequent entry, 1st August 1439, records a gift on the part of the council of the city for services rendered by her at the siege. M. Delepierre, who has discussed the subject in his *Doute historique* (privately printed, 1855), adduces various other facts tending to the same conclusion.—*Chambers's Encyclopædia.*

ANNALS OF THE POOR.

INSTANCES OF FEMALE INDUSTRY AND INTREPIDITY.

CATHERINE OF LIVERPOOL.

AMONG the many females in humble life who have been exemplary for their extraordinary perseverance under difficulties, their ingenious industry, and their self-sacrificing benevolence, a poor woman who lived in an obscure situation in Liverpool is deserving of being placed in the foremost rank. This heroine in humble life—whom we shall describe under the name of Catherine or Kitty, by which she was usually known to her friends—was born in a populous village in Lancashire about the year 1786. Her parents, who were in poor circumstances, happened to become favourably known to an infirm and venerable lady, who kindly took Catherine home to stay with her as a humble companion and servant. By this humane lady she was taught to read, and trained not only to early habits of neatness and order, but to the knowledge as well as the practice of Christian dispositions and duties.

Although this lady had only a moderate income, she spent not a little on the poor, whom she likewise encouraged with her advice in

cases of difficulty, and cheered with her presence in distress. When she became too feeble to walk to the houses of her neighbours, she was occasionally carried out in a sedan-chair, her little servant walking by her side. Catherine afterwards used to describe these expeditions to her friends:—'The old lady would say to me: "Catherine, I am going out;" and then she would be carried out in her sedan. She was too lame to walk, and could not easily get into a coach. I used to take a little basket and go by her side. We would soon stop at a cellar, into which she sent me to see how the poor woman was; and when I had come out again, she would say: "How does she look? Is there any fire in the grate? Is there any coal in the house?" Then she would send me for anything that was wanted. And when we had come home, she would say: "Go, put your feet upon the fender, and dry them, and tell me what you think of what you have seen." Then she would say: "Catherine, poverty will probably be your portion; but you have one talent which you may use for the good of others. You may sometimes read half an hour to a poor sick neighbour. You may read a chapter of the Bible to her when she could not read it herself; or you may run errands for those who have no one else to go for them. Promise me, then, my child, that you will try to do what you can for others, and I hope we may meet in another world." Ah! there were few like my dear mistress.'

This lady having died, her household was broken up, and Catherine returned to her family. She could not, however, be kept at home; and as no suitable place in domestic service could be obtained for her, she was sent with her brother to work at a cotton-mill in a village at some distance. This was in the year 1798, when she was only twelve years of age. That a child so youthful should have been despatched to such a scene of labour may excite surprise, but only in those who are in the habit of considering all factory systems as injurious, if not tyrannical. Many may be bad enough, but those conducted in country districts, and under good management, are, on the whole, not unfavourable to health or morals. The mill to which our young heroine and her brother were committed was one of the better regulated class. The hours were not long, and were precisely fixed. All had their appointed duty, which if they attended to, no complaint was made. There was an open airing-ground for recreation in good weather, and a library from which books were given freely out to those who chose to read. Great care was likewise taken to prevent any impropriety of behaviour. In short, nothing was wanting to render the attendance agreeable, or to encourage the diligent and orderly. In this mill, Catherine passed a few years, improving in health and intelligence, though without distinguishing herself from the mass of her companions. Perhaps, however, she excelled in the propriety of her deportment, from the instructions she had received from her old mistress; and her good feelings

prompted her to be grateful for the care taken of her, as well as others, at the mill. She has often been heard to say: 'If ever there was a heaven upon earth, it was that apprentice-house, where we were brought up in such ignorance of evil; and where Mr Norton, the manager of the mill, was a father to us all.' It is to be wished that every one who takes the charge of a child, whether as a pupil, an apprentice, or a servant, should feel it a duty to do what may be done early to establish the principles and practice of virtue, and to deserve such grateful recollections as those of our heroine.

Mr Norton did not see Catherine after she quitted his establishment, and never probably was aware of the beneficial influence he had exerted on her mind; yet it was by the course of discipline and instruction in the cotton-factory that her character was formed during the most susceptible and dangerous season of her life.

Catherine left the cotton-mill to go to service in a family. The lady of the house was a very good manager, and a good mistress; knew what a servant's duty was, and took care that it was well done. In her family, Catherine's habits of diligence, order, and fidelity were strengthened. Everything she saw there tended to advance her education. And is it not the true idea of education, that it comprehends all the daily and hourly influences, small as well as great, of the circumstances by which we are surrounded, and which are constantly acting upon us; bearing upon thought, and feeling, and every spring of action within us? It is beginning to be understood, that whatever acts upon our powers for their growth, or decrease, or direction; whatever acts upon desire, appetite, or passion, to excite or to repress it, to gratify or disappoint it; and whatever, either directly or indirectly, goes to the excitement and formation of dispositions, sentiments, principles, and habits, is to be viewed as a part of education. In this view of the subject, it is not a question whether children or men shall or shall not be educated. Education is constantly going on with every individual, old and young, from the first to the last hour of life, because every individual is, in every hour and every moment, acted upon by the circumstances amidst which he is placed; and because the influence of these circumstances upon him will be in accordance with the tastes and desires he is forming or has formed, the principles he is adopting or has adopted, and his strength or weakness in the application of principles to conduct. The child at home is educated far more by the examples which he sees than by the lessons which he learns; and his mind is educating with far freer and stronger tendencies in his plays and in the streets, than in school and under the eye of his master.

Catherine was one of the most cheerful and faithful of servants. The pleasure with which she was accustomed to render any assistance to her fellow-servants was ever a matter of remark; and through this disposition, joined with a habit of accurate observation,

she laid up a large stock of knowledge, which has since been invaluable to herself and others.

We have now to view Catherine in quite a new sphere of life. She was married to a person deserving of her affection, but not till she had received a promise that she should be permitted to take her mother home to live with her, for she was now old and infirm. A small house was taken and furnished, and the marriage promised every prospect of happiness. This might be called a bright gleam in Catherine's existence. When she had become the mother of two children, her husband died, and to add to her troubles, her mother became blind and insane.

Catherine's case may now be considered to have been deplorable —a widow, the mother of two children, one a new-born infant, no means of subsistence, and with a superannuated and blind parent depending upon her. Some women, in such circumstances, would have sat down and wept, pined in sorrow, or gone to the workhouse. Catherine had a soul above all this. She acutely felt the blow, but she also knew that it was a dispensation of Providence which ought to be borne. When the first emotions of distress were past, she courageously yoked to the task of supporting her dependent family. Catherine despised to eat the bread of idleness.

Worth never wants friends. Catherine's case excited pity among her neighbours, and her good character secured her a respectable wet-nursing. She refused to leave home for this purpose, and the baby was committed to her charge. By this means, and a trifle of wages owing to her husband, she contrived to live over a year. Now she behoved to face the world. The difficulty of obtaining work was at this time very great. There was much suffering among the operatives throughout the country, and among all who depended upon their daily labour for subsistence. The only employment of which Catherine could procure an offer was work at a nail-factory, for which she was not well fitted. However, she gladly availed herself of it, because the work was paid according to the number of nails made, and she could absent herself to give a brief attendance on her mother and children. The employment was hard, and poorly paid. She generally wrought at large nails, of which she was able to make about 800 daily; but of the same kind some men can make double that number. Her earnings were, on an average, fifteenpence per day; yet, though small, they were still precious to her, because they were her own earnings. No one knew better than herself how to receive a favour, or how to confer one; but she would not willingly accept the means of support from another, when she could obtain them by her own industry. She has been known to work in this factory till her fingers were blistered, and she could do no more; she would then remain at home, and poultice them till they were sufficiently recovered to enable her to resume her work. She and her mother at that time often suffered from hunger.

Her necessities were known to a kind friend, whose own means were small, but who yet contrived occasionally to furnish her with a good meal. Through this friend she sometimes obtained a supply of flowers or bouquets, by the sale of which she provided for her wants when she had no other means of obtaining subsistence.

In expedients like these she passed some years, during which the insanity of her mother was at times so outrageous as greatly to endanger any one who had the charge of her; yet this charge she could not relinquish. She would not hear of the removal of her parent to a place of confinement. No labours and no sufferings could weaken her filial reverence and affection. At length, however, it became necessary for her mother's own safety that she should be in the charge of those more competent to the task of restraining her, and she was removed to the workhouse. But the heart of the devoted daughter was still with her; and from week to week Catherine strained every nerve, and straitened herself in every way, that she might regularly carry to her mother all the comforts she could procure. Nor were her trials those only of the early death of her husband and the long insanity of her mother. Her eldest son was a severe sufferer from his birth till the age of twenty, when he died. It is hardly to be conceived how much she did and endured for this boy. For weeks together, after a hard day's work, she was up through the whole night, kneeling by him, that he might have his arms around her neck for support, because he was unable to lie down. Her patience and love seemed to be inexhaustible, and the strength which she exerted through her afflictions almost miraculous.

The lad was a dutiful and affectionate child. He had a heart like his mother, strong both to love and to endure. For a time, Catherine seemed hardly able to sustain his loss. She could not sleep, and with difficulty could take even the smallest portion of food. Her inability to sleep awakened the desire to pass her nights with the sick; but she found this recalled the memory of her son too strongly, and she did not persist in it. Desirous to fill the vacuity in her house, she now, to use her own expression, 'inquired for some family who wanted a person to take care of some *tedious* children.' Her surviving child often gave her great pain. He exhibited strong indications of inheriting the insanity of his grandmother, having at times an ungovernable wildness of manner; yet, when not under excitement, he was an amiable, kind, and obedient boy.

When Catherine worked in the nail-factory, she formed a friendship with another woman who also worked there. This poor creature afterwards became blind and helpless. She had for some time previously been greatly disabled, and Catherine had never failed to do what she could for her. But now she took her to her own house, and for seven years supported her entirely. She carried her

up-stairs at night, and brought her down in the morning. At length, when her son became so ill that she could not leave him, and her means of support were wholly unequal to the increased expense, she sent her blind friend to the workhouse; yet her interest in the poor sufferer never declined. Her care for her was like that of a mother for a child. She never omitted once a week to send her a little tea and sugar, that she might not be made uncomfortable by the want of these accustomed gratifications. It happened that this poor blind woman had a son in the workhouse, who was a cripple, and nearly an idiot. The child was dear to his mother; and when she took her tea, she gave him a part of it. This became one of his highest gratifications; and after the death of his mother, he was greatly distressed by the loss of this indulgence. Catherine therefore promised him that while she lived she would bring him tea and sugar, as she had brought them to his mother; and she kept her word. On one occasion, a friend called upon Catherine, and found an old woman with her who had a number of small parcels in her hand. On noticing these parcels, she informed the visitor that they contained a little tea, sugar, and snuff, and that they were for a woman in the workhouse nearly a hundred years old. 'She knew my parents,' said Catherine; 'and I daresay assisted my mother when she needed; so it is just a little acknowledgment. There are other old persons there to whom I would be glad to send something, if I had the means.'

After Catherine left the nail-factory, she supported her family by mangling; a benevolent gentleman in the neighbourhood, who was struck with her character, having assisted her to purchase a mangle at a sale of effects. By means of it and a little charing-work she lived for several years, till her mother died, when she had no longer an inducement to remain in the place; and she removed with her only surviving son to Liverpool, where she was fortunate in getting him some small employment suited to his infirmities. She took her mangle with her, and therefore we have now to follow her to one of the humblest dwellings in a back-street of that large town. Here she laboured, struggled to keep up a good name, and to do all the good she could within her sphere. On one occasion, a poor woman, a Mrs O'Brien, came into the neighbourhood to look for lodgings, but could nowhere obtain a room. 'She must not die in the street,' said Catherine. Yet what was to be done? Catherine lost no time in answering this question. The door of her house was opened, and Mrs O'Brien and her children at once found a home there. In a fortnight, this woman died; but poor as she had been, her heart was bound up in her children, and her great solicitude in death was for them. With the full sympathies of a mother, Catherine promised to do for these children as if they were her own; and this promise she faithfully fulfilled.

Another Irishwoman, Bridget M'Ann, was a common beggar.

Her appearance indicated extreme distress, and no inconsiderable disease; yet she was unwilling to go into the infirmary, because she would there be separated from her children. Catherine visited this woman, gained her confidence, persuaded her to allow her eldest boy to be put into the workhouse, and took the youngest, about two years old, under her own charge. She nursed this child carefully, sent some of her own clothes to the mother, and took a change of clothes to her every week; yet for all these kind offices she had scarcely any other return than reproaches and complaints. The clothes, it was said, were not well washed, nor was anything done for her as it should be done. But Catherine was neither to be fatigued by service nor discouraged by ingratitude. She felt the claims of weakness, ignorance, and suffering in this poor beggar far more strongly than she felt any injury to herself. She kept the child for some months, till the mother reclaimed it; and then gave up her charge only because she was allowed to hold it no longer. It is only from such facts that one knows how much the poor often do for the poor.

After a few years' residence in Liverpool, Catherine's son died, which was a sore grief to her, for she was now alone in the world, and had no longer any one of her own family to love. To fill up the vacancy, she gladly took charge of three children from a widower, a respectable man in the neighbourhood, who engaged to pay her twelve shillings a week for their board. She, however, had not long had the children under her roof, when the health of the man failed, and he was unable to earn the amount he had agreed to pay her. So anxious, however, was he to do what he could in payment for the relief and comfort he had received, that he was actually at his work on the week in which he died. Catherine kindly waited upon him on his deathbed, and although he professed a different form of religious belief from her own, brought him, unasked, a clergyman of his own persuasion. She said 'she thought people always go fastest to heaven upon their own road.' On his dying bed, this poor man besought her to retain the charge of his children. She gave him her word that she would; and she admirably performed her promise. After a time, the youngest boy was placed in a charity-school, where she maintained a faithful supervision of him; and when he left it, she fitted him out for sea, and continued to care for him whenever he returned from a voyage. The girl she kept two or three years, till she found a good place for her. And the eldest boy, owing to the failure of the master to whom he was apprenticed, was for several years a considerable expense to her. A fellow-apprentice earned only four shillings a week: his own father refused to keep him for so small a sum. The anxiety and grief of his mother were extreme, and she applied to Kitty upon the subject, who told the mother that, on condition of the good-conduct of the boy, she would receive him into her family.

At the first appearance of cholera in England, great anxiety was manifested to guard against it, and cleanliness was especially enjoined. The habits of the very poor, and their few conveniences, made the washing and drying of clothing and bedding very difficult. Catherine's house at this time consisted of a small kitchen, a little parlour, two or three chambers, and a small yard at the back of the house. In the kitchen, she had a copper. She fastened ropes across the yard, and offered her poor neighbours the free use of them and her kitchen for washing and drying their clothes. She also took charge of clothes and bedding which were lent for the use of the poor. So apparent was the benefit derived by the families who availed themselves of Catherine's kindness, that a benevolent society was led to provide a common cellar where families might wash every week.

The establishment thus begun was found very useful; and in cases of cholera or fever, medical men were accustomed to send a note with the clothes used by a patient, or when a change of linen was required; hired washers being employed for the service of the sick. This plan made neighbours willing to lend clothes and bedding, since no risk of contagion was incurred. During the second year of the cholera, one hundred and forty dozen articles of clothing for men and women, one hundred and fifty-eight sheets, thirty-four beds, sixty quilts, and one hundred blankets, were washed in this establishment in one week.

The cholera principally attacked the heads of families, especially those who were in a state of exhaustion from fatigue or want of food. It frequently happened that the sufferers had neither food nor fuel, while the rigorous quarantine led to a dearth of employment. Catherine divided her own stores as far as she could with the sufferers around her. A supply of oatmeal was given her, and with this she made porridge every morning for a number who would otherwise probably have had no breakfast; and at one time she thus supplied sixty with daily food. A neighbour every evening went three miles into the country for the milk for this porridge.

Wherever the disease appeared among those who knew Catherine, her presence and aid were felt to be of high importance. The physicians were quite unable to meet the calls that were made upon them; she therefore went to them for advice, administered the remedies which were prescribed, and carried back accounts of her patients. It seemed impossible that she should obtain rest either night or day. She found a vacant room, on the floor of which she could spread some bedding, and there she provided a lodging for families in which death had occurred, and whose rooms, it was thought, should be vacated for a time, that they might be purified. One of the first cases of cholera occurred in the street where Catherine lived. A widower, with two young children boarding with a poor woman, was taken suddenly ill, and died. To prevent unnecessary

exposure to the disease, the attending physician directed that the body should be buried unwashed. A report of this got abroad, and a crowd assembled about the house, threatening violence if the body were not washed before it was buried. Catherine undertook to address this assemblage. 'We should be very sorry to do anything wrong,' she said to them; 'but the physician has forbidden that the body should be washed, on account of the danger of infection. Now, this man who has died is no more to us than he is to any of you. Mrs R—— and I have done our part, by laying out the body; and if any one of you will come in and wash it, we will provide everything that is necessary for you.' The crowd dispersed quietly and quickly, and the body was buried unwashed.

The deaths and sickness of so many parents by cholera left a large number of destitute children, too young to go to school, and who were therefore running about the streets. Catherine could not overlook these children. She collected about twenty of them into her house, and a neighbour, who lived on the opposite side of the street, offered to assist her in the care of them. This neighbour amused the children by singing to them, by telling them stories, and by teaching them to repeat hymns. The number of the children soon became too large to be comfortably accommodated in Catherine's little dwelling. It was resolved, therefore, to form them into a school. The infant school thus begun was adopted by the managers of one for older children in the same street; the neighbour who aided Catherine became the mistress, and obtained a comfortable maintenance from the employment she had begun in benevolence.

A being with such a universal spirit of charity and love, and with such self-imposed claims and duties, required to eke out her means by every plan which seemed available. To make the most of her house, small as it was, she received lodgers; and to make their evenings pass agreeably, she borrowed books and newspapers, and proposed that one should read aloud for the general entertainment. She provided a good fire in the winter, well knowing this comfort often tempts even a sober man to an alehouse. She permitted her lodgers to invite their acquaintance; and during the winter of 1835, as many as ten met and subscribed for three different cheap periodicals, and to the Mechanics' Library. As some of the party were carpenters' apprentices, an older workman gave them instruction in their business before the reading began. One of these young men begged Catherine to speak to four of their fellow-workmen, who spent the money at alehouses which they earned by working over-hours. She did so, telling them if they would come every night to her house, they should have the use of a good fire and a newspaper, and for sixpence a week she would provide a supper.

This poor woman seems to have had an eye to everything. One day, in passing a shop, she saw a great boxful of waste paper, including many damaged and used Bibles. These she was allowed

to pick out and buy for a mere trifle. When she brought her parcel of Bibles home, she fastened the leaves, patched up the covers, and then lent them to sailors who were going to sea. It was afterwards ascertained that by this act the characters of several were improved. It may be matter for surprise how Catherine earned enough to accomplish so many good deeds. But cheerful and persevering labour, with rigorous economy, will do wonders. She long lived a credit to her station, and shewed, in all her undertakings, a remarkable power of making much of slender means. Her economy with regard to both food and clothing was admirable. Nothing was wasted. She has been known to stew fish-bones into broth for the sick poor, and from the refuse of fruit to make a pleasant drink for fever patients. Time was also, in her estimation, a thing not to be thrown away, and therefore every moment of her waking existence was devoted to the execution of some useful object.

The owner of the house in which Catherine lived was a single lady, and a cripple, with a very small income. Catherine's consideration of these circumstances was beyond all praise. She expressed her unwillingness to apply to her poor landlady even for necessary repairs, and as far as possible made those repairs herself. She bought paint, and painted her rooms with her own hand. She received payment from her lodgers on Friday, and the sum, though only a few shillings altogether, she lent to some poor women, who purchased certain goods which they sold in the market on Saturday, and made their returns to her on Saturday night. It did not appear that she ever thus lost anything, while the gain was of considerable importance to those who made it. She mixed but little with her neighbours, except for such offices of kindness as she was able to render to them; and most unwillingly asked for any aid for her own personal friends.

We must, however, draw our account of this poor widow to a conclusion. She was not without faults; as, for instance, hastiness of temper; but her anger was soon appeased, and no ill-usage could check her kindness, except for a very short time. She had experienced injustice; and though she felt it strongly, acknowledged that it was a duty to forgive others, when there was so much to be forgiven in ourselves. She was ever most careful not to incur a debt, and maintained her sense of duty on this subject with an energy worthy of all praise. Had she been embarrassed by debt, she could have carried through few of her benevolent intentions. Her whole history presents a striking combination of simplicity with energy, sensibility with judgment, of forethought, calculation, and economy, with disinterestedness and self-sacrificing benevolence. To a pious reliance on Providence, she united a vigilant sense of practical duty, an indifference to all selfish considerations, and a strong faith in her fellow-creatures, in herself, in good principles, and in TRUTH.

LIZZY M'CALLUM.

THE tale which follows is given in the words of a gentleman who vouches for the truth of the circumstances.

I remember my mother telling me of a poor woman, a neighbour of hers, who lived in the same village at the foot of the Grampians, and whose husband having died, left her with six children, the youngest only a few months old. 'For many months,' said my mother, 'this worthy creature supported herself and her six children by spinning literally almost day and night; and yet, with all this exertion, she could only procure them the scantiest supply of the poorest fare. Barley-porridge, without milk, twice a day, with perhaps the luxury of potatoes and herrings to dinner once or twice in a week, formed their whole sustenance for months together, so small was the remuneration for that kind of labour which the mother alone could work at. But during all this time no one ever heard a complaint from Lizzy M'Callum; and although her children's wan looks told that their fare was none of the best, still they were scrupulously neat and clean in their clothes—a feature which seldom characterised their neighbours. Being gentle, good-natured children, they were always welcome playmates to you and your sisters. In the winter evenings, they participated in your pastimes of hunt-the-slipper and blindman's-buff; and in the fine days of summer, the young M'Callums were equally necessary and important allies in chasing butterflies over the knowes, plaiting swords and caps of rushes in the meadow, or catching minnows in the mill-burn. One day,' continued my mother with a sigh, the tears coursing down her venerable cheeks at the recollection—'I remember it as if it had been yesterday—two of Lizzy's little girls were at play with you and your sister Harriet in our front-parlour. You were then both just about their own age, namely, five and seven years; and as I chanced to be dealing out to Harriet and you your customary forenoon slice of bread and butter, I offered a slice each to Mary and Jessy M'Callum. The latter, a mere infant, at first involuntarily held out her little hand with avidity, looked wistfully for a moment at the tempting morsel, then suddenly withdrawing her hand, as if a serpent had stung her, and reddening like scarlet, timidly said: "No, I thank-ye, mem." "Come, Mary," said I to her sister, "I am sure *you* will not be so shy; you shall have both slices." "I am much obleeged to ye, mem," replied the sweet child, blushing like crimson; "but my mither says we mauna take pieces except in our ain house."

Such were the lessons of self-denial and decent pride implanted by their worthy parent in the minds of these innocent children of adversity.

'Not satisfied with providing for the mere animal wants of her children, Lizzy M'Callum endeavoured, with the most untiring assiduity and affection, so far as her own humble acquirements went, to cultivate the minds and improve the manners of those helpless and endearing charges which had been intrusted to her sole care. One always sat by her side and read while she was engaged in spinning, and in this way she taught the four eldest to read the Bible very accurately. Psalms and questions from the *Shorter Catechism* accompanied these instructions; and when these duties were over, if any of the juniors began to grow impatient or clamorous for food, she would occasionally resort to the innocent expedient of lilting the tune of *Little wat ye wha's coming*, and making them dance to it, while she plied the task which was to procure them the next meal.

'The neighbour gossips often wondered how Lizzy M'Callum found time to keep her cottage so trim and her "bairns sae wyse-like;" for, excepting on Sundays, she was always found at her wheel; and yet, although her labour seemed without end, and her privations almost too much for human fortitude to sustain, still Lizzy's open countenance ever wore the same calm good-humoured smile; and her answer to any whose benevolence prompted them to offer her pecuniary aid was: "I am obleeged to ye—greatly obleeged, I'm sure; but I need naething, and the bairns ha'e aye a bite and a brat [that is, food and clothes]—thanks to the Giver." Every good result did indeed follow this excellent and humble-minded woman, and her singular exertions in so worthy a cause were not without their reward; for as her children grew up, they went to service among the farmers in the neighbourhood, to whom their good conduct soon recommended them; and so much were the M'Callums respected and beloved, that they invariably received higher wages than was usually given to servants in their station in that part of the country. But none, save those who have been similarly circumstanced, can fully comprehend the delight of the widowed mother when, on the forenoon of the term-day, her rosy open-countenanced boys and girls—some of whom were grown almost men and women—one after another dropped into their dear mother's humble cottage, and with tears in their eyes, and looks glowing with happiness and affection, placed in her lap "their sair-won penny fee." Then would each, in his or her turn, receive the fond mother's kiss and her solemn blessing; and ere the tears of pleasure and filial love were well dry on their cheeks, they would commence making affectionate inquiries respecting each other's health and welfare; and while the young men gravely discussed the merits of their respective masters' farms, and learnedly descanted on the most proper rotation

of crops, the breeding of cattle, and the latest improvements in husbandry, the maidens would as earnestly enlarge on the best modes of dairy-management, their several achievements in spinning linen yarn (an accomplishment in which all young females were generally proficient at that period), and the most approved method of steeping and drying lint (flax), with many equally interesting and harmless topics.

'By a few years' saving and industry, the two elder sons, James and Alexander, had educated themselves so far as to be able, by the assistance of some kind friends, to begin business as grocers in a handsome shop in the most central part of the village. Here their industry and attention to business, no less than the uniform probity of their dealings, soon acquired them trade; and in a few months the shop of the M'Callums was frequently crowded with customers, while those of their neighbours were quite empty. By and by, their business, which had hitherto been confined to the village, gradually extended to the surrounding neighbourhood; and finally, they attained the honour and profit of supplying the small dealers in the country round about with teas and groceries. When I last heard of them,' continued my mother, 'Lizzy was living in a nice little cottage in the outskirts of the village, built by her sons expressly for her accommodation. James and Alexander were both happily married; and Andrew, the youngest son, who had become a mason, was now a builder of great respectability in E——, with his youngest sister Jessy acting as his housekeeper. The two sisters, Elizabeth and Mary, had been married some years before, one to a farmer in an adjacent parish, and the other to a dissenting minister belonging to the village. Both marriages proved fortunate in the extreme, and added to the happiness of Lizzy M'Callum.'

I cannot conclude this simple narrative without remarking the vital importance which parental instruction and parental example have in forming the characters and tempers of children, and how much the very humblest class of society can achieve in instilling into the minds of their infant offspring principles of piety, rectitude of conduct, and benevolence of heart. None can be so poor or so engrossed as to have no spare moment for the performance of this delightful and momentous duty; none so ignorant as to be incapable of communicating to their children something respecting the Supreme Ruler of the universe, and the duties of his creatures—something illustrative of the beauty of truth, gentleness, and integrity, and the utter shame and unworthiness of falsehood, deceit, and angry passions. Were subjects of this nature habitually impressed upon the ductile minds of children, it would materially assist in subduing those evil and unruly propensities to which poor humanity is so prone; and if to such precepts were added the *good example* of parents, the result would in all probability be the same as is exhibited in the simple story above related.

NANNY WILSON.

NANNY WILSON was one of those industrious well-behaved women in humble life who manage to make all ends meet amid the most trying difficulties—difficulties which we are in the habit of saying an ordinary mind would shrink from encountering.

At a very early age, Nanny was left to her own resources. Her mother was taken from her by death while she was but a child; and her father, who was rather a dissipated character, shortly after this bereavement disappeared from his native town, where he followed the business of flax-dressing, and went no one knew where. The poor girl had no near relations to look after her, and she was indebted to the sympathy of one or two families in the neighbourhood for lodging, food, and clothing. The treatment she received in this way was not invariably kind; and this, perhaps more than anything else, impressed her with the strong determination, which clung to her through life, to be dependent only on her own exertions for support. In her fourteenth year, she was taken into a respectable grocer's family as a servant. In this situation she remained two years, and was a favourite with her master and mistress. One day, an old beggar-woman, who had never been in the place before, was heard to express her surprise at the system of flax-dressing.

'This is what I have heard old John Wilson speak about,' she said; 'but I ne'er saw't before.'

Some one had the curiosity to ask: 'Who is old John Wilson?'

'He's a weaver in Airdrie,' she replied.

This brief conversation came to our friend Nanny's ears, and she instantly made up her mind to go in search of her father. For this purpose, very little preparation was needed, for it was not much that Nanny had to carry along with her. A little bundle contained all her superfluous clothing; and some shillings in silver, the earnings of her servitude, she hid in her bosom. The distance of Airdrie from her native town was about thirty-six miles. This distance she walked with an anxious heart, for she felt that hers was a sort of wild-goose chase. There might be many John Wilsons in Airdrie; and even should she be so fortunate as to find out the John Wilson spoken of by the old beggar-woman, he might not be her father after all. Or, perhaps, were this man actually her parent, was she sure that he would acknowledge her when found, seeing that he had been so negligent of her since her infancy? These and many other fears were hers during the journey; but

she was a girl of great strength of mind, and not to be driven by idle fears or surmises from an honest purpose. On reaching Airdrie, the first person she accosted was an old man who stood smoking his pipe at a door. She said she was a stranger, and would feel obliged to him if he would direct her to where John Wilson, a weaver, lived. It was her own father she addressed, and the recognition was almost mutual. She never had cause to regret the journey; for her father was now a sober industrious old man, and she resided with him till the day of his death. This event took place when Nanny was in her eighteenth year. Having converted the trifling articles of furniture that belonged to her father into money, she went back to the grocer, and was cordially received into her former situation.

With this kind family our heroine remained as a domestic for a few years, when she left her situation in order to unite herself to a young man of about her own age, with whom she anticipated the enjoyment of comfort and happiness. Many of her neighbours, and particularly her master and mistress, thought that Nanny had a chance of remaining more comfortable in the capacity of a servant with a well-paid fee; and it might have been better had she listened to the hints thus offered to her. It must not, however, be supposed that she had reason to lament having married Richard Paterson. He was an honest, and what is called a well-doing man; but he did not possess the bodily strength necessary for the occupation he followed. His employment was that of a working-gardener, and few were known to be so tasteful and neat-handed in the use of his horticultural implements. Richard, or Ritchie, as he was called, was therefore generally well employed, and his trimly-kept cottage was cheered both during summer and winter with humble plenty, and blessed with grateful contentment. Sad to say, however, a time came when Ritchie could no longer pursue his ordinary duties. Having gone forth one severe spring morning to labour, when a frost was on the ground, and a thick moist atmosphere overhead, he caught a rheumatic affection in his legs, which ultimately produced a fixed crookedness of joints, and he was ere long pronounced lame for life. This was a dreadful blow to poor Nanny, on whom now devolved the principal duty of providing for the family, and which, without a murmur or a moment's repining, she did in a small way, to the best of her ability. People talk of trials in families —here was a trial; and here also was heroism. For four years did this industrious creature toil for the subsistence of a decrepit husband and two infant children, yet never did any one hear her utter the voice of complaint.

A time at length arrived when she was in some degree relieved from this excessive burden. Ritchie died, and her two children were about the same period carried off by a fever. Nanny was now once more alone in the world—a lone woman, but possessing a stout

heart, and a firm reliance on the goodness of that Being who has promised to be the 'father of the fatherless, and the husband of the widow.' Her little plan of subsistence was soon put into execution. Some friendly neighbour hinted to her the propriety of seeking relief from the parish; but she spurned the idea. What! take charity from the public while she had hands to work? Never. She scorned the thought of such meanness with a virtuous and bitter scorn. 'When I apply to the parish,' said she, 'it will only be when laid on a bed from age or disease, and when all hope of other relief is gone.' With these noble resolutions, Nanny set about her arrangements. She prudently removed to her native town, where she rented a little garret, and spun flax or filled pirns for the weavers. It was but little that she could make by this sort of labour, but that little sufficed. The rent of her room was three pounds a year, and she had meal, and coal, and butcher-meat to pay for besides. Her landlord kindly allowed her a bit of ground, on which she reared potatoes and other vegetables for the pot. She now felt herself, with an ordinary share of health, perfectly independent, and her conduct in every sense of the word was exemplary. She attended church regularly every Sunday, and every night she barred her door at nine o'clock, and spent an hour in devotional exercises before retiring to rest. After thus secluding herself for the night, she did not open her door to a human being, unless in cases of great emergency, in which she could assist in assuaging bodily distress. When the whirring of her wheel (her bread-winner) ceased, the neighbours below knew the hour. In the fine summer mornings, she was up with the lark, and working in her little garden. She might be seen going from cabbage-plant to cabbage-plant, tending, watering, and dibbling it up, and she knew almost every green blade in her ground. From her husband's death, she went on in this manner, and presented one of the finest examples of poverty commanding respect.

A number of years ago, Nanny had a most fortunate windfall. A distant relation—an aunt, I believe—of whose existence she was scarcely aware, died, leaving her the sum of forty pounds. This sum of money, which was to her immense, she placed in the nearest bank; and as the rent-day came round, she lifted a pound, or perhaps two, and settled scores with her landlord. By this prudent mode of disbursement, the little fund remained long unexhausted, but was reduced to about ten pounds; a sum so small, that the bank-people would no longer be troubled with it, and they handed it over to her, and struck her off their books. This gave her great concern; but a friend lodged the money for her in a provident savings-bank. As she was a very old woman, it was likely that it would last her time—indeed, she said so herself; for she took great care to eke it out. Fortunately, she was able to make her wheel birr, though not so unintermittingly as

heretofore; and the fine mornings in June always saw her out to the garden-plot as usual.

One specimen of her foresight, which was in excellent keeping with her character, may be mentioned. As she had lived through life, ever since she was able to work, without burdening others, so she was resolved that she should descend into the grave in the same spirit. On one occasion, while airing her dead-clothes, which were of her own providing, she remarked that 'no one should be a penny out of pocket with her funeral.'

There is surely much to admire in this old woman's conduct and character, and we could wish that her honest spirit of independence were universal. Were it so, we should see misery and degradation less frequently than we do; and poverty, instead of being accounted an evil, would be deemed the reverse. There is no situation in life that may not be sweetened by a ruling passion leading to virtue; and the ruling passion in her case meets, in any state of society, our most cordial applause. Poverty has its evils, we will allow; but where allied to virtue and self-denial, it is more deserving of respect than any other state of life with which we are acquainted.

MRS RESTON.

IN the town's hospital of Glasgow there was a heroine of humble life, whose case, some years ago, attracted considerable attention. Mrs Agnes Reston, as this aged female was named, was the widow of a sergeant in the 94th Regiment, and her life was marked by circumstances of more than usual interest. Agnes was born at Stirling on the 1st of June 1773, of parents in a humble rank in life, and was the second eldest of a family of fifteen children. Her early life was passed in the situation of a domestic servant, which, from her habits of neatness and industry, she filled to the satisfaction of her employers. In consequence of her family having removed from Stirling to a place distant from any school, the little education she acquired was communicated at home by her parents, under the most disadvantageous circumstances. From a love of books, however, of which she was passionately fond, she became an excellent reader; and, by persevering industry, particularly during the leisure of the long winter-nights, acquired such a knowledge of writing as enabled her in future years, while sharing the dangers of her husband abroad, to keep up a constant communication with her friends. When about fifteen years of age, her parents removed to Edinburgh, where, from their previous savings, they were enabled to commence a small dairy and public-house. Agnes continued for

a number of years toiling for the family; but, being anxious to see a little more of society, she at length, contrary to the wishes of her parents, entered into domestic service with a Mrs Bannerman, residing in College Street. In this situation she continued twelve months. She afterwards served some time in the family of a Mrs M'Tavish, in James's Court, Lawnmarket; and at length was engaged by Lieutenant Ivers, quarter-master of the Scottish Brigade, now known by the name of 'the Old 94th,' which was then stationed at the castle. Here she became acquainted with Corporal Reston, a young man of prepossessing appearance and agreeable manners. He was the eldest son of a respectable handloom weaver in Glasgow, and had obtained a good education. The young couple had frequent opportunities of seeing each other, the corporal's duties requiring him to call from time to time at Mr Ivers's house, on business connected with the regiment, and a mutual attachment speedily sprung up between them. The match was opposed by Agnes's parents as well as by her master and mistress; but, with that firmness of purpose which afterwards manifested itself so strongly in her character, she determined to allow no obstacle to stand between her and the husband of her choice. The marriage accordingly took place on the 31st of March 1795. A curious circumstance occurred on the occasion; the clergyman—the Rev. Mr Buchanan, of the Canongate Church—having refused, in the first instance, to perform the ceremony, in consequence of Agnes not having obtained the consent of her parents. This circumstance occasioned some delay, during which the young bride proceeded to the house of her father and mother, and used every entreaty to reconcile them to the union. So far, however, from yielding, they laboured hard to dissuade her from carrying her purpose into effect, by representing to her, in the strongest light, the hardships and perils of a military life. Both parties were inexorable. The firmness evinced by the parents was apparently inherited by the daughter; for, after much altercation, she returned to the manse, where the wedding-party had remained in a state of the utmost anxiety, without having accomplished the object of her mission, but more determined than ever to complete the wishes of her heart. The arguments which failed with her parents prevailed at length with the venerable clergyman, and the consequence was, that Agnes Harkness was transformed without further delay into the corporal's wife, the future 'heroine of Matagorda.'

The first few days of our heroine's married life were not such as to open up to her any very bright prospects of connubial happiness. The newly wedded couple engaged a humble lodging—consisting of a single room—in the High Street of Edinburgh; but whether from the presents which the corporal had made to his beloved Agnes, or from the expenses necessarily attending the ceremony, or from any other cause, it turned out that, on the morning immediately after the

marriage, they were without the means of purchasing a single frugal meal. Mrs Reston, however, had some money in her master's hands, which she soon obtained; and, by dint of economy and industry, their circumstances speedily assumed a more favourable aspect.

Shortly after their marriage, the 94th Regiment was ordered to embark for the East Indies; but Corporal Reston, who at this time was advanced to the rank of sergeant, was retained at home on the recruiting service. This was a matter of great regret to his wife, whose courageous spirit longed for a little active service, and who was also desirous of being removed for a time from her friends, who still seemed unable to forgive her for having united her fortunes to those of a soldier. The sergeant and his wife remained in this country thirteen years, during which time their whole family, consisting of eight children, were born. Of these, only three sons attained the age of manhood—all of whom followed the profession of arms.

Several years prior to being sent abroad, Mrs Reston contrived to effect a sudden reconciliation with her mother. It appears that, with a characteristic pride unusual in persons in their rank of life, they had, ever since the marriage of the former, stood carefully aloof from each other. One beautiful summer evening, however, as the daughter was walking down the Canongate, she observed her mother standing at her own door, and going up to her, she asked bluntly: 'How are you to-night?'

'Who is asking?' was the cold and disheartening reply.

'Bless me,' said Mrs Reston, 'do you no ken your ain bairn?'

To which Mrs Harkness exclaimed: 'Is this you, Agnes?' and burst into tears. Ever after this little incident, they lived, although soon destined to part, on the most friendly and affectionate terms.

Now commenced the active career of our heroine. Hitherto, her life had exhibited nothing remarkable, although in the biography of individuals the lustre of after-deeds frequently reflects back an interest on incidents which are in themselves common-place. The gallant 94th, which had returned from the East Indies in 1807, was, in 1810, again ordered for foreign service. On the morning of the 18th January of that year, Sergeant Reston and his wife embarked with the regiment at St Aubin, Jersey, where they had been stationed for some time before; and after two or three weeks' sailing, arrived safely at Lisbon. The men were immediately landed, but the women and children were detained on board ship until suitable barracks had been provided in the convent of St Domingo, in the vicinity of the town. The regiment was soon after ordered on a secret expedition, and the women and children, with the baggage, were removed to Bellona, about four miles distant. Here the latter remained for seven weeks, when they were ordered to join the regiment at Cadiz. Mrs Reston, both when along with the regiment,

and when left behind with the baggage, was continually employed in washing and dressing, attending some of the officers' ladies, or in nursing the sick. No toil was too great for her—no duty too onerous; and an opportunity soon occurred for the display of those still higher qualities which have given her an honourable although humble niche in the military annals of her country.

On arriving at Cadiz, Mrs Reston learned that her husband, along with a detachment of his fellow-soldiers, had been sent to man the fort at Matagorda. Determined if possible to share the utmost perils to which he might be exposed, she, with one or two other women, obtained permission to proceed thither. Her youngest child—then an infant—had to be taken along with her; and she graphically describes her approach in an open boat to the small and isolated fort, and the hearty reception which they received from her husband and the other soldiers. On the morning of the 21st April 1810, the fire of forty-eight guns and mortars of the largest size was concentrated by the enemy upon the little garrison.* It may easily be conceived what havoc was caused by so much artillery playing upon a place not more than a hundred yards square. The stoutest hearts must have quailed at the carnage which ensued; and few women could have preserved the full use of their faculties amid the scene. Mrs Reston, however, remained in the midst of the danger, and conducted herself with the coolest courage. The bomb-proof portions of the fort being too confined to contain the whole of the garrison, some of the men had huts placed on the battery. One of these formed Sergeant Reston's quarters. The following narration of the terrible scene which ensued, and of the heroic fortitude displayed by the humble Scottish matron, is from a work published in Edinburgh in 1838, entitled *Recollections of the Eventful Life of a Soldier*, by the late Sergeant Donaldson of the 94th Regiment:

'When the French opened their fearful fire, he was at his post; but his wife was awakened from her sleep by a twenty-four pound shot, which passed through the hut, striking the fascine on which her head lay, but doing no injury to the inmates. Nothing daunted, she got up, removed her child—a boy four years old—within the bomb-proof, and repaired to the surgeon's quarters (within another bomb-proof), to assist him in supplying the wants of the wounded men. These increased so rapidly, that she tore up not only her own linen, but that of her husband, which she fetched from the hut amidst the destructive fire. Water being needed, one of the drum-boys was desired to go and draw some from the well in the centre of the battery; but he did not seem much inclined to the task, and was lingering at the door with the bucket dangling in his hand. "Why don't you go for the water?" asked the surgeon. "The poor thing is frightened," said Mrs Reston; "and no wonder at it. Give

* Napier's *History of the Peninsular War.*

it to me, and I 'll go for it." So saying, she relieved the drummer from the perilous duty, and, amid the dreadful discharge of artillery playing on the battery, she let down the vessel to fill it with water. She had scarcely done so when the rope was cut by a shot; but she determined to get the object of her errand with her, and, begging the assistance of a sailor, she recovered the bucket, and brought it, filled with water, down to the bomb-proof, where her attention to the wounded soldiers was beyond all praise. At intervals she carried sand-bags to the battery, handed along ammunition, and supplied the men at the guns with wine and water; and when the two other women (who had been in hysterics in one of the bomb-proofs from the time the action commenced) were leaving the battery, she refused to go. Next morning, our ammunition being nearly expended, we ceased firing, and the French, seeing the dilapidated state of the fort, sent down a strong force to take possession of the place. Our men were mustered for their reception, and Mrs Reston was at her post with the others, determined to share in the danger. It was a critical moment; for, had they got under range of our guns, our efforts would have been unavailing. Three guns, all that we could bring to bear on them, were crammed with grape, ball-cartridge, &c. to the muzzle, ready for a farewell shot; and when they came within two or three hundred yards of the fort, we poured their contents into the very heart of the column, and laid half of them prostrate on the earth. Those who survived took to flight. Their batteries again opened on us, and a fresh supply of ammunition having arrived for us, we returned their salute. The place, however, being found untenable, the surviving part of the garrison was withdrawn by the boats of the fleet. Mrs Reston still exhibited the same undaunted spirit. She made three different journeys across the battery for her husband's necessaries and her own. The last was for her child, who was lying in the bomb-proof. I think I see her yet, while the shot and shell were flying thick around her, bending her body over it to shield it from danger by the exposure of her own person.'

Sergeant Donaldson was probably not aware, or at all events has omitted to state, that the child in her arms actually received a slight wound on the neck on the occasion—a circumstance which shews in a striking manner the imminent peril in which both were placed, and the hairbreadth escape which they sustained.

Mrs Reston remained in Spain and Portugal till 1814; and that she did not afterwards take part in the more prominent events of the campaign, was solely in consequence of an order which had been issued forbidding women to be present at engagements. In all the arduous duties, however, of a soldier's wife, her self-possession and untiring energy were in constant requisition; and the faculties of her naturally strong mind were continually exerted to alleviate the sufferings which she was no longer permitted to share. Sergeant

Reston was present at most of the engagements in the Peninsula, and at the close of the war returned to this country with his heroic wife and children. He landed with the regiment at Cork in July 1814, and in January 1815 removed to Glasgow, where he was discharged on a pension of 1*s.* 10½*d.* a day, having been in the army upwards of twenty-two years.

Sergeant Donaldson's narrative was, we believe, the first published account of Mrs Reston's heroism. The circumstance which called it forth affords another instance of her undaunted disposition. A few years after the siege of Matagorda, Sergeant Donaldson's regiment was quartered at Kilkenny, in Ireland. A musician from a militia regiment had been engaged by the officers to teach the band. Though an excellent performer, he was of an overbearing temper. A son of Mrs Reston was, unfortunately for himself, a member of the band; and his application to, and talents for music were so great that he appeared likely to outdo his teacher. This roused the band-master's jealousy; and as the discipline of the army demands the strictest obedience to a superior, so it is in the power of that superior, if he be an unamiable person, to inflict incessant torments upon those under him—complaint against which seldom produces redress. In this manner young Reston's life was rendered scarcely endurable, and finally he deserted, taking his passage from Dublin to Glasgow. His father had by this time retired on a well-earned pension, upon which he lived with his wife in the latter city. The old sergeant, who knew the necessity of implicit obedience to military discipline, could not palliate his son's desertion; and the wife, as much a soldier in heart as her husband, urged the young man, as the only means of atoning for his fault, to rejoin his regiment. To this the deserter consented, and he returned with his mother to Kilkenny, she actually giving him up to his commanding-officer. Young Reston was, at her earnest intercession, pardoned, and recommenced duty; 'but,' to use Donaldson's words, 'the spirit of his oppressor was in no way altered—he took every opportunity of provoking him. Reston's feelings were keen in the extreme; but he suffered patiently for a length of time; until one morning, when the regiment was going out to drill, provoked beyond measure by taunts and insults, he replied in terms that were construed into something resembling mutiny. This was immediately reported by the fellow who had exasperated him; the consequence was, that he was tried by a court-martial on the field, and punished. He did not receive more than twenty-five lashes when he fainted, and was taken down: his back was little hurt, but the scourge had entered his soul—he never recovered it.' He earnestly entreated his parents to procure his discharge, and they made the necessary application at head-quarters; but, on being referred, it was resisted by the commander of the regiment. Seeing this, Mrs Reston—with that energy of character which, when occasion required, she had always evinced—travelled to

London, and petitioned the Duke of York, at that time commander-in-chief, for her son's discharge; urging her own services as a claim upon the indulgence of the authorities. The usual routine, however, could not be departed from; the second petition was in due course forwarded for the consideration of the young man's colonel, was again resisted, and finally refused at head-quarters. Thus poor Mrs Reston, having taken her long journey to no purpose, returned to Glasgow with her mission unfulfilled. What was worse, her son —driven to despair, and seeing no hope of relief from the oppression to which he was subjected—again deserted. Only two letters were received from him towards the close of 1818. They were dated Venezuela, South America, and were full of expressions of deep contrition for the disgrace alleged to have been brought on his parents by his conduct. In one of these he alluded to his having been at school in Lisbon; and although faulty in composition, they evinced some taste for literature. After stating that he had three Spanish dollars a day as master of a band, he said: 'We have very fine quarters, and little to do. In fine, this is the situation most agreeable to me. Here I can fish, hunt, &c. without any licence, and music and poetry are my chief delights.'

In his second letter, he proceeded in the same strain of regret regarding the past, and said: 'Pray you, let me be spoken of as I am—

"Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice."

If I have erred, it has been more from want of judgment than an evil propensity. I am positive, if you ever meet with any of my acquaintances in the 94th, there is not a man who will ever say anything detrimental to my character.

'Adieu! may the blessings of Providence ever wait upon you, and may smiling plenty ever crown your board! Oft as I sit beneath the shade of the banana or cocoa-nut tree, my heart steals out a sigh for home.'

Home, however, he was never destined to reach, nor is it probable that he ever made the attempt. If he had, what kind of home would he have found? A cheerless and poverty-stricken hearth—the reward of a heroism on the part of a humble sergeant's wife which had won the applause of brave men, and struck frail women with an astonishment bordering on unbelief. Upon the death of her husband, Mrs Reston was left entirely destitute. Her parents were both dead. She had two sons in this country, one at Stalybridge, near Manchester, and the other in Glasgow; but as neither was in circumstances to render her permanent assistance, however willing they were to do so, she preferred relying on her own exertions, hoping that the small pension enjoyed by her husband would have been continued to her. She applied to the Duke of York for that

purpose; but again official formality stood in her way. His Royal Highness took an interest in her application, but was at length obliged to return for answer that there was no fund out of which the desired pension could be paid. The fortitude, however, which had braved the thunders of the French cannon at Matagorda did not forsake her amid the menaces of a pauper's fate in the country she had so nobly served. She resided at this time in Main Street, Gorbals, and continued to support herself by various domestic employments, besides acting at times as a nurse for the sick. Having removed in 1834 to another house near the harbour, she not long afterwards met with an accident, whereby her right arm was so much injured as to unfit her for her usual occupations. In these circumstances, the poor-house was her only resource; and accordingly, on the 12th of October 1835, the heroine of Matagorda was admitted into the Glasgow town's hospital, although, from the intercession of some friends, more in the capacity of a nurse than as a common pauper. Notwithstanding that she never fully recovered the use of her arm, her activity and general usefulness frequently attracted the attention of visitors, and excited inquiry into her remarkable history. In spite, however, of Sergeant Donaldson's narrative—which was corroborated and quoted in Colonel Napier's *History of the Peninsular War*—Mrs Reston's claims to some reward for her heroic services would not in all probability have been revived, but for the ever-watchful vigilance of the public press. An intelligent correspondent of the *Glasgow Citizen*, in one of his occasional visits to the town's hospital, accidentally had Mrs Reston pointed out to him, and obtained from her own lips a narrative of her exploits at Matagorda, which he published in that paper for August 12, and which coincides exactly with Donaldson's account. An equally interesting notice was put forth in the *Times* of September 5, from a correspondent signing himself 'Civilis.' 'Not very long since,' he says, 'the writer of these lines happened, entering Glasgow as a visitor, to be abruptly consigned to the doctor's hands in a most serious illness—a fever. Being a stranger at his hotel, amid strangers, a nurse was sent by his medical adviser, to remain in constant attendance upon him. This was an old but hale and quietly cheerful woman, whose singular vigilance and zealous kindliness, during a fortnight of severe trial, excited his surprise, admiration, and gratitude. She slept in the same chamber with him, and at any moment of the night, the slightest indication of uneasiness on his part was sufficient, notwithstanding frequent remonstrances, to bring her eagerly to his bedside with every soothing inquiry. Her own rest she unreservedly sacrificed. This was not the conduct of an ordinary hireling: that it was the result of strong native generosity of soul, was proved by the thankfulness with which, when her task was completed, she received what was assuredly but a very moderate remuneration for her services.

Having expressed surprise to her at the recklessness with which she broke up her hours of rest, the old woman with a smile, mingled with something of sadness, alluded to the fact of her having been the wife of a soldier in the hardships of war, from which she had been taught to encounter the rough visitations of life with patience, and, moreover, to feel strongly for those whom sickness or the accidents of the field threw into the wards of the hospital. This naturally was followed by inquiry respecting her campaigning, which drew forth a narrative, clearly and unaffectedly told, of the troubles and adventures she had encountered as the wife of Sergeant Reston, of the 94th Regiment, throughout much of the Peninsular struggle.'

One of the first acts of 'Civilis,' after his recovery, was the grateful one of making the heroine of Matagorda better known to the public than she had hitherto been, and to urge on a subscription, by which she might be able to end her days in more peaceful comfort than she could enjoy as an hospital nurse. A notice of her case also appeared in *Chambers's Journal* of 7th October 1843; and several private subscriptions, amounting to between £20 and £30, were received on her behalf. Ultimately, a committee, consisting principally of military men, and in which Colonel Gurwood took an active part, was formed in London; and the result was, that contributions to the amount of about £210 were received, including £10 from her Majesty, a similar sum from the Marquis of Lansdowne, and several liberal subscriptions from the officers of the regiment in which Sergeant Reston had served. Out of this sum, £196, 15*s.* 5*d.* was paid for an annuity of £30.

Mrs Reston was of small stature, and slight ladylike figure. Her features were fine, her manner extremely dignified and self-possessed, and her address excellent. She had a remarkably retentive memory, considerable powers of description, and a lively ready wit. She was apparently a great favourite in the hospital, a large airy building standing on a high ground at the north side of the city, and she joked pleasantly of inviting, some day or other, a large tea-party of her friends, 'now that she had come to her fortune.' It is gratifying to reflect that a woman, possessing such claims on the admiration and gratitude of her country, had at length met with some substantial acknowledgment, however tardy, of her services, and that she was at least placed securely above the reach of want for the remainder of her days.

HANNAH MUIR.

THE following simple sketch from real life has been handed to us in the form of a letter by a lady of our acquaintance, and cannot fail to be appreciated by all who hold real and unostentatious virtue in respect.

'In mentioning in a late communication to you the death of our estimable friend Hannah Muir, in the town of Peebles, I think I promised to give you a short sketch of her history and character, leaving you to form your own opinion of her merits. I only regret that the task has fallen to one who is so utterly incapable of doing it justice. In thus commemorating, as it were, the virtues of the deceased, I am actuated solely by a desire of impressing you with a similar veneration for her memory to that by which I feel myself influenced. Her history is not marked by one striking incident throughout, but it has its passages of simple yet melancholy interest, and to these I would now refer. Her father, Adam Muir, who followed the profession of a woollen-weaver, was remarked, in the country town in which he lived, as of a particularly pious disposition; and brought up his family, consisting of a son and daughter, with similar views, setting before them at all times a worthy example of Christian faith and practice. I am sorry to say that the son did not profit by either the precepts or example of his father; and after some years spent in thoughtlessness and folly, he ran off to Edinburgh, where he enlisted in a foot-regiment, at that time beating up for recruits to send abroad. This blow almost broke the hearts of his distressed relatives, and it was long before they recovered from its effects. Hannah, however, grew up to comfort them, and by her meek and gentle spirit, gained the love and respect of the whole town. In person she was slight and well formed, and was always remarkable for the extreme neatness and tidiness of her dress; and in whatever way she was employed, or however dirty the work in which she might be engaged, she was observed to be in herself the perfection of cleanliness and order.

'It is not to be supposed that a person possessing these qualifications was to remain long without admirers of the opposite sex; indeed, Hannah had lovers not a few, and from amongst the number she selected one who was approved of by all her relations as a person in every respect suited to her, and from whose steadiness and prudence there was every reason to hope that he would be to her an excellent husband. By trade he was a cotton-weaver, and could earn from twenty to thirty shillings per week (this was in the palmy days of handloom weaving), an income sufficient to justify his taking upon himself the responsibility of a house and wife. These two excellent

persons were married, and commenced housekeeping at a short distance from the town. To all appearance, they had the elements of comfort and happiness around them, and for some months all went on well; but when the winter set in, their house was found to be both cold and damp, and the consequence of this was soon apparent in their being both attacked by rheumatic fever of the most virulent kind. They were in a great measure cut off from the attentions which the poor on such occasions of distress manifest towards each other, by being at some distance from neighbours, and it was resolved that they should both be removed into the town—Hannah to her father's house, and the husband to the house of his mother. Accordingly, they were conveyed in a cart; and on the street, in the midst of their sympathising friends, they parted from each other, never, alas! to meet again on this side of the grave. After a few months of excruciating distress, the husband died, while Hannah was unable, from her own sufferings, to minister to the comfort of his last moments. There were affectionate and consoling messages transmitted through the medium of their friends and neighbours daily—nay, towards the close of his life, almost hourly—and these had a soothing effect upon the mind of poor Hannah.

'A few weeks after the death of her husband, she gave birth to a son; and under circumstances so mournful and trying, you will say that she needed more than earthly support. This was not withheld; for, under all her sufferings, she was never heard to murmur a complaint. Her health after this event became much better, and in a short time she was able to leave her bed, and to attend to the wants of her little boy. Her father soon after died; and the good Hannah, unwilling that she and her child should be a burden upon her mother, resolved to commence doing something towards the support of the little household. Accordingly, with what little capital she could command, she established a small shop, which was supported by those who took an interest in her family; and by this means she was able not only to maintain and educate her son, but also to keep her mother, who was in all respects as estimable as her daughter.

'I do not know if you remember Hannah's establishment. The house which she inhabited with her mother and son was one in a line of thatched buildings of a single story in height, and rather low in point of situation to be either airy or very salubrious. Until some repairs were latterly made, the habitation consisted of only two apartments, a *but* and a *ben*, the inner room being separated from the hallan, as in old Scottish cottages, by a couple of square wooden beds, between which the passage to the interior was conducted. In this inner apartment the family ate and slept, and at the same time sufficient space was afforded at one end to carry on the business of the shop. This mixture of domestic life with

mercantile arrangements was anything but inconvenient, for it allowed a ready attention to the wants of customers; and where there was at all times a perfect propriety of manners, there was nothing either to conceal or be ashamed of.

'In this unobtrusive scene of industry, Hannah Muir* carried on her trade for many years, and was the object of a universal degree of respect, almost amounting to veneration; she was so humble, so pious, so charitable in speaking of others, setting forth an example well worthy of imitation and of admiration. Her son grew up and married, and shortly after this her mother died, so that Hannah felt herself, for the first time in her life, alone. But hers was not a spirit for repining; she looked upon all the dispensations of her lot as coming from a higher hand, and therefore to be submitted to not only with complacency, but with cheerfulness. About this time, a neighbouring parish applied to some of the inhabitants of the little town in which Hannah resided, for the purpose of finding an asylum for a poor half-witted female belonging to the parish: she was to be allowed a small weekly aliment, and was to be taken as a sort of boarder. Hannah made known her willingness to receive this woman under her roof, not for the sake of the emolument, but from a benevolent desire to save the creature from the ill-usage to which she saw she would be subjected, unless she were properly looked after; for she had formerly been an object of persecution by the youngsters of the district. Hannah's application was successful, and Martha was established as an inmate of her humble dwelling. But she soon learned that, although her protégée was harmless and inoffensive in her nature, yet her habits were such as to render her anything but a pleasant companion. She had no idea of making herself in any way useful, nor could she perform for herself the simplest offices. Hannah, by gentle and persuasive means, however, in a wonderfully short time trained her to habits of cleanliness, and employed her in going errands, and in performing numerous little offices, until the poor imbecile became to her almost a companion and assistant. It seemed, indeed, as if Providence had raised up this otherwise helpless woman to comfort the latter years of her benefactress; for not long after Martha had begun to evince some degree of intelligence, poor Hannah became almost bedridden with her old complaint, "the pains," as she expressively called the rheumatism. For many years she was as helpless as a child, being lifted only occasionally out of bed by her son, or his wife, who lived very near to her, both of whom endeavoured, by every means in their power, to alleviate, as far as possible, the sufferings of the excellent woman. During all her illness, however, her mind was as active as during her days of health, her temper as serene, and her disposition as gentle and patient.

* In humble life in Scotland, married women continue to be called by their maiden name. —ED.

'The care and attendance upon her little shop now devolved upon Martha, who acted as shopkeeper, cook, housemaid, and nurse. The whole of the transactions, mercantile and domestic, as I have said, being carried on in the same apartment, Hannah was enabled to give things the benefit of her mental supervision; and to one accustomed to the bustle and heartlessness of *town* business, there was something irresistibly amusing, and at the same time touching, in their simple mode of conducting their business. The shop end of the apartment contained a small counter, a press in which the goods were stowed, a beam over the counter, from which were suspended two pairs of scales. The window contained in three of the panes glass bottles, filled respectively with barley-sugar, caraway comfits, and peppermint drops; in the other three panes there were three varieties of biscuit, that in the centre being composed of gingerbread, the surface of which was rendered very attractive by means of a sprinkling of small coloured caraways. Leaning against the woodwork of the window, there were short tobacco-pipes upheld in a slanting position, and on the sill there was a display of bread of various kinds. The domestic arrangements were on the simplest possible scale: a chair or two, a table, a chest, and two wooden beds, comprised the whole of the furniture. There were also a few books, all of a religious character; and within the bed occupied by Hannah there was a shelf where she deposited any little article which she considered of more than ordinary value. Her cash was kept here in two little cups, the one for silver, and the other for copper.

'For years this system of things went on, every year adding to the sufferings of Hannah. Her fate in this respect may be said to be that of thousands of persons in humble life, whose health is irretrievably impaired by the cold earthen floors on which they spend their lives—for, alas! piety the most sincere is no protection against the action of one of nature's most inflexible laws. Hannah's affliction was from a deep-seated rheumatism throughout the frame; all her joints were frightfully swollen, and her hands contracted, yet no one ever heard her complain. Her only anxiety was an intense desire to preserve her credit with the few respectable dealers in town from whom she had her small supplies of goods. As to her own bodily sufferings, she afforded a beautiful instance of pious resignation, and in her, Christianity shone out something superior to what it usually appears even in the most favourable cases, for hers was of a practical, not a theoretic or formal order of belief. In her periods of greatest distress, she always spoke of the merciful way in which she had been sustained under her bodily anguish, and gratefully acknowledged that her chastening was for her good, and should be looked upon as a source of true consolation and ultimate happiness. This pious frame of mind sustained her to the end, and she died in the blessed hope of realising in a better world the enjoyments which in this were the constant theme of her contemplation.'

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

WITHIN a very few miles of Edinburgh, there lived an old woman, known among her neighbours by the name of 'Auld Susan.' She was the daughter of a small farmer in the north of England, and in early life married a private soldier in a Scotch regiment, which happened to be quartered in the neighbourhood of her father's house. Having been on this account cast off and disowned by her parents, she followed her husband for many years during the early part of the last war, and in time became the mother of four sons, all of whom, as they grew up, attached themselves to the same regiment. After a long course of faithful service, Susan's husband was raised to the rank of sergeant; and as she was industrious and frugal, they contrived to make their situation more comfortable than that of a soldier's family generally is. Susan, however, had too much perilled upon the fortunes of war to continue long free from misery. She accompanied her husband and sons through the whole of the disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore. When the withdrawing army was finally engaged by the French at Coruña, she stood on a rising ground at no great distance from the field of action, ready to take charge of any of her family who might be obliged to retire disabled. While the fight was at the hottest, a wounded officer was borne past her, and on inquiring of the soldiers who carried him as to the fate of her husband and children, she was told that all, except one of the latter, were 'down;' they had fallen in receiving a desperate charge of French cavalry. At this moment, the tide of battle receded from the part of the field which it had hitherto chiefly occupied, and Susan rushed eagerly forward amidst the dead and dying, in the hope of finding her husband and sons, or at least some of them, still alive. The first sight which met her eyes was the prostrate body of the fourth son, who within the last few minutes had also been brought down, and was now, as she thought, on the point of expiring. Ere she could examine into the condition of the wounded lad, a large party of the enemy's cavalry swept across the field, in full retreat before the British, and she had only time to throw herself over the body of her son, in the desperate hope of protecting him from further injury, when it swept over her like a whirlwind, leaving her with a broken leg and arm, and many severe bruises. In this helpless state she was found after the battle by a few survivors of the company to which she had belonged, and conveyed on board the transports along with the wrecks of the army. On inquiry, she found that the fate of her husband and three eldest sons was too fatally certain;

that of the youngest was less so; his body had not been found; but there was little time for examination, and it seemed almost beyond a doubt that he had also shared the fate of his father and brothers.

Upon her arrival in England, the poor woman was sent to the hospital until her wounds were cured, but, after her recovery, was turned out desolate and destitute upon the world. A representation of her case to the War Office was unattended to; nor would her honest pride permit her to persist in importunity. The same independence of spirit forbade her seeking the assistance of her relatives. By means of a small subscription raised among her late husband's comrades, she travelled on foot to the place of his birth near Edinburgh, and with what was left she was enabled to put a few articles of furniture into a cottage which a worthy farmer rented to her for an almost nominal sum. The same kind friend afterwards procured her, although not without difficulty, a small weekly allowance—a mere pittance—from the parish funds, with which, and by means of knitting, spinning, rearing a few chickens, and the various other humble expedients of helpless poverty (for she was disabled from field-labour), she contrived to support existence in decency, if not in comfort.

Twelve years had passed away, and approaching age was gradually rendering the lonely widow less and less able to obtain the scanty means of sustenance, when one summer afternoon, as she sat knitting at the door of her cottage, a poor crippled object approached, dressed in rags, and weak from disease and fatigue. From the remnants of his tattered clothes, it was evident he had been a soldier, and the widow's heart warmed towards him, as, resigning to him her seat, she entered the cottage and brought him out a drink of meal and water, being all that her humble store enabled her to offer for his refreshment. The soldier looked wistfully at her as he took the bowl—the next moment it dropped from his hand. 'Mother!' he cried, and fell forward in the old woman's arms. It was her youngest son James, whom she thought she had left a corpse on the fatal field of Coruña. After mutually supposing each other to be dead for the long space of twelve years, these unfortunate beings were doomed to be re-united in this vale of sorrow, mutually helpless, feeble, and destitute. But the love of a mother never dies; the poor widow scrupled not to solicit those aids for her son which she never would have asked for herself; and the assistance of some compassionate friends procured her the means of restoring him to health, although he never regained his full strength.

James's story, from the time of their last parting, was a short and sad one. He had recovered from the temporary trance into which his wound had at first thrown him, had seen his mother's mangled and apparently senseless body lying beside him, and concluding she was dead, had endeavoured to crawl out of the way of further danger, but fell into the hands of a party of the enemy.

He remained a prisoner in France for upwards of two years, when, an exchange having taken place, he was once more placed in the British ranks, and sent with his regiment to North America. He had served there during the whole war with the United States, and was subsequently transferred to a West India station, where his wounds broke out afresh, and his health declined, in consequence of the heat of the climate. Those acquainted with military matters will understand, although the writer of these lines confesses his inability exactly to describe, how a British soldier may be deprived of the recompense to which his wounds and length of service legally and justly entitle him. The poor man we speak of met this unworthy fate. He had, at his earnest request, been transferred into a regiment ordered for England (seeing certain death before him in the tropics), which was disbanded the moment of their arrival, and he was thrown utterly destitute, and left to beg or starve, after all his hardships and meritorious services to his country. Being unable to work, he was compelled to assume the mendicant's degraded habit, and had begged his way down to his father's birthplace in Scotland, in the hope of finding some of his relatives alive, and able to shelter him, when he unexpectedly recognised his old mother in the manner described.

GOLD AND GOLD-DIGGERS.

NEVER was the excitement connected with the discovery of any other metal so intense and so wide-spread as that relating to GOLD. Let us trace some of the extraordinary phases of this excitement, and then glance rapidly at the chief commercial results of the discoveries. But before doing so, it may be well to notice the form or forms in which the metal exists in the natural state.

Gold occurs sparingly in many hard rocks, such as granite, gneiss, mica-slate, chlorite-slate, clay-slate, &c., and sometimes even in limestone and other such rocks. It occurs far more abundantly in quartz, pure unmixed flint, or silex. In igneous or metamorphic rocks, the quartz usually occurs in veins, or in large, irregular bunches or lumps, with veins diverging from them. These veins are most commonly only a few feet wide, and for the most part traverse the rocks in a vertical or highly inclined position. Sometimes, however, veins or irregular masses occur many yards across in every direction; and sometimes, but very rarely, quartz is found in such abundance as to make what even might be called hills of itself. The gold is disseminated in this quartz, sometimes in such exceedingly minute

particles as to be invisible, not only to the naked eye, but even to the eye aided by a powerful lens. More commonly, the gold is seen as little yellow specks, flakes, or grains scattered through the quartz. When the quartz has a crystalline structure, which it often has, little nests of gold, likewise crystalline, may be seen imbedded between the interlacing crystals of the quartz. Where the interstices in the quartz are large, these are sometimes entirely filled up with gold; and not unfrequently irregular holes and crevices seem to have been formed in the quartz by decomposition or rottenness, which have sometimes been subsequently filled with gold. In such cases, the gold often assumes irregular forms, such as melted lead will when poured into water—forms which have given people the idea of the gold having been deposited in a state of fusion, a notion in all probability utterly unfounded. How the gold got into the quartz, is a point at present so uncertain, that no man of science would take upon himself the responsibility of answering the question. The size of the irregular lumps thus entangled in the quartz varies greatly, the largest hitherto known single lump in the world being an Australian one of 2166 ounces weight. It is, however, usually found in small flakes, grains, and dendritic strings, weighing only a few grains.

The last time the land of any country on the earth slowly rose from beneath the sea, it must of course have been subject to the degrading and destructive power of the breakers, and of the waves and tides and currents, and all that wearing action we now see going on on our own shores daily and hourly before our eyes. The consequence is, that portions of every rock, large or small, have been broken off, washed and dashed about upon beaches, or under shallow water, rolled into pebbles, pounded into sand, or ground down into mud and clay. These pebbles, sand, mud, and clay, have been transported by these moving waters often to great distances from their parent site, the largest and heaviest being generally removed the least distance, but the finer and lighter particles swept sometimes tens, sometimes hundreds of miles away from the rock they were first broken off. Such is the origin of all the mud, clay, sand, gravel, and other loose and incoherent materials we so commonly find beneath the surface in all countries when we dig below the soil, interposed between it and the main body of the solid rock* below. Sometimes these accumulations are entirely wanting, even over large spaces; sometimes they are but a few inches thick, often but a few feet; but occasionally they occur in masses 100 or 150 feet in thickness. They are disseminated with great irregularity, sometimes lying on the tops, or resting on the sides of hills of considerable elevation; but most frequently we find them in the valleys and in the lowest levels of a country, whither moving water would have, of course, the greatest tendency to sweep them.

* By rock here, we mean any large regularly formed mass of earthy matter, whether it be hard or soft.

Now, whenever the moving waters of the sea, by which these drift-materials were thus formed and deposited, attacked rock containing gold, it would of course break off lumps of it, just as of any other rock, and equally wash, roll, and knock it about, and thus break it up into smaller fragments, round it into pebbles, and grind it into sand. In this way, much of the gold would be knocked out of the rock, and much water-worn gold accumulated, or water-worn fragments of gold and quartz together.

From this point of time, however, there is a remarkable difference observable in the action of the water on the gold, and on rock which contains no gold. All kinds of rock, or earth, or stone, at all events all the common kinds, are pretty nearly of the same specific gravity —that is to say, of the same weight, bulk for bulk. Chalk, clay, limestone, compact sandstone, granite, marble, basalt, have all specific gravities varying from 2 to 3—that is to say, they are twice or thrice the weight of their bulk of water. Pure gold, however, has a specific gravity of 19, or is nineteen times as heavy as its bulk of water; and the most impure ore of gold that occurs in nature has at least a specific gravity of 12 or 15. Gold, then, is about six or seven times as heavy as quartz, or any other stone it is likely to be associated with. The consequence of this is, that moving water has at least seven times less power over it—less power to move it along, either suspended in the water or rolling along its bed.* When the drift, therefore, was formed, vast quantities of stone might be removed to great distances, while the gold was left behind, not far from its native site. All the large lumps of gold will certainly be but little removed, as also all the large lumps of quartz heavily freighted with gold. Grains of gold and small lumps may be carried further, while scale-gold and fine dust, especially if flat and thin, may be carried to very considerable distances.

GOLD-FEVER IN CALIFORNIA.

Let us now see into what wild paroxysms of excitement and delight, alternating with periods of disappointment and misery, the discovery of gold can lead vast masses of men. And let us begin with California—the auriferous region which was the first of the modern discoveries. While yet its riches were unknown, this region belonged to Mexico, and was known as Upper California, to distinguish it from the peninsula, called Lower California. This last still belongs to Mexico; but, in 1848, Upper California was ceded to the United States, and in 1850 became the state of California.

Separated from the Pacific Ocean by a breadth of 150 miles, there runs along this country the range of the Sierra Nevada, or Snowy

* We shall see this more clearly, perhaps, when we reflect, that stone suspended in water loses one-third of its weight, but that gold suspended in water loses only one-nineteenth of its weight.

Mountains. Westward of this range, we find ourselves with warm skies overhead, green lands around, and forests, lakes, and plains, valleys and hills blending their varied beauties in the landscape; busy towns and crowded sea-ports studding the shores, the blue Pacific beyond, and deeply laden ships passing in and out of the harbours. At the northern extremity, the Rio Sacramento takes its rise among the Snowy Mountains, and pouring its fertilising waters along a wide valley for 250 miles, forms a junction with the San Joachin, which flows an equal distance from an opposite direction; and these two rivers, having thus irrigated an unbroken valley 500 miles in length, pour their united streams to San Francisco, and there roll into a harbour which, some writers say, would shelter the united fleets of Europe.

Numerous rivers pour down from among the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada into the Sacramento and San Joachin. Between these and the sea lies a broken range of less elevated hills, which cradle among their summits the sources of other streams that flow directly towards the shore, and discharge their tribute into the sea, at intervals along the whole coast. The region is therefore profusely watered, and the richness of the soil in some of the interior valleys is not surpassed by any in South America.

Possessed for ages by a sparse population of Indians, California was made known to Europe by Hernan Cortez in 1530, and gradually fell under the dominion of Spain. Three centuries later, the United States annexed the northern half of the country; and then California revived from a sluggish state into which it had sunk under Spanish rule. Industry was again awake; old villages were re-tenanted; new ones were built; the wasted lands were covered with fresh cultivation; towns that had fallen to ruin, with grassy streets and harbours wholly silent, became full of active life; and indeed the entire region presented the appearance of a country reviving from a long and lethargic apathy to new energy and prosperity. The means of reaching California by land were developed by degrees. About 1810, James Pursley discovered a passage across the Rocky Mountains from Platte River to Santa Fé. This became a regular caravan route about 1824. In 1845, Captain Fremont struck a new path across the mountains, farther north, so as to reach the Sacramento. The travelling arrangements were year by year improved, until, in 1869, a railway was opened across the whole breadth of the American continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The discovery of gold in this region was mainly due to Captain Sutter, an indefatigable man, who had formed a settlement high up the Sacramento river. In September 1847, he erected a water-mill in a spot more than a thousand feet above the level of the lower valley. His friend, Mr Marshall, was engaged in superintending an alteration in it, and Captain Sutter was sitting one afternoon in his own room writing. Suddenly Marshall rushed in with such excitement

in his face, that his friend confesses to have cast an anxious eye at his rifle. His sudden appearance was sufficiently curious; but Sutter thought him mad when he cried out that he had made a discovery which would pour into their coffers millions and millions of dollars with little labour. 'I frankly own,' he says, 'that when I heard this I thought something had touched Marshall's brain, when suddenly all my misgivings were put an end to by his flinging on the table a handful of scales of pure virgin gold. I was fairly thunder-struck.' It was explained that, while widening the channel that had been made too narrow to allow the mill-wheel to work properly, a mass of sand and gravel was thrown up by the excavators. Glittering in this Mr Marshall noticed what he thought to be an opal—a clear transparent stone common in California. This was a scale of pure gold, and the first idea of the discoverer was, that some Indian tribe or ancient possessors of the land had buried a treasure. Examination, however, shewed the whole soil to teem with the precious metal; and then mounting a horse, he rode down to carry the intelligence to his partner. To none but him did he tell the story of his discovery, and they two agreed to maintain secret the rich reward. Proceeding together to the spot, they picked up a quantity of the scales; and with nothing but a small knife, Captain Sutter extracted from a little hollow in the rock a solid mass of gold weighing an ounce and a half. But the attempt to conceal this valuable revelation was not successful. An artful Kentuckian labourer observing the eager looks of the two searchers, followed and imitated them, picking up several flakes of gold. Gradually the report spread, and as the would-be monopolists returned towards the mill, a crowd met them holding out flakes of gold, and shouting with joy. Mr Marshall sought to laugh them out of the idea, and pretended the metal was of little value; but an Indian who had long worked elsewhere in a mine of the costly metal, cried: 'Oro! oro!' and 'Gold! gold!' was shouted in a lively chorus by the delighted multitude. This is the account we have from Captain Sutter himself. In other narratives, the history of the discovery assumes many different forms and colours. A squatter constructing a shanty found gold in the stones employed to build it; a traveller traversing a stream fell into the water, and the precious dust glittered in the mud adhering to his clothes; a hunter in chase of the elk lay down to sleep in a cavern shining on all sides with scales of gold—these and other accounts have been promulgated. The rumour was spread abroad, and the people of San Francisco began to leave the town and swarm to the 'diggings.' A large body of Mormon emigrants had just entered California through the south pass of the Rocky Mountains; they immediately encamped near Sutter's Mill, and within a few days more than 1200 men were at work, with buckets, baskets, shovels, spades, and sheets of canvas, seeking for gold in the sand of the south fork of the Rio des los Americanos.

Perhaps in no other country, at any period of its history, has so sudden and wonderful a revolution taken place as that which followed this discovery: as well over the Rocky Mountains as by sea, ceaseless arrivals from all quarters of the globe swelled the population (previously only 25,000 souls). The towns on the coast were soon almost wholly deserted, and the few residents that remained made ample fortunes by levying exorbitant sums for the entertainment and supply of the travellers who came to the port. Vessels in the harbour were deserted; the harvest was at first unreaped; and the industry of the country suddenly stopped, as though struck by a universal paralysis, while the flood of population contracted and poured into the valley of the Sacramento. Along the borders of the rivers, and in the ravines of the wild hilly country, camps were formed, and tents, bowers, mud huts, and rudely erected sheds, multiplied and covered the ground. Still, hundreds slept in the open air, and these hundreds swelled to thousands as each mail carried to the United States more glowing accounts of the gold.

A few instances of the incidental features of society after the spread of the mania among the adventurers in search of wealth may neither be out of place nor unentertaining.

In May 1848, the negro waiter at the *San Francisco Hotel*, before the mania had reached its greatest height, refused to serve his master at the rate of less than ten dollars, or about two pounds a day. But the universal rage was so strong, that the 'mineral yellow fever,' as it was termed, left San Francisco at first almost wholly deserted; and at the same season a large fleet of merchant-vessels lay helpless and abandoned, some partially, others wholly deserted. One ship from the Sandwich Islands was left with no one but its captain on board; from another the captain started with all his crew, replying to an observation on his flagrant conduct, that the cables and anchors would wear well till his return, and that as every one was too busy to plunder, he ran no risk by deserting his duty. The *Star* and *Californian* newspapers, published at San Francisco, ceased appearing, as the whole staff, from the editor to the errand-boy, had gone to dig for gold; and among the most active workers in the valley was the 'attorney-general to the king of the Sandwich Islands.' The influence of this wonderful excitement extended all over the world, but was felt most powerfully in the neighbouring regions of Oregon and Mexico. There, during the early period of the excitement, the public roads—and especially the nearest way over the hills—were crowded with anxious travellers, each face bent towards the ridges of hills dividing their adopted country from the gold regions. Whole towns and villages were left peopled by scarcely any other than women, while the men were devoutly on the pilgrims' path to the shrine of mighty Mammon.

The population that was suddenly gathered together in the valley of the Sacramento was among the most motley and heterogeneous

ever collected in any spot on the surface of the globe. Californian Indians, with their gay costume in gaudy mimicry of the old nobility of Castile; rough American adventurers, lawyers, merchants, farmers, artisans, professional men, and mechanics of all descriptions, thronged into the scene. Among them were conspicuous a few ancient Spanish dons in embroidered blue and crimson clothes, that in their own country had been out of fashion for forty years. A few gentlemen, and numbers of women, were among the delvers; while, after some months had elapsed, even China opened her gates to let out some adventurous house-builders, who took junks at Canton, sailed across ten thousand miles of sea, arrived at San Francisco, and there betook themselves to their calling, and made large fortunes by the construction of light portable buildings for the use of the gold-finders in the hot and populous valley.

Within eighteen months, 100,000 men arrived in California from the United States, and settled temporarily in the valley; though, after a short period, the return steamers were as well laden with life as the others. Nine thousand immense wagons came through the pass of the Rocky Mountains, with an average of five persons to each vehicle; 4000 emigrants rode on horseback through the same route; and of the others, many crossed the Isthmus of Panama, where the passengers were sometimes so impatient, that the government packets were pressed into their service, and compelled to start on their voyage before the arrival of the mails. Others made the sea-voyage of 17,000 miles round Cape Horn. In a New York paper, sixty sail of ships were advertised to sail for the gold region in one day. The route by the emigrant trail was at first one of the utmost weariness and peril. The road, rough and broken as it was, was thronged with an almost perpetual stream of caravans; whole armies appeared to be marching to the gold regions; and each of these, as it passed, opened an easier way to its successor by levelling the mounds, throwing bridges across the water-chasms, filling up ravines, and hewing shorter routes through the woods. Yet numbers fell by the way, and died of hunger, or thirst, or sheer fatigue, though many were relieved at the settlement of the Mormon Saints, on the shores of the Great Salt Lake.

Arrived at their destination, their first care was to provide themselves, if not already prepared, with implements—pots, kettles, crowbars, colanders, baskets, and cradles. These and other instruments, various and multiplied, constituted the wealth of the gold-seeker. The towns on the coast were in a continual bustle; every remnant of their population was engaged in working at high rates of remuneration to supply the wants of new-comers. Captains were compelled to handcuff their men, to prevent their yielding to the attraction of the magnetic mineral lying in the valley. Labourers could only be induced to remain with their employers for a week or two at ten dollars a day; carpenters and blacksmiths were paid with a daily

ounce of pure gold: laundresses received about thirty-five shillings for every dozen of articles they washed; cooks commanded thirty guineas a month; and houses recently bought for a barrel of 'strong water,' sold for 20,000 dollars. One speculator spent £45,000 on the erection of a three-story frame hotel, and immediately found a tenant, who paid him 20 per cent. on the outlay, and let some of the rooms, each at the rate of 400 dollars a month, for gambling purposes. The whole place was a theatre of excitement, and in the delirium of the mania, persons even far removed from the scene of enthusiasm committed acts of the utmost folly. They shipped whole cargoes of fine calicoes and rich silks to a land where there was hardly a female population at all; they transported immense consignments of costly furniture to towns where the habitations were mere mud hovels or timber-frames; they brought in one mass tobacco enough for several years' consumption; paper, which, as the Americans said, 'the stupendous wastefulness and extravagance of all the Congresses since the Union could not have consumed since the Declaration;' and a number of magnificent pianofortes, which sold for their value as *cupboards!*

Yet the prices paid for merchandise and commodities really wanted were extraordinary: blankets at eight guineas each, fresh water at a shilling a bucket. Wines and liquors were consumed in profusion, though to be procured only for extravagant sums. Gold-dust, doubloons, and dollars were the only money accepted; and a traveller has declared that many of the miners flung away showers of small coins, rather than be troubled with the possession of them! But this feverish fit, like all other paroxysms, was temporary, though, while it lasted, San Francisco was worthy to be the capital of a gold region. In the cafés, you were charged, for a small slice of ham, two eggs, and a cup of coffee, twelve shillings; and all other provisions sold at equal rates. Powder was very costly, and yet intoxicated men rushed through the streets discharging guns, pistols, and revolvers, through mere recklessness; while others, mounted on horses hired at several guineas a day, galloped wildly without purpose along the beach. The whole town was a Babel, and in its outskirts the scene was no less confused, and still more picturesque. A vast camp stretched around it, and along the shore, to a considerable distance on either side. Tents of all sizes, shapes, and colours crowded the mist-covered hills, and piles of merchandise obstructed the passages between. Immense fires burned in all directions, and uncouth groups were busy round them, engaged in the various processes of cooking or preparing their clothes, arms, implements, or equipage for the journey to the valley of the Sacramento. Such is a sketch of the gateway of this region as it appeared under its new aspect in 1848.

The early processes of gold-finding at California may now be described. The gold flakes were found impregnating the sand or

shingle, either actually below water, or left dry by the absorption or diversion of some current from the hills; though in the gullies and ravines large lumps were plentifully discovered in the crevices of rocks, in cracks in the ground, or among the roots of trees. The sand in the streams was usually worth, in the gross, from one to two shillings a poundweight. The soil was composed largely of gravel, full of small stones like jasper, fragments of slate, and chips of basalt, evidently washed down from the mountains. At first, the simplest method was employed to collect it. Tubs, pails, and tin pans were filled with mud and water, which was rapidly stirred, allowed to settle for a moment, and then poured off, leaving the heavy portion precipitated to the bottom. This was found a tedious and incomplete process. Sieves of woven willow-twigs were next tried, and for the same reason abandoned by all who could procure more serviceable utensils. Some ingenious miner invented the 'rocker,' a wooden cradle raised more at one end than at the other, and thus forming an incline. Across the bottom are nailed some broad laths, and over the top is placed a grating or perforated plate of tin. Some are small, and worked by one man, who first piles the auriferous earth on the upper tray, and then with one hand rocks the machine, while with the other he bales water into it with a tin pan. Some of them, however, occupy four men, whose division of labour is complete: one with a suitable spade shovels the earth into his pans; the next carries it to the cradle, and flings it heavily on the close grating; the third rocks the machine; and the fourth continually pours water upon the mass inside. A heavy sediment, rich in gold, is left at the bottom, while all the light substances are washed away. In the upper districts, the gold was principally found in the bed or dry beds of mountain torrents, between rocky and precipitous channels, in a yellowish-red soil. The finer dust was found in the lower region, the rough lumps in the more elevated. Massive pieces were discovered only in the upper country.

The scenes presented in the gold region by the busy multitude toiling in it were thus described at that period: 'In one spot may be seen a party of newly arrived emigrants, each armed with a shovel, a tin pan, a sieve, or a colander, and all standing in the water scooping up the sand into buckets, stirring the contents with their bare arms, and watching the result with glistening eyes, as the water is poured off, and the precious sediment revealed; in another, men are busy in collecting the gold-dust, after passing through the first rough process of cleansing, in small, closely woven baskets of Indian manufacture, which are arranged on the ground in the full glare of the sun; in another, a large party is labouring with the immense rockers—or gold-canoes, as the Indians term them—gravely, as though accustomed to their task; in another, scattered individuals are groping with knives, crowbars, and even common sticks, in the dry ravines, expecting by this desultory labour to earn

more by picking up small masses of pure ore than by industriously toiling amid the sands; in another, the miners are spreading their shining stores to dry on pieces of canvas; while everywhere multitudes of men, in all varieties of costume, and collected from all quarters of the world, maintain an incessant motion and hum, suggesting the idea of some colony of gigantic ants engaged in collecting the materials for their dwellings.'

Many adventurous dealers established stores or improvised shops at the diggings in the following way: In front was placed a large awning, with a barrel set upright at each corner. Four broad planks formed convenient counters on each side, and on these were displayed the articles for sale. The miners, clad in greasy deer-skin pantaloons, and red hunting-shirts—the common costume in the diggings—came to the store, and produced, from the folds of a sash or handkerchief, leathern pouches full of gold scales, which they shook into the balance to the amount demanded. Some of the dust often fell on the board, and the storekeepers volunteered to return it; but unless it was a large quantity, the general answer was: 'No; keep it: there's plenty more where that came from.' One man came to them for a bottle of brandy, and bought it for half an ounce of gold-powder, inviting the Americans to drink with him. They declined; he insisted, and they still refused; when he dashed the bottle to shivers against a tree, and went on with other purchases.

The gains amassed by the miners were regulated partly by the shrewdness of the individual in the choice of his locality, and partly by accident. Some collected gold at the rate of half an ounce, others of an ounce, a day; while there were instances of a thousand dollars per man per day. Some of the miners were accustomed to toil incessantly for a long period, and then, assembling near some well-provided store, to spend most of their gains in one extravagant fit of luxury, when they returned to their labour, to renew the feast as soon as new treasure had been accumulated. They spread an awning overhead, supplied themselves with brandy, champagne, and choice provisions, ate and drank to repletion; and when satiated with the costly indulgence, rushed out among the tents with brandished knives or rifles, shooting at any mark they fancied. But worse than mere reckless squandering occurred. Many of the men were desperadoes, and their success was distributed unequally. Here at once was a source of disorganisation. The unfortunate envied the prosperous, and these suspected all others. Partnerships were formed in sanguine hope, and broken off in bitter distrust.

To what extent the gold-workings of California have been carried on in subsequent years, we shall notice in a later page. At present, we dwell only on the extraordinary scenes of excitement which the first year or two of the discovery presented. And now it will be

interesting to trace the production of scenes very similar in character, in a wholly distinct part of the world.

GOLD-FEVER IN AUSTRALIA.

Every one knows that Australia is a great squarish-shaped island, or rather continent, in the southern hemisphere, about 2000 miles across from north to south, and 2500 from east to west, with the tropic of Capricorn running through the middle of it, so that its northern coasts reach within 11 degrees of the equator. Along its eastern side there runs a band of mountainous country, from Cape York on the north, to Wilson's Promontory on the south. These mountains rise 6500 feet in a part called the Australian Alps, or Snowy Mountains, in about south latitude 36°, and this is the loftiest point at present known in the country. There are numerous summits rising 4000 feet all along the course of the chain as far north as Cape Melville, near south latitude 14°, beyond which it gradually declines in height and importance. In the colony of Victoria are several short ranges of mountains, fifty miles long or so, running north and south, and rising 3000 or 4000 feet above the sea. The great eastern chain is very largely composed of granite, which forms some of its most lofty and massive mountain groups, and often appears in the beds of its ravines beneath the other rocks. On the granite rest great but irregular masses of gneiss, mica-slate, chlorite-slate, clay-slate, and other metamorphic rocks. These are frequently traversed by granitic dikes and veins, as also by large intrusive masses of granite, syenite, porphyry, greenstone, and other similar igneous rocks. Upon this metamorphic set of rocks rest here and there large and regularly stratified sheets of unaltered rocks, principally sandstone, with interstratified beds of shale, and some beds of limestone. These rocks are full of fossils, resembling those found in the Devonian and Silurian rocks of Western Europe; and among the mineral treasures contained in them, gold is now known to be one.

The discovery of gold in Australia, like that of California, was reserved for an individual who proceeded upon no scientific view of the subject. Mr Edward Hargreaves, having had a farm on the flanks of the Conobolas, some thirty miles west of Bathurst, in New South Wales, went to California in search of gold. While there, he was struck with the similarity between the rocks and earthy matters of California and those of his own district. He returned, accordingly, to Australia, 'prospected' in his own neighbourhood, and after one or two months' search (April 1851), found some gold. Being assured of the valuable nature of his discovery, Mr Hargreaves applied to the colonial government for reward; and on his report being verified by Mr Stutchbury, the colonial geologist, Mr Hargreaves was rewarded by a bonus of £500, and an appointment as 'Commissioner of Crown Lands for the Exploration of Gold Districts.'

The excitement of course became intense throughout the colony of New South Wales, and spread rapidly into that of Victoria. People, many of them ill provided and ill suited for the work, rushed to the gold-diggings; wages rose to great rates; and the prices of provisions to extravagant heights. It was soon found, however, that gold-digging was hard and weary work, and that, carried on without proper preparation of tools and division of labour, without shelter and with scanty food, it was too much either for the health, the strength, or the resolution of most people to endure. A considerable reaction took place accordingly, and wages and food sank again nearly to their original prices in New South Wales. A slight accession of the gold-fever occurred, in consequence of the discovery of a hundredweight of gold, or £4000 worth in one block, on the Murroo Creek, fifty miles north of Bathurst. This finding of a hundredweight of gold is so singular a circumstance in the world's history, that a particular account of it may be acceptable. 'In the first week of July [1851], an educated aboriginal, formerly attached to the Wellington Mission, and who had been in the service of W. J. Kerr, Esq., of Wallawa, about seven years, returned home to his employer with the intelligence, that he had discovered a large mass of gold amongst a heap of quartz upon the run whilst tending his sheep. He had amused himself by exploring the country adjacent to his employer's land, and his attention was first called to the lucky spot by observing a speck of some glittering yellow substance upon the surface of a block of the quartz, upon which he broke off a portion. At that moment, the splendid prize stood revealed to his sight. His first care was to start off home and disclose his discovery to his master, to whom he presented whatever gold might be procured from it. As may be supposed, little time was lost by the worthy doctor. Quick as horseflesh would carry him, he was on the ground; and in a very short period the three blocks of quartz, containing *the hundredweight of gold*, were released from the bed where, charged with unknown wealth, they had rested perhaps for thousands of years, awaiting the hand of civilised man to disturb them. The largest of the blocks was about a foot in diameter, and weighed 75 pounds gross. Out of this piece, 60 pounds of pure gold were taken. Before separation, it was beautifully incased in quartz. The other two were something smaller. The auriferous mass weighed, as nearly as could be guessed, from two to three hundredweight. The heaviest of the two large pieces presented an appearance not unlike a honeycomb or sponge, and consisted of particles of a crystalline form, as did nearly the whole of the gold. The second larger piece was smoother, and the particles more condensed, and seemed as if it had been acted upon by water. The remainder was broken into lumps of from two to three pounds and downwards, and was remarkably free from quartz or earthy matter.'

On the first reports of the discovery of gold near Bathurst reaching Victoria, many people started, and more were preparing to start from Port Phillip and the neighbourhood to Bathurst and the Turon. This would be a journey of between 400 and 500 miles, through a difficult and thinly peopled country, and would require ten days, even under the most favourable circumstances. The mass of the people attempting it would probably require a month. It began soon to be whispered, however, that this arduous journey might be spared, and that gold existed within two days' walk or ride of Melbourne. After many flying rumours and reports during the (southern) winter months of 1851—namely, June to September—certain information came to Mr Latrobe, the governor of Victoria, which induced him to make a journey to examine for himself.

In a report to Earl Grey, dated October 10, 1851, Governor Latrobe described what met his view on a visit to Ballarat: 'Gold has been detected, I believe, in all the superior formations, even in the superficial soil. But by far the richest deposit is found in the small veins of blue clay which lie almost immediately above the pipe-clay, in which no trace of the ore has been discovered. The ore is to all appearance quite pure. It is found occasionally in rolled or water-worn irregular lumps of various sizes, from a quarter or half an ounce to two ounces in weight, sometimes incorporated with round pebbles of quartz, which appears to have formed its original matrix; at other times, without any admixture whatever, in irregular rounded or smooth pieces, and again in fused irregular masses of pure metal of great beauty, weighing in some instances seven to nine ounces..... I may give your lordship some idea of the value of this partial deposit, however, when hit upon, by stating that I witnessed during my visit the washing of two tin dishes of this clay, of about twenty inches in diameter, the yield of which was no less than 8 poundweights of pure gold; and I have seen two, or at most three cubic inches of the same yield four ounces..... One party is known to have raised 16 poundweights at an early hour of the day, and to have secured 31 poundweights—value about £1300—in one day's work. Many parties of four men have shared, day after day, 10 ounces per man—value at least £30. I can testify to the fact of 10 poundweights—value about £400 or £440—and upwards being the produce of a single working during one of the days of my visit, and I have no reason to believe that this case was at that time an isolated one.'

In attempting to describe the state of excitement into which the population was thrown by the news of these occurrences, he says: 'Within the last three weeks, the towns of Melbourne and Geelong, and their large suburbs, have been in appearance almost emptied of many classes of their male inhabitants. Not only have the idlers, to be found in every community, and day-labourers in town and the adjacent country, shopmen, artisans and mechanics of every description,

thrown up their employments, and in most cases leaving their employers and their wives and families to take care of themselves, run off to the workings; but respectable tradesmen, farmers, clerks of every grade, and not a few of the superior classes followed—some unable to withstand the mania and force of the stream, or because they were really disposed to venture time and money on the chance, but others because they were, as employers of labour, left in the lurch, and had no other alternative. Cottages are deserted, houses to let, business is at a standstill, and even schools are closed. In some of the suburbs, not a man is left; and the women are known, for self-protection, to forget neighbours' jars, and to club together to keep house. Even masters of vessels, foreseeing the impossibility of maintaining any control over their men otherwise, have found the only way was to join them, make up a party, and go shares with them at the diggings.'

When the excitement consequent on the discovery of the Ballarat Diggings was beginning to abate, and many men returning to their employments, it received a fresh accession of strength, and was turned into a new direction, by the report of those found at Mount Alexander. This is a hill about seventy miles north-west of Melbourne, part of the granitic district of Mount Macedon and Mount Byng. Writing in December, Mr Latrobe said: 'I will here only briefly state, that the gold raised upon the Mount Alexander goldfields is now calculated by hundredweights, and arrives in the cities by the government escort or private conveyance at the rate of probably two tons per week—so it has been at least for the last two weeks.'

Those of the labouring class who returned successful, naturally committed all sorts of extravagance: some ordered the best and most expensive silks and dresses for their wives and children, as well as gold watches and chains, the most costly that could be got; bank-notes were eaten between slices of bread and butter, and other stories are current, such as one reads as told of sailors paid off with prize-money during the war. One deep old file, an *old soldier* in every sense of the term, had a child born to him at one of the diggings, and instantly seeing his chance, went round with a hat to make a collection for 'the little stranger'—'the first child born at the diggings:' the value of his hatful was found to amount to about £3000!

All ordinary employments, and all the ordinary relations of society, were meanwhile undergoing a strange revolution in Melbourne. One of the judges was so deserted of all servants, that, but for the assistance of his sons, he, being lame, could not have been drawn in his wheeled-chair from his house to his court. A gentleman offered a man half-a-crown to take a letter to the post-office, a distance of a few hundred yards. The man looked disgusted. 'Why,' he replied, 'I would not take my pipe out of my mouth for that sum.' Another

offered a digger a shilling to lift a bag of sugar off his dray. The digger looked at him a moment, and then, putting his foot on a stump, said: 'There, tie my shoe, and I'll give you five shillings.' It was also related, that a sheep-farmer, who had been deserted by his men, went after them to the diggings, and tried to wile them back by an offer of what would, in ordinary circumstances, have been extravagantly high wages, when they coolly made the counter-proposal to him of a still higher salary, provided he would stay and act as their cook. All the successful gold-diggers did not act with extravagance. Captain Chisholm, within seven weeks after his arrival at Port Phillip, had received not less than £2000 in gold-dust, from labouring-men, to pay the passage out of their relatives at home.

By the month of September 1852, the accounts from Australia gave such a view of the progress of the gold-digging as exceeded the most sanguine expectations that were originally formed upon the subject. The product of the precious metal in the Victoria fields, and especially at Mount Alexander, was of astounding magnitude. The first year of the Australian gold-mining, ending in May 1852, saw £3,600,000 exported to England. This, of course, at once enriched the colony, notwithstanding every drawback produced by the derangement of ordinary industry.

There was one *little* attack of the same gold-fever in another part of Australia, and at a much later date. But this was rather the fever of failure than of success, seeing that there was very little gold to reward the seekers. This time it was further north than either New South Wales or Victoria, being in Queensland. At a part of the east coast of Australia, 900 miles northward of Sydney, gold was discovered in 1858, on either side of Fitzroy River. No settlers in that region had found a means of existence, except the owners of a few sheep-farms and cattle-runs, stores, and drinking-booths. Unluckily, the reports were exaggerated. One rumour was to the effect that 'one man in a party of three had made £7000 as his share in one gold-field.' The *Sydney Morning Herald* made a determined attempt to trace this story to its origin, and found (as in the older story of the Three Black Crows) that the truth diminished in importance the farther back it was traced. 'A gentleman in office, Mr A., had heard it mentioned by Mr B. of the Exchange, who, it was said, had seen the letter describing the discovery. A second gentleman had it on what he considered most reliable authority—namely, five mercantile men, and one high official. As the official resided out of town, we deferred further inquiries until Tuesday morning. Yesterday, we sent to Mr B., who said he heard it from Mr C., a custom-house agent. To Mr C. accordingly we went, who referred us to Captain D. This gentleman was not at home; but a relative of his informed us that she had heard her brother mention that such a letter had been received, although she herself had not seen it. Pursuing our inquiries, we at

length heard that the letter was in the possession of the toll-keeper at the Paramatta toll-bar. A special messenger was at once sent thither. The toll-keeper said he had heard of the letter, but had not seen it.' And so the story of the £7000 vanished.

But the news spread like wild-fire before the correction could come. During one single month, the Sydney shipowners despatched no less than 27 vessels, taking out more than 3000 adventurers, diggers, storekeepers, &c.; Melbourne sent an equal number; while Brisbane and Newcastle helped to swell the list. Every one talked of Port Curtis, Gladstone, Rockingham, and other places near the Fitzroy, as if they were paved with gold. High and low were attacked with the fever. Those who did not go in person racked their ingenuity to prepare outfits for those who did. Six or seven thousand persons started nearly at one time, in ships which also carried deals, posts, rails, palings, shingles, doors, sashes, iron store-houses, blankets, mattresses, clothing, picks, shovels, axes, camp-kettles, portable stoves, belts for stuffing with gold, scales for weighing gold, and countless other articles. Workmen left their benches, labourers their fields, shopmen their counters, clerks their desks, fathers their families, to rush off to El Dorado—prepared for nothing but success; seeing that they were wholly unfitted to encounter failure or disaster. The result was a lesson of a severe kind. The voyage of many hundred miles was succeeded by a land-journey of thirty-five miles, from the landing-place at Rockhampton to the auriferous spot at Canoona, through a region having no roads, and very few vehicles. A little gold had really been found by the early adventurers; but those who came after, weary and foot-sore, had nothing but disappointment in store. Some, going westward to the diggings, met others returning east, impoverished and heart-sick. Plenty of stores were sent out, but were not owned by the gold-seekers, and could not be obtained by them for lack of money. At Canoona itself (the weather being very dry), water sold at sixpence a gallon. An eye-witness, representing one of the Sydney newspapers, said: 'Many hundreds of the adventurers, dismayed by the cries that met them, never went to Canoona at all; they landed, took fright, and sought eagerly for a return passage to Sydney. Hastily-built stores at Rockhampton were in imminent danger of pillage by the more ruffianly of the disappointed adventurers. Many of the passengers, startled at this state of affairs, did not land at all; they quietly returned to the port whence they came, wiser, but poorer than before. Many of the merchants and agents, going out with ventures of merchandise, resolved, under the circumstances, not to break bulk at all; they either held back for a time, or returned to Sydney. The sufferings of many on shore were very great, for Rockhampton and Canoona could not accommodate all, even if money had been at hand; while those whose little store of cash had been exhausted by the outfit and the voyage were reduced to absolute

want. The diggers or adventurers, arriving at a particular spot, and finding no gold, sought for some one on whom to cast the blame. One particular individual, living in the neighbourhood, had been one of the first to make the announcement of gold at Canoona; the disappointed and half-maddened people, rushing to an illogical conclusion with the same heedlessness with which they had rushed to the diggings, accused him of being the cause of their miseries; and he was placed in imminent peril of "lynching." The captains of all the ships were received with fierce abuse, on the ground that the shipowners had, by their exaggerated advertisements, contributed to the misery.' In later years, the gold-deposits of this part of Australia were steadily worked with a fair profit; but the opening scenes in 1858 were indeed desperate. We have stated that these diggings are in Queensland, but at the time of the discovery they were included in New South Wales—the colony not having been divided into two until 1859.

GOLD IN ALL COUNTRIES.

Although two particular regions of the globe have been marked by these extravagant social convulsions, arising out of the discovery of the precious metal in unexpected places, yet the extraction and commerce in gold have taken more regular forms in other countries, and from a very early period in the world's history. Until the Californian discoveries took place, the chief sources of supply in modern times were Brazil, Hungary, Transylvania, and Asiatic Russia. During a long series of years, the gold mines of these four countries yielded to the value of about £5,000,000 annually. Brazil, however, as well as Peru, New Granada, and other parts of South America, have gradually fallen off; because the auriferous sand, easily gathered, has become well nigh exhausted; and because South America does not possess much of the machinery necessary for the profitable extraction of the small percentage of metal contained in gold quartz. Hungary and Transylvania, in like manner, have somewhat declined in recent years as gold-producing countries.

Russia, especially in the Asiatic provinces, has gradually assumed a somewhat important position in regard to this source of national wealth. Nominally, there is great individual freedom in the search for gold; but practically much of the produce finds its way into the pockets of officials, who cheat both the revenue and the diggers. The adventurer may search on any spot not already appropriated, after certain formalities with the officials. The gold is found mostly in grains and small fragments in the sandy bed of streams. The actual workmen employed by the adventurer are mostly the unfortunates who have been banished to Siberia, and who are permitted to earn a little money in this way under a system of licensing. When the washings of one season are collected, the adventurer takes

his gold-dust and fragments to a government establishment. The gold is weighed, melted down, and poured into iron ingot-moulds, each of which, if full, would contain about thirty-six pounds avoirdupois. The ingot is assayed, and its value per ounce declared. In all these proceedings there are many loopholes for bribery, favouritism, and fraud; and much of the precious metal sticks (metaphorically) to the hands of the officials. The weighing, melting, assaying, and registering being concluded, the gold is sent to St Petersburg, and lodged in the royal mint. When coined into money, a certain percentage is retained by the state, for the expenses of transport, &c., and the remainder transmitted in cash to the owner. Some years ago it was stated that the owner seldom received so much as three-fourths of the registered value, owing to the doubtful nature of the officialism concerned in the matter; but possibly matters may have improved since. Mr Cottrell, one of the few observant English travellers in Siberia, has given the following account, to illustrate the precarious nature of gold-seeking in this region. A Russian gentleman, M. Astaschef, retired from government service, in order to become a gold-speculator. He borrowed forty thousand roubles from a merchant named Popof, who had made money by gold-speculation; and then joined partnership with a third person, M. Riazanof, who had spent no less than two hundred thousand roubles before finding any auriferous sands worth working. The partners made a lucky examination of the sands of a small stream, and agreed that each should take one bank or side. They realised wealth rapidly, and then established a company, of which they were appointed managers. Astaschef was reported a *millionaire* after the lapse of a few years; the tide of fortune had turned with him just in time; for thirty-five thousand out of his forty thousand borrowed roubles were expended before he hit upon the golden stream, which was in the government of Yeniseisk, between the rivers Touba and Kan. Another rich spot owned by him was near the boundary between the governments of Yeniseisk and Irkutsk. Russia has occasionally yielded gold, in her Siberian provinces chiefly, to the value of £4,000,000 in one year, but generally the quantity has been much less. The great start, from one or two to three or four millions sterling in a year, was made in 1842, consequent on new discoveries in the provinces of Tomsk and Yeniseisk. One of the largest nuggets the world has ever seen, valued at three thousand pounds, was ferreted out of the sands in Siberia.

In various other parts of Asia, besides Siberia, gold has been found, and for a much more considerable length of time; but the quantity in recent years has not been so great as to attract the attention of Europe. Africa, it is well known, contains gold, chiefly (so far as has been ascertained) in the sands and mud of rivers. Indeed, one part of the Atlantic sea-board of that continent has received the name of the Gold Coast, owing to the fact that the

natives, finding gold in the interior, bring it down for sale at the European settlements on the coast.

Passing over to the new continent, we have already stated that South America does not now occupy any very conspicuous position in regard to gold mines. The prosperity of the trade in that region culminated about a century ago, when the auriferous sands were very rich. Small gold-mining establishments are scattered about in Brazil, and in some of the numerous republics of South and Central America; but the sands are nearly exhausted; and the extraction of the precious metal from quartz is effected on a system so rude as to yield only a small margin of profit. Silver, in South and Central America, as well as in the Mexican provinces of North America, is now a more important metal than gold, so far as regards mines and mining.

Of the wonders of California we have treated at length, in reference to the wild excitement consequent on the gold-discoveries; we may here usefully say a few words concerning the amount of wealth realised. By the middle of 1852, when the Californian diggings had been at work about four years and a half, gold had been raised to the estimated value of £35,000,000—an average of £600,000 per month. Fourteen years later, in 1866, California claimed to have sent into the market 38,000,000 ounces of gold, valued at £150,000,000; and we cannot be far wrong in setting down £200,000,000 as the approximate value down to the end of 1869—a marvellous addition to the wealth of one single country.

British Columbia, another large region in North America, entered the list of gold-yielding countries about the year 1858. This, the youngest of England's colonies, is further north than California, but is, like it, confined between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific. The Fraser River, one of the streams flowing from the mountains to the ocean, is rich in gold; and it is a curious coincidence, that as gold was discovered in California almost at the time of the annexation of that region to the United States, so was a similar discovery made on the shores of the Fraser directly after the formation of British Columbia into an English colony in 1858—it having previously been a mere hunting-ground in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company. The discovery was sudden, and was promising enough to draw numerous gold-diggers from California. A letter, written in the early summer of 1858, said: 'The gold exists from the mouth of Fraser River for at least two hundred miles up, and most likely much farther. Any one working on its banks has been able to obtain gold in abundance, and without extraordinary labour; the gold at present obtained has been within a foot of the surface. Thompson River is quite as rich in gold as Fraser River. The land about Thompson River consists of extensive sandy prairies, which are loaded with gold also; in fact, the whole country about both rivers is impregnated with it. I have already seen pounds and

pounds of it, and hope before long to feast my eyes upon tons of the precious metal; but not a bit of it, unfortunately, is my own. Before three months are over our heads, we expect to see at least 50,000 miners at work.' A correspondent of the *Times* told how precarious was the life of those who reached the diggings without money, and did not *immediately* find gold: 'Those who have money to pay for provisions, can have enough on the spot [at exorbitant prices]. Those who have no money must starve. The alternative is as clear as the sun at noonday. They can neither buy food nor leave the place. They cannot spread themselves over the country, for the following reasons: the banks of the river, high up where the miners are congregated, are steep and lofty perpendicular walls of rock, which cannot be scaled; while the other portions of its banks are covered with impenetrable forests, without a track or a trail, which they dare not penetrate for fear of the Indians.' Some spots, supposed to be very rich in gold, were so difficult of access as to present the following picture: 'A man has to carry his provisions in blankets, on his back, up a laborious ascent in hot weather. He cannot carry over fifty pounds in weight, besides his traps, tools, and firearms. He takes several days to perform the journey; at its termination, one-third or more of his stock of provisions has been used on the tramp. He digs, and digs successfully; but as he is in a wilderness where his supplies cannot be renewed, after a few days' work, he must hurry down before his little stock of eatables is exhausted; or if he remains until he shall have eaten it all, he dies of hunger. There is no relief for him. So he comes back with some gold, but not much. Several are said to have perished of hunger in this upper region.' Nevertheless, as the gold was unquestionably there, and in large quantity, adventurers conquered all other difficulties one by one; and Fraser River and its tributaries assumed a definite rank among auriferous regions. It was soon ascertained that the gold in the river-sands was the mere washings from more copious deposits in the rocks above; and road-makers by degrees hewed a path upwards. On the other side, hardy men from Canada, Red River, and Minnesota, pushed their way westward across the Rocky Mountains, and entered the golden regions by a new route. It is not easy to say what amount of gold has been raised in British Columbia; because, California being nearer, and more accessible, much of the gold finds its way thither, and figures in statistical accounts rather as a produce of the United States than of a British dependency. We find, however, the following sums mentioned as the value of the bullion and specie exported from British Columbia: £1,750,000 in 1864; £1,000,000 in 1865; £1,050,000 in 1866; and £700,000 in 1867. It is evident that we have only got hold of part of the facts here; the item for 1867 can only be a percentage of the value of the gold actually raised in that year.

Another portion of North America, Nova Scotia, entered the lists as a humble competitor with California and British Columbia in 1861. In the summer of that year, a man stooping to drink at a brook discovered something glittering in the water, at a place called Old Tangier: it proved to be gold. Soon afterwards, the precious metal was found at New Tangier, at a distance of less than a mile from the sea. Numerous other lucky spots were hit upon; and gold-washing and quartz-crushing became regular employments. One of the gold-fields, Laidlaw Diggings, is within a dozen miles of Halifax, the capital of the colony; and it possesses gold in the forms of small nuggets, specks and scales, and gold quartz. A 'Nova Scotia Gold Company' was established, chiefly for obtaining gold from quartz, by well-arranged machinery, but also for washing auriferous sands. The colony has never yet presented such rich deposits as the other two regions of North America just noticed. But, on the other hand, there were less privations in store for the first adventurous diggers. The country was settled, and a large portion well cultivated; the necessaries of life were plentiful and cheap; while communication with the busy port of Halifax was short and easy—a port, too, within ten or eleven days of England by Cunard steamer. In this, as in other regions, careful observers have noted how different a thing it is to pick up nuggets of pure gold, and to extract laboriously a small percentage of the precious metal from the quartz. Captain Hardy, who sent an account of the Nova Scotia diggings to one of the English newspapers, after noticing a few instances of the more fortunate kind, said: 'But let it be stated for the information of individuals who may contemplate seeking their fortunes in these nearest of the yet-discovered American gold regions, that they are not in the least likely to repay the man who may embark without capital, expecting to hew out his golden treasure in large nuggets, and with little labour, from the narrow quartz veins which intersperse the clay-slate of the gold district. Without doubt, quartz-mining will repay companies organised to prosecute mining on an extensive scale, with capital, and with the requisite machinery for crushing the quartz; but I can aver that in the numerous instances of solitary gold-seekers working their narrow claims of some thirty feet square, which are purchased of the provincial government for £4, and on a year's lease, they have not been repaid for leaving their rightful trades and avocations.' Between 1861 and 1868, Nova Scotia produced 160,000 oz. of gold, value £63,000.

Australia we have already noticed, in connection with the feverish excitement which arose out of the discovery of gold in 1851. There, as in California, the population settled down by degrees into something like regular order. Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, benefited much more largely than Sydney, the chief city in New South Wales—partly because the produce in the first-named colony was

larger than in the second, partly because Melbourne had certain commercial advantages. Victoria had the renown of bringing to light the largest mass of nearly-pure gold the world has ever seen—so far as records afford the means of judging. It was discovered at the Ballarat diggings in 1858, and at once received the name of the 'Welcome Nugget.' The weight was 2166 oz., and the value £8376. This value shews, by its near approach to £4 per oz., that the purity must have been about equal to that of sterling or standard gold (£3, 17s. 9d. per oz.). New South Wales produced gold to the total weight of 3,281,000 oz., value £11,683,857, in the first ten years of her operations (1851–60). Victoria exceeded this quantity nine-fold: her produce in the same ten years reaching the enormous quantity (in round numbers) of 26,000,000 oz., value £104,000,000. We can well understand the pride and pleasure with which that colony sent the 'Gold Trophy' to the International Exhibition in 1862. It was an obelisk, 45 feet high, by 10 feet square at the base, representing in cubic content the bulk of all the gold raised in the colony in eleven years—1851 to 1861 inclusive. Down to the end of 1867, the sum-total was reckoned at £136,000,000—besides the gold of New South Wales. Taking the two colonies in six years, the relative degrees of activity which they have presented, in the export of gold in the various forms of coin, bars, and dust, are:

	Victoria.	New South Wales.
1862	£9,300,000	£3,000,000
1863	£9,300,000	£2,400,000
1864	£8,800,000	£3,000,000
1865	£8,500,000	£2,800,000
1866	£8,400,000	£3,300,000
1867	£7,800,000	£2,600,000

But these figures do not accurately denote the quantities of new gold raised year by year, seeing that the mints at Sydney and Melbourne coin for other colonies besides their own, and include large portions of such coinages among their exports. A recent Report states that there were 63,181 gold-miners at work in Victoria in 1868, earning an average of £105 per man in the year. The race between California and Victoria has been close: the one, £147,000,000 in nineteen years; the other, £136,000,000 in seventeen years. It will serve to illustrate the great difference between finding pure gold in the forms of nuggets and grains in sand and mud, and extracting it by mechanical processes from quartz, to state that, out of 350,405 tons of quartz crushed in Victoria in one year, the ratio of gold only averaged 17 dwts. 2 grains per ton—not much more than 1 part of gold in 40,000 parts of quartz.

New Zealand, another among the gold-fields of the southern hemisphere, is late in date and small in richness compared with

those just named; yet it has been the means of giving to the Middle Island (as it is called) a great preponderance in wealth over the Northern Island—irrespective of the troubles pressing on the latter consequent on the warlike proclivities of the Maories. The first discovery was made in the province of Otago, in June 1861. The discoverer, Mr Gabriel Read, descried the precious metal at a spot since called Gabriel's Gully, on a small river about forty miles from Otago, the chief town in the province. He notified the fact to the provincial council, by whom he was rewarded with the very modest sum of £500. Within two months from the day of the discovery, 3000 persons were at work on the banks of the Tuapeka, getting gold to the extent of 6000 oz. per week. About a year afterwards, the place and the scene were described in the following words: 'The immediate effect of the discovery of gold was to attract immigrants from Australia and from the neighbouring New Zealand provinces. Since then, the population of Otago has doubled, being now estimated at 25,000. Gold to the value of more than a million sterling has been exported from Dunedin, and that small body of settlers have suddenly found themselves raised to circumstances of affluence.' That these discoveries must have been very advantageous to the province of Otago, and indirectly to the whole of the colony, is made manifest by the following figures, relating to the quantity of gold shipped from New Zealand down to the end of 1867: 194,234 oz. in 1861; 410,862 oz. in 1862; 628,646 oz. in 1863; 480,187 oz. in 1864; 574,574 oz. in 1865; 735,376 oz. in 1866; and 686,753 oz. in 1867—gold to the value of £14,508,749 in seven years. Recently, valuable gold-discoveries have been made in the North Island also.

Lastly (for it is hardly necessary to speak of isolated deposits dotted about in various parts of the world), we may say a few words concerning the four sections of the United Kingdom. The discoveries made by antiquaries shew that gold was well known both in Britain and in Ireland many centuries ago, in the form of ornaments; and it is probable that some at least of this gold was found in Scotland.

In more than half the counties of England, gold has been discovered in small quantities; and there is evidence that, not only in medieval times, but as far back as the Roman occupation, the deposits were worked in a rude sort of way. About the year 1853, much excitement sprang up in Devon and Cornwall, due to the introduction of an ore-crushing machine of great efficiency. It has been long known that *gossan* and *mundic*, two mineral substances found in tin and copper mines, contain a little gold; but the expense of extracting the precious metal was more than the value of the extract. Professor Ansted stated, as the result of experiments, that if ore contains so little as half an ounce of gold to the ton, Berdan's ore-crushing machine would separate it at a profit. The question thence arose, What is the percentage of gold in the various mineral

substances found in copper and tin mines? The entire quieting down of gold-mining speculation in our counties supplies the answer; the percentage is too small to attract much notice from commercial men.

There is more chance in Wales than in England; the surface is more mountainous, and the mountains contain a good deal of metallic wealth. Almost all the twelve Welsh counties have yielded gold, in the copper, lead, and tin mines. In 1861 and 1862, much attention was bestowed on the Vigra gold mines, as they were called, about midway between Dolgelly and Barmouth. The gold was found in small veins in slaty beds, interlaid between coarse, greenish-gray gritstones. A water-wheel was erected on the spot, sixty feet in diameter, employed in working a powerful Cornish crushing-machine. The machine was capable of crushing forty tons of ore daily. In 1860, the whole Welsh produce was set down at 740 oz. Some of the ore yielded only from 3 to 19 dwts. per ton; but the produce of the Dolgelly district was found in 1862 to yield 353 oz. per ton. The works are still being carried on at a fair profit; but the really rich spots are few in number, and do not attract any large amount of capital or enterprise.

Ireland had a noticeable gold-fever in the last century. In 1796, a little nugget of gold, weighing somewhat under half an ounce, was found among the Wicklow Mountains. The news spread like wild-fire. Male and female, young and old, rushed to Croghan Kinshela; and gold to the value of £10,000 was found before the government took any steps in the matter. Probably the storms of ages had washed out numerous small bits of gold from the crevices of the rocks; but when this surface-store was exhausted, and arrangements made for a deeper and more scientific exploration, it was found that the expenses overbalanced the returns. And so died away the credit of the 'Wicklow gold mines.'

Scotland has also had its periods of excitement arising from discoveries of the precious metal; and as the recent Sutherland adventures illustrate very well the forms which this excitement assumes, a brief notice of the doings at Helmsdale will be welcome. Mr Gilchrist, a native of Sutherland, while engaged at gold-digging in Australia, was struck with a similarity in appearance between some of the creeks in the colony and those in Kildonan strath; and on his return home, he resolved to search for gold at the last-named place. The most northern railway station in Great Britain is (1869) at Golspie, near Dunrobin Castle; 17 miles beyond this is the town (or village) of Helmsdale; and 10 miles west of Helmsdale he found gold in the strath. The precious metal, in very small quantity, was obtained from the mud or alluvial deposit of a burn which flowed down from the hills. No sooner was this discovery noised abroad, than adventurers flocked in from the neighbouring districts. There being no town or village near the spot, the men took with them

blankets and poles to form tents, and a few implements and cooking vessels of the simplest kind. During the winter of 1868-9, great hardships were endured; some of the men sleeping under canvas in piercing cold, some trudging to and from Helmsdale every day. The operations were of a very simple kind, involving no boring or blasting. The diggers, with pickaxes and crowbars, broke up the alluvial deposits which had been washed by the stream into the crevices of the rocks. Basins, frying-pans, &c. were filled with this earth, and washed in the stream until everything was washed away but small spangles of gold. These spangles were so few as greatly to dishearten most of the diggers. When washing apparatus of a little better kind was used, the produce was somewhat increased. In the month of August 1869, about 300 persons were employed at Kildonan in gold-digging; and as bakers, butchers, and store-dealers had followed in their wake, the semblance of a small colony was making itself apparent. Indeed, two clusters of this singularly located community invented Gaelic names for their settlements, equivalent to 'Gold City' and 'Tent Town.' Not so much for the sake of profit, as to avoid occasions for dispute, the Duke of Sutherland granted licenses to the diggers, each for a certain area of ground. Many experienced miners from Australia have expressed a belief that the alluvial gold met with in Kildonan strath will be small in quantity (the largest nugget recorded weighed only 2 oz. 20 grains); and that, if the precious metal exists in quartz rock near at hand, it must be worked by better combinations of labour and machinery than have hitherto reached that spot. The Sutherland diggings have suggested the probability of gold deposits being met with in many other parts of Scotland, especially in the districts of Breadalbane, Braemar, Galloway, Lammermuir, Tweedmuir, and the hilly parts of Argyle, Ross, and Inverness. The Caledonian, the Deeside, and the Highland Railways give easy access to many of these spots.

METHODS OF GOLD-MINING.

The foregoing pages convey some information concerning the processes by which the precious metal is obtained from the soil. But it may be desirable to give fuller particulars. The best way, perhaps, will be to suppose a party of men going out to a new gold-district, or to new diggings in a district already partially occupied—to begin at the beginning, and thus trace the manner in which the operations develop themselves.

It has been found by experience that a gold-digging party should consist of not fewer than four people. To pursue the occupation to the best advantage of health and comfort, and therefore permanent profit, they should be provided with a small tent, with a stock of blankets, and a sufficiency of coarse clothing to afford a

change from wet to dry, with a cradle, and a stock of pickaxes, crowbars, and shovels. A wheel-barrow, a sieve or two, and one or two flat tin dishes, like milk-pans, are also necessary. For food, a stock of flour, of tea and sugar, and perhaps of salt pork, is necessary. A strong, light one-horse dray or cart is about the best conveyance on which to pack and carry these articles, the party proceeding for the most part on foot. If they are going to explore new ground, they should have some previous knowledge or experience to guide them in the search, it being absolutely necessary that they should know what kind of rock, or what kind of ground, will *not produce* gold, in order that they may avoid wasting their time on it. We will suppose them to have reached a probably auriferous region, through which it is possible somehow to get their dray. They arrive at the bed of a water-course or river, and they succeed in finding a water-hole. The dray is stopped in the most convenient spot, and set up for the night without unpacking. The horse is taken out and watered, and then tethered in the best spot of grass that can be found; meanwhile a fire is lighted, and the kettle set on to boil. If the 'damper' has been all exhausted at the last meal, one of the party proceeds to make another after the following fashion: He selects some smooth flat stone, or slab of rock, on which he lights a fire, and accumulates a mass of glowing embers. He then takes one of the tin dishes, half fills it with flour, which he mixes with water into a stiff paste; and when the slab of stone is sufficiently heated, he brushes aside the embers, spreads the paste upon it, and then piles the embers over it again, till it is baked into a roundish flat cake, about a foot in diameter, and an inch in thickness. But whether a damper or a loaf, a rasher or a steak, tea or coffee, beer or spirits, our party take their meal according to the exigencies of the situation. The horse is re-watered and re-tethered in a fresh locality, if necessary, and then wrapping himself in a blanket, each man lies and sleeps where he finished his supper. If it were in a very remote district, it would be wise if each one kept watch in turn through the night, with a gun loaded in his hand, to guard against possible mischief.

At earliest dawn, or before it, all hands would be astir, and while one prepared the breakfast, and another attended to the horse, the two others would probably be searching the bed of the river, or prospecting for gold. Digging down at some sandy spot, spadeful after spadeful of the earth would be carried in the tin pan to the water, half immersed, and then gently agitated, and shaken round and round till any particle of gold would have time to sink to the bottom of the mass. The coarse stuff is frequently skimmed off and thrown away, care being taken, of course, to throw away no visible pebble or nugget of gold; and the washing and sifting continued until nothing but a little sand, perhaps, is left, and this is carefully examined to see if it contain gold. When gold occurs, and probably

also when it does not, there is often found a heavy metallic sand, said to be titaniferous iron ore (called in Australia 'emery'), and possibly other minerals in a fine state of comminution. Should this trial be unsuccessful, our party pack up their traps, and continue their journey, choosing the easiest and openest route for their cart, which one or two of them accompany, while the others explore the river at other places, or search in the beds of its lateral creeks. Eventually, perhaps, they stumble on some rich diggings, when of course they set up their tent, unpack their cradle and tools, and set to work in real earnest. One of their number will then perhaps have to start to the nearest town or station for a fresh supply of provisions, and thus the news of their success becoming known, other persons follow them, and a great camp, or perhaps the elements of a town, is formed.

If, in place of exploring for themselves, our party go at once to a well-known locality already partially occupied, they will of course have to select a spot still untouched, or to purchase a partially explored one. In either case, they will have a certain plot of ground marked out for them, and each will have to take out a license to dig. Having procured their licenses, settled their claims, set up their tent, and made arrangement for the supply of food, the party set to work. If they have any depth of soil or earth to clear away, it will be necessary that two should work at the actual diggings, one should wheel the earth to the cradle, which the fourth should rock and keep supplied with water. The ordinary cradle very much resembles in form the domestic article from which it takes its name. It is, however, open at the foot; while at the head, instead of a hood, it has a sieve fixed like a gravel-sifter's; and across the bottom, inside, there are one or two cleats or wooden bars nailed.

On bringing the earth to the cradle, a shovelful of it is thrown upon the sieve, and a ladleful of water poured over it. More earth and more water are added alternately, the cradle all the while being kept in motion by rocking, until the sieve is full of the larger pebbles or fragments of rock. When that is the case, the sieve is carefully examined, to see whether it contains any large nuggets of gold, and the fragments are then thrown away. The water thrown into the head of the cradle carries away all the mud and sand out at the foot; but as its current is arrested by the cleats or bars across the bottom, it deposits against them most of the golden dust and scales that it contained. This common cradle is, however, a rather wasteful contrivance, as a large quantity of the very finest and thinnest gold-dust is apt still to be carried away with the mud and sand out of the cradle, and lost. The Californian cradle, is, therefore, adopted whenever it can be obtained. This contains a compartment full of quicksilver, through which all the mud and sand is made to pass. Now, quicksilver has such a love for gold, and the affection is so mutual, that whenever they come in

contact, they immediately unite and form an 'amalgam,' a compound of gold and quicksilver, which it requires a very powerful heat to dissolve. The quicksilver thus licks every particle of gold out of the earth; and when the amalgam is put into a proper apparatus, and the requisite heat applied, it is sublimed into fumes, lets go the gold, which falls down pure, while the fumes may be caught in a separate chamber, and recooled back into quicksilver again.

Whichever cradle they may use, our adventurers must now live a life of great toil, of some hardship and privation, and of great monotony. The rising sun must find them at their work, and when setting, look with an approving eye as they are preparing only to finish their labours. As the sun himself is, in those latitudes, a very regular and steady-going character, rarely varying more than half an hour from six o'clock in his rising and setting, this will give twelve regular hours of labour throughout the year. To unwonted hands and sinews, twelve hours at pickaxe and spade, even if varied by a turn at the wheel-barrow, or at the water-scoop and cradle, are quite sufficient to make sunset no unwelcome sight. Then comes the hour of tea and damper, of lying at the tent-door in the cool air, made fragrant by the evening pipe, with the dews falling around from the clear Australian sky, in which the stars glisten and sparkle like living gems—the hour of silence, broken only, perhaps, by the distant howl of a wild-dog, or the plaintive cry of the thick-knee'd plover, or perhaps by the confounded hum of half-a-dozen mosquitoes, that come buzzing around you, looking for a soft place in which to insinuate their long, stinging proboscides, and make you start from your reveries, inclined to devote all the race of gnats as an offering to the infernal deities. Still, wearied with the day's toil, our party sleep, in spite of mosquitoes and all other discomforts—soothed, perhaps, by the remembrance of the ever-expanding little bag of gold-dust, the reward of their labours. Even at their daily digging, the constant chance of a rich prize, that may turn up at any moment, tends to keep men to their work as no other inducement would, and perpetuate an excitement which makes labour pass unnoticed, that, under other circumstances, would be felt as irksome and distressing beyond endurance.

With regard to the actual diggers at the two great scenes of industry, it may be remarked that, unlike California, the order and regularity among the gold-diggers of Australia, and especially of New South Wales, has been something wonderful. A writer, speaking of the period soon after the discovery, said: 'Sunday has been kept sacred from toil, as it were by common consent, and in many places service has been performed with great regularity. Disputes have been referred to the commissioners, and their decision at once accepted; and little robbery or violence has as yet taken place. With the consciousness of this peace and order reigning among so rough and miscellaneous an assemblage, it must be an interesting

sight to look down from some wooded eminence on one of these auriferous valleys, to see the lines and clusters of tents of all kinds, from the canvas marquee to the little bark "gunyah," gleaming in the sunshine, or peeping out here and there among the bush; and to look on several thousand men, in red or blue woollen shirts, with cabbage-tree hats, and "bearded like the pard," all busily and eagerly intent on their work; some digging, some wheeling and carrying, some washing and rocking, each acting independently, and yet all working together, with a willingness, intentness, and pertinacity, that nothing but the expectation of immediate gain could rouse in so many men at once. Notwithstanding the business and the work, or perhaps in consequence of it, silence is said to reign over the scene, undisturbed except by the hum of the rocker or the wheel-barrow, or the taps of the picks.'

But we must now say something concerning the quartz diggings. The underground working for gold does not differ materially in character from that of metallic minerals generally. In some districts a band of rock contains veins of quartz in which gold is disseminated; and the mining processes depend in detail on the direction which the veins take—access being obtained by vertical shafts and lateral galleries. The auriferous vein may be quartzose, or talc-slate, or pyritical, or any one of many different kinds, and the mining processes vary somewhat according to this circumstance; but in Australia and California the predominant gold-vein is quartz. In one place the vein averages about three feet in width, and stands vertically between walls of talcose slate; in others, talcose or quartzose, the vein is horizontal, inclined, or even tortuous. A vein sometimes thins away to nothing; and one vein may contain a hundred-fold as much gold as another. The actual facts cannot be ascertained without excavating. A shaft may be twenty or thirty feet deep, or may be (and is in some instances) as much as five hundred feet. Subject to exceptions here and there, a quartz vein will yield gold down to a certain depth, then gold and mundic (iron pyrites and other minerals), and finally mundic without gold. There is thus much of the excitement of speculation in quartz-mining, though not so much as in nugget-searching and sand-washing. The mode of sinking shafts and driving galleries does not differ materially from that adopted in the copper and tin mines of Cornwall; nor does the employment of the blasting-fuse, the pick, and the shovel need description. The upper-ground works connected with this kind of gold-mining embrace the following: (1.) The quartz or other vein-ore, brought up in pieces of any size, is crushed to a fine powder, usually by means of a stamping-mill worked by steam or water-power. (2.) The powder is plentifully washed with water, to carry off all the quartz and light mineral matter. (3.) Mercury or quicksilver is added to the remaining powder (that which contains the gold); the mercury and the gold unite by their intense affinity,

effect a separation from all other substances, and form an *amalgam*. (4.) This amalgam is exposed to heat in a suitable furnace or oven; the gold separates as pure metal; while the mercury rises in vapour, which is afterwards condensed again by cold into a liquid for further use, with very little waste.

SUPPLY AND CONSUMPTION OF GOLD.

Concerning the total quantity of gold in the world, there are many difficulties in the way of arriving at a just judgment. The annual addition to the existing stock of bullion or uncoined gold, which used to average about £5,000,000, took a sudden leap immediately after the Californian discoveries. The bullion-dealers of Europe received, from that year to 1857, quantities averaging about £20,000,000 every year. Still the wealth went on increasing. Mr Jacob some years ago calculated that there was gold coin in the whole world to the value of something like £380,000,000; but the great discoveries within the last twenty-two years must have largely increased this amount. England, in the last ten years, has coined 80,000,000 sovereigns; while France has exceeded this value, in the gold pieces of that country. According to the latest estimate, the annual produce of gold and silver mines now averages about £40,000,000, of which three-fourths is gold. The whole quantity now existing, and in use, is roughly guessed at £500,000,000.

We may readily suppose that none of this gold and silver is wilfully or wantonly *wasted;* yet it is found that the ordinary wear and tear amounts to something considerable in the course of a year. In one of the magazines, there was recently (1869) the following curious information on this subject: 'Gold coins wear away with singular regularity. Very few of them are hoarded; for nearly all classes are conversant with the fact that it is better to invest than to hoard, better to have money out at interest than idle in a box or an old stocking; and thus most gold coins go through about an equal amount of hard work. A sovereign of good sterling gold remains legally current until it has lost three-quarters of a grain in weight, after which time it becomes "light," in which state any one may refuse to take it [in legal payment of a debt]; and so proportionately of the half-sovereign. Now, it is found that a sovereign generally becomes "light" in about eighteen years, and a half-sovereign in ten years: the difference being due to the fact, that the surface of a half-sovereign is much more than half that of a sovereign, and is therefore exposed to proportionately harder usage. . . . If a sovereign is set to work on the 1st of January, it becomes lessened in value by the 31st of December to the extent of one-third of a farthing. A trifle certainly; but when we consider that nearly all the sovereigns are wearing away at the same rate during the same time, we shall see that the aggregate of trifles assumes a form very much like £30,000 a year.

This is a remarkable instance of unintentional and unavoidable waste; the particles of gold disappear, no one knows whither.' Some further remarks illustrate one of the curiosities of trade: 'A sovereign passed at the west end of London meets with better usage in such shops as jewellers' or milliners' than it does when rung with a strong arm on the counter of a potato salesman, where it would be rubbed by the sand. In commercial towns, the coin becomes light sooner than in other places; not only from its greater circulation, but in consequence of the rough usage it undergoes in being so often thrown into bankers' scales and drawers.'

It is hardly possible to form even a rough estimate of the quantity of gold used for purposes other than coinage. Many years ago, it was calculated that Birmingham used £50,000 worth of gold annually in making pencil-cases, eye-glasses, ear-rings, studs, buttons, and miscellaneous trinkets; but the quantity must now be very much larger, owing to the great increase of trade in that busy town, and especially to the introduction of electro-gilding. The quantity used by goldsmiths, jewellers, gilders, &c. all over the world, must of course be very large: it has been recently estimated at £15,000,000 annually—80 per cent. new metal, and 20 per cent. old.

Not the least curious among the facts connected with this subject is the very small amount of actual *waste* which occurs in gold and golden commodities. True (as was stated in a former paragraph), the wear and tear of our English sovereigns in the course of a year amounts to a value sufficient to attract the attention of financiers; but this amount is very trifling compared with the whole quantity over which it is spread. Every grain of gold is more carefully shielded from destruction than a grain of any other substance with which we are familiar. Not only do we preserve coin, plate, gold and gilt jewellery, &c. as long as possible, but every scrap is melted and re-melted over and over again, to be converted into new forms. Even the dust and refuse in goldbeaters' and jewellers' workshops are eagerly bought, to obtain the minute particles of gold out of them by burning, washing, melting, and other processes. A working goldbeater can obtain a new waistcoat in exchange for his old one, for the sake of the minute bits of gold which cling to it. From these usages it results that very little gold is actually wasted, lost, dissipated for ever: nearly all of it takes a new and useful life again. Where the lost particles go to, no one can say; to a certain limited extent we eat gold, drink gold, walk upon gold, impregnate the cloth of our pockets and the wood of our desks and drawers with gold.

Has the great increase in the supply of gold within the last few years materially lessened its exchangeable value, and so raised the prices of other commodities? Opinions have greatly differed on this point; but in the latest edition of M'Culloch's *Dictionary of Commerce* (1869), the question is answered in the negative. Gold

and silver are taken together, as 'precious metals;' and the matter is presented in the following light: The yearly addition to the gold and silver in the world is roughly estimated at £40,000,000. Of this, 1½ per cent will be wanted to replace wear and tear, loss, &c. amounting to £7,500,000. The currency in the whole world being set down at £500,000,000, about 2 per cent on this is needed for the increase of coined money to meet the demands of increasing commerce: this will absorb £10,000,000. Then, it is supposed that £15,000,000 worth of gold and silver is used in new plate, goldsmiths' work, &c.; and as one-fifth of this is obtained by melting up old gold and silver articles, there remains a demand for £12,000,000 of new metal annually. These three sums make up a total of £29,500,000, which, subtracted from £40,000,000, leaves a residue of £10,500,000. It is believed that this residue will be brought down still lower by the increase in gold and silver luxuries (beyond the present annual rate), which society in the aggregate will be able to afford. So that it comes to this: there will not be a surplus of such amount as materially to affect prices. 'The present supply of the precious metals is not more than adequate to meet the average existing demand; there is therefore no ground for anticipating a fall in their value, unless the supply should be increased, or the demand diminished.' After twenty-one years of Californian and eighteen of Australian supply of gold, there is nothing like a *general* rise in prices. 'There is in truth nothing whatever, in comparing the prices of to-day with those of twenty years ago, to entitle any one to affirm that the value of gold and silver has undergone any appreciable change in the interval.' Moreover, 'in all speculations in regard to the probable future supply of gold, it should be carefully borne in mind, that any considerable fall in its value would unavoidably check its production, and consequently tend to lessen or prevent its further fall. It is plain, for example, that a decline of ten per cent. in the value of gold, would, *cæteris paribus*, occasion the abandonment of all those mines, diggings, washings, &c., which already only yield a nett profit of that amount.'

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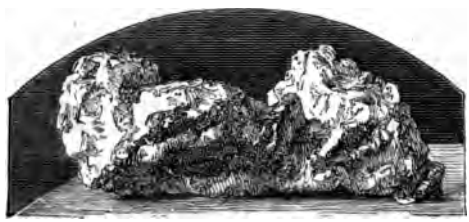


The 'Welcome Nugget.'

TRADITIONARY TALES OF TWEEDDALE.

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

EVERY one who has visited Tweeddale, and has traversed the banks of the lovely river which gives the district its most familiar name, must recollect the stately and massive castle of Neidpath, which rears its head within a short walk and in sight of Peebles, one of the most picturesquely situated towns in Scotland. The situation of the castle is a very fine one. The eminence on which it stands projects into the centre of the vale, here remarkably narrow, and around the southern base of the knoll winds the clear and sparkling Tweed. Immediately below, on the east, the vale opens widely up, but again becomes contracted about three miles farther down. A kind of amphitheatre is thus formed, bounded by hills, and having the town of Peebles in the centre, with Neidpath, like a gray-haired warder, overlooking all from its ground of vantage. Nor is the castle itself unworthy of such a position or such an office, partially ruinous though it now be. It is an old baronial tower, of square form and great bulk, with walls of remarkable height and thickness. The front of the castle looks down the vale, and is approached by an avenue, terminating in a courtyard, the gateway of which still bears a deer's head couped, and bunch of strawberries, the cognizance of the Frasers, once lords of the fortlet castle, and probably its

founders. On the top of the castle, in front, is a terrace, passing between two corner turrets or bartizans, and affording a splendid view of the adjacent country.

After being the property of the noble families of Fraser and Yester, the demesne and castle were purchased, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, by William, Duke of Queensberry, for his second son the Earl of March, and during his occupation an event occurred which forms one of the traditionary tales of the district.

Among the many noblemen and gentlemen of note who sought the hand of the lovely Lady Mary, daughter of the Earl of March, there was not one on whom she could be persuaded to look with favour. Her parents beheld this indifference with surprise, for among the suitors were several young men who were graced with handsome persons, high birth, and splendid fortune. This mysterious unconcern was, however, presently accounted for by the jealous watchfulness of the Countess of March, whose pride had taken alarm at certain indications of regard shewn by her daughter for the young laird of Tushielaw. When taxed with this dereliction of duty, the blushes of Lady Mary, and the perturbation into which she was thrown by the mention of her lover's name, confirmed her mother in her supposition. If, however, any doubt remained, it was speedily dissipated by an application of Tushielaw for the consent of the parents to a union with their daughter, while he urged their mutual affection as an apology for his seeming presumption. Young Scott of Tushielaw, though of an old and honourable family, was neither rich nor titled, and of course, in the opinion of the Earl and Countess of March, no fitting mate for their daughter. Lady Mary was therefore summoned into the presence of her incensed parents, and severely reprimanded for her undutiful conduct in having bestowed her affections without their leave. She was also informed of their unalterable determination to refuse their consent to her marriage, and forbidden ever to think again of her devoted lover. In those days it was more customary for high-born young women to sacrifice their feelings and attachments to the will of their parents, and the aggrandisement of their family, than it now is; and this command, which the unfortunate girl felt she could not obey, was yet received with meek submission, while she gave a reluctant promise that she would never marry without their consent. So far, she was able to control her own wishes, but from that moment she ceased to appear like one who has any interest in life or its affairs.

The earl and countess, elated with the victory which they imagined they had gained over the affections of their daughter, next rejected in haughty terms the proposal of Tushielaw; while they gave a death-blow to his hopes, by informing him that Lady Mary was now brought to a proper sense of her duty, and would never consent to be his. The attachment of this high-spirited young man was

characterised by all the deep devotion which possesses the heart of an enthusiastic lover in the days of his youthful romance; and feeling himself alike unable to brook the indignity put upon him by the parents, or to forget his love for the daughter, he speedily sought an alleviation of his wounded feelings in the fatigues and the amusements of foreign travel. It is in this manner that man, by his superior strength of nerve, is generally enabled to adopt some active measure by which he stems the tide of grief. The world lies open before him, inviting him to tread its busy paths, and investigate its novel features. The cup in which are mingled all its varied and fascinating pleasures is presented to his lips, and though principle and prudence may prevent his drinking too deeply of the intoxicating draught, he seldom refuses to find in it a temporary alleviation of his woes. But the woman who has given her whole heart, and all the sensibilities of her nature, to another, can only retire into solitude, to hide there from every eye the canker that consumes her spirit; and often does she fall a silent victim to her unobtrusive sorrow.

After Tushielaw had quitted Scotland, the parents of Lady Mary beheld her begin to droop and seek retirement. They knew too much of human nature to suppose that their mandate, though dutifully submitted to, could be so literally obeyed as to obliterate at once from the mind of their obedient child all traces of a first and ardent attachment; but, content for the present with her seeming wish to comply with their command, they trusted to time for her cure. They knew, however, but little of the depth of feeling and the unshaken constancy which resided in her bosom. Touched in some degree by her grief-stricken appearance, they became again kind and indulgent; and though the poor girl had a painful presentiment of a mortal wound, she endeavoured to contend with it for the sake of her parents, whose renewed affection she now felt with that redoubled force which is produced by contrast, and by that response of our nature which ever answers to the voice of love. Still, hers was a deep and silent grief, in which no one participated, and which she thought all seemed agreed in blaming, but which occupied her heart day and night, without being affected by change of season or of place, while she was denied that sympathy which would have allowed her, under any other calamity, the natural relief of lamentation and tears. In this state of mind she suffered herself, at the entreaty of her parents, to be once more led into the society from which she had withdrawn for a time, and in which, as she only appeared rather more quiet and thoughtful than formerly, they looked upon their hopes of a change in her sentiments as nearly confirmed. It was, in the meantime, merely by a strong effort that she concealed her inward sufferings from the eyes of casual observers; for nothing can be more repugnant to the unfortunate, than to satisfy the curiosity of common minds by any display of their misery. But when, having so far yielded

to the wishes of her parents, they ventured to second the suit of a new lover, whose alliance was calculated to add to the aggrandisement of even the proud family from which she sprung—when they tortured her harassed spirit by importunity, and mocked her desolate heart by telling her of the happiness she was to feel in this splendid alliance, her courage utterly failed. She now no longer sought to contend with her adverse destiny, but withdrew once more into the solitude she had only left that she might conciliate her parents, and refused again to quit it.

Displeased with this conduct of her daughter, and exasperated by the failure of the scheme for her establishment, her mother's manner towards her became distant and supercilious. This cruel and ungracious humour of Lady March bore hard upon the crushed spirit of the wretched girl, who, feeling unable to exist under the constant frown of her parents, frequently absented herself for days together from the family apartments, where she only encountered cold looks and unsympathising speech, and where every feeling was driven inwards. These periods of entire seclusion were looked upon by her mother as moody fits, which would again pass away; and although she was not altogether unmoved by the expression of uncomplaining misery which had taken possession of her beautiful features, still all was unattempted which could have soothed her gentle spirit. Feeling thus abandoned by all, and without hope in this world, the only solace of the unfortunate Mary was her twilight walks in the vicinity of the castle. There, as she glided in her white garments, with noiseless footstep, along the sheep-tracks, the parents stood mutely and fearfully gazing upon her, almost persuading themselves they beheld a parted spirit moving before them on the brown hillsides.

It was autumn when young Tushielaw left Scotland. The winter had passed, and spring again returned; but little recked the broken-hearted girl of the fair flowers that were springing, or the bright skies that were beaming. Lady March had hitherto borne to look upon her daughter's anguish of mind without seeming moved by it; but when she at length beheld bodily indisposition added to mental suffering, and learned from Lady Mary's attendant that her nights were spent in sleepless vigils, while her bosom heaved heavily with the respiration which became hourly more difficult, then it was that all the mother was roused within her. Then the woe-worn look of the hitherto unpitied girl fell on her like a spell, and regret and sorrow filled her heart, and she earnestly sought to repair the injury she had done by the most soothing language and the most careful nursing. This change in her mother's conduct was received with affection, and acknowledged with gratitude; but it appeared to come too late for the heart that seemed as if it could no longer vibrate to the voice of joy, and which treasured the hope that its struggles were about to cease in the grave. Lady March perceived this with terror

and alarm, and, seeing no other means which gave the most distant hope of saving her daughter's life, she prevailed on her lord to send a confidential servant abroad, charged with dispatches for Tushielaw, informing him of their daughter's dangerous state of health, and conjuring him, if he was still attached to her, to return with all possible speed.

Of this new arrangement Lady Mary was cautiously informed by her mother, and she listened with a charmed ear, while a host of fond recollections and secret hopes took possession of her bosom. Love was once more dressed in smiles, and wove his mystic spells around her heart; and a surprising degree of renovation seemed for a while to take place. But a false bloom was on her cheek, and gleams of sepulchral brightness were darting from her eyes. While anxious to believe what she so much desired, the deceived mother, wrapping herself in security, looked upon her with tears of joy. This treacherous calm, however, soon passed away, and the hapless Mary's fits of languor became daily longer, and the exhaustion of nature more apparent.

The time was already past when tidings of Tushielaw were expected from the continent, and she who had courted death was now clinging to life, and assiduously following every prescription of her physician to retard the rapid progress of her insidious disease, that she might once more behold him; for, while struggling for the humblest resignation to what she felt must now inevitably be her fate, she sent forth many a fervent prayer that she might be permitted, ere her eyes were closed for ever, to lay her throbbing head upon his bosom, and hear his words of constancy and love. Still, day followed day, and she grew weaker and weaker, till she was at length unable to walk or stand, and yet no tidings of the wanderer.

At length intelligence arrived, which gave notice of the very hour at which he might be expected, ere yet that same day had closed. Again the sinking spirit of the dying Mary revived; and when the time was at hand that she expected her lover, she caused herself to be carried into a little stone balcony above the principal gateway of the castle, which commanded a view of the road by which he must approach. It was a glorious evening in June; the heavens were calm and beautiful, the glare and heat of day had departed, and left the mild lustre of the sinking sun, with all its accompaniments of light and shade. And while Mary sat reclining on her pillowed chair, so unclouded was her brow, so bright her eye, and so bland her smile, that, as her mother stood at her side, gazing on her fragile but lovely child, she was again almost beguiled into hope.

Time was now fast flying, and the expected one did not appear. The sun was approaching the horizon, the last flush of day was spread over the landscape, its background began to grow dim, and shades to lie on the sides of the Edston hills; and, with the fading light, Mary's hopes seemed also to fade. In this state of anxiety her

sight and hearing became supernaturally acute, and Lady March was presently aware, from her listening attitude, that some sound had struck upon her ear, which seemed to agitate her frame. So deep was the calm that lay upon all around, that the wing of the smallest bird was heard to flutter through the air; yet no one but herself distinguished that sound of horse's feet which had caused the sensation observed by her mother. And now her thin white hand was raised to fling back from the keenly hearing ear, and the sharply searching eye, the long rich tresses of dark-brown shining hair, on which the last rays of the sun were glowing; and after gazing intensely forward for an instant, her lips murmured forth: 'It is he!' Yet Lady March could not for some time discern that what appeared at first to her as a mere speck upon the distant road, was a man and horse.

What had at first sight appeared the smallest object, came on and on, and presently approached, while Lady March anxiously regarded the countenance of her daughter, who, with a trembling intensity of feeling, watched the progress of the advancing figure. And now he reached the gate of the castle, and threw himself from his steed, while Mary, who was before unable to stand, sprang from her chair, and, bending her attenuated form over the balcony, extended her arms as if about to fly towards him, while she uttered an exclamation of rapturous greeting. But in his haste to enter he saw her not. The blood rushed across her brow for an instant, and then retiring to her heart, left her countenance overspread with the hues of death. Lady March caught her in her arms, replaced her in her seat, and saw her eyes fixed upon her. While the last fleeting smile curved her young lips, her hands sank down from pressing on her exhausted heart, whose last throbs had been expended in the welcome of her lover; and the voice was stilled—and the eyes were closed—and she slept in death, even while his footsteps were heard ascending towards her.

This melancholy event, it will be recollected, forms the theme of one of Campbell's most beautiful lyrics:

'But ah! so pale, he knew her not,
Though her smile on him was dwelling.
And am I then forgot—forgot?—
It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs—
Her cheek is cold as ashes;
Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes
To lift their silken lashes.'

BURNET OF CASTLEHILL.

In consequence of some of those civil and domestic broils which disturbed the reign of the beauteous Mary of Scotland, her ill-fated husband found it convenient to retire for a time to the castle of Smithfield in Tweeddale, where, with a small retinue, he occupied himself in the pleasures of the chase and other sports of the country. His residence here was rendered very uncomfortable, by the predatory spirit which infested the Borders, and which, according to a historian of the period, was partaken of in no small degree by the inhabitants of Tweeddale themselves. The castle which served as a habitation to Darnley stood on the side of a hill immediately adjoining the ancient burgh of Peebles, and was then a place of considerable strength, though not a stone now remains to tell its site. Here, then, dwelt the young king when the circumstances occurred which we are about to relate, as the voice of tradition brought them to our knowledge.

The vale of Manor, situated a few miles to the west of the town of Peebles, is one of the most pleasant of the many glens which send in their tributary waters to the Tweed. For those who love the richly cultivated field and the smooth-shaven lawn, the vale of Manor has few charms; but to those who are admirers of nature in her wilder aspects, who delight in the bold and heath-clad hill, and in the clear rock-born streamlet, it is a scene full of beauty and interest. Though at the present day only a solitary tree raises its lonely head here and there on the steep declivities, the vale at one time unquestionably formed a part of the tract called the Forest, in the matted woods of which the Scottish monarchs hunted the wild-boar and the wolf, as well as game of a less terrible character. But, like Yarrow, Manor now presents only 'the grace of forest charms decayed, and pastoral melancholy.'

Whatever other changes the vale may have undergone, its little mill still remains, in nearly the same situation which it occupied three hundred years ago. We do not mean to aver that the same tenement in which honest Andrew Tod drew from his neighbours the dues of multure is still existent; the hand of time has long since crumbled the old walls into dust; but nearly in the same spot does the stream of the Manor still whirl round a noisy clapper, as it did in the days of Queen Mary. Many an occupant, too, has been resolved into dust, indistinguishable from that of the stone walls which he inhabited, since the time of the personage we have named. Andrew Tod, the miller of Kirkton, as the place was denominated, was, at the time of this eventful story, a man considerably above sixty years of age, but still rosy in complexion, and unbroken in

bodily health. Time had slightly thinned and whitened his temples; but he merited still the epithet often bestowed on those of his trade, of 'a jolly miller.' Andrew bore a high character for honesty; a character which, without antithesis, was *not*, in his times, often bestowed on those of his trade; and the Kirkton miller had obtained, through his honesty and industry, sufficient of the goods of this world to make him comfortable in it. His family, for three generations, had been occupants of the mill of Kirkton, and Andrew's greatest ambition was to be succeeded in it by his posterity. He had married early in life, but for many years had been unblessed with a family, until his wife brought him a daughter, and died in giving birth to her. The miller's whole affections were thus thrown upon one object, and the little Mary Tod was in a fair way, it might seem, of being from infancy a spoilt child; for her father's love was liker to doting than ordinary parental affection. But circumstances fortunately intervened which rendered Mary Tod, at the age of eighteen, not only far from being a spoilt child, but a girl of manners and intelligence far above the ordinary maidens of her rank. What these circumstances were, it is necessary that we should explain.

In the preceding reign, namely, that of James V. the ancient church first began to lose its hold on the respect of the Scottish people. In this reign, at least, the first open defections were made to the reformed doctrines. The Catholics, however, were still in possession of power, and the king himself could not stand out against them, or defend the Reformers from their enmity. Hence those who openly professed the new doctrines were in many instances obliged to fly, and to hide themselves, for the preservation of their lives. One of these fugitives, a worthy priest who had attached himself to the new light, had found a shelter in the little retired vale of Manor. Here he applied himself to the teaching of the rural population around; and such was his utility, and the respect which his learning and manners acquired, that he spent his days in safety while the hour of danger lasted; and when the reformed religion came to be openly professed by the country, continued still instructing the youth of the little vale. His place of refuge had been the cot of a poor widow, whose husband had died about the period of the good priest's arrival, and had left her with an infant boy to provide for as best she might. The small pittance which the priest could afford to her, together with the produce of a little plot of land, constituted the whole of her revenue. Her son, Edward Burnet, was the favourite pupil of the refugee; and well did his progress and attainments repay the care bestowed on him. The miller's fair daughter also had been, from her childhood almost, the object of the good priest's instructions; nor was this care thrown away on an unfruitful soil. Edward and Mary were thus often together when children; and as they grew in years, they still continued to receive

jointly the lessons of the priest. But whether this arose altogether from a desire of learning, is matter of doubt; and in this dubitation our readers will most probably be inclined to join, after perusing what follows.

It was a clear and pleasant evening in summer when Mary Tod left the door of her father's comfortable straw-thatched dwelling, and directed her steps to the side of the little stream of the Manor. She was neatly dressed in apparel of her own spinning; and though it was evidently not her holiday suit, yet everything was arranged with such care, as betokened some purpose in her mind of appearing to the best advantage where she was going. As she tripped lightly along the bank of the stream, her comely face and handsome form made her appear like the rural genius of the place. Mary's thoughts, however, were filled entirely with objects of a sublunary and mortal character; and though she was pretty enough for the deity of the stream to fall in love with her, as used to be the case with streams in the days of Homer, she would not, we believe, have broken the *tryst* which she had made with an earthly lover for the flowing tresses of Neptune himself. After a walk of some length, Mary turned into a little glen which sent in its tribute of waters to the Manor, and, casting an anxious gaze around for some moments, seated herself at the foot of a solitary mountain-ash, or, as she herself would have called it, a rowan-tree. Here she did not sit long alone—though quite long enough for the slightest pout imaginable to gather on her pretty lip—before she was joined by the person for whom she waited. This was a slender but well-knit young man, dressed in the usual attire of a peasant, but seeming, from his fine intellectual face, as if that were not his proper habiting.

'Do you keep a' your sweethearts waiting for you this gait?' said Mary, starting to her feet when her lover came forward; 'they would need to like you weel, else they wadna tryst to meet you a second time.'

'And so you do like me weel, Mary?' said the youth, slipping, with a very inefficient repulse, his arm around the maiden's waist; 'at least you should do so, Mary, for you know how truly, how deeply I like you.'

'It does not seem sae, Edward,' replied the miller's daughter, not yet altogether pleased, or probably indulging a little in that strange peculiarity of lovers which leads them, in the absence of any great cause of offence, to make the most of any little one that occurs, for the mere pleasure of asking or being asked forgiveness.

In the present instance, however, when her lover informed Mary that his delay was caused principally by a slight illness of his mother, all the coquettish pouting disappeared at once, and the pair, restored to the confiding tone which marked their feelings with respect to each other, began to speak of their situation and prospects. In explanation of these, we may inform the reader that the

miller had set his heart on having for a son-in-law a person familiarly named Will Elliot of Castlehill, whose free manners and show of substance had taken Andrew Tod's fancy. Castlehill was a small but strong tower or keep, with a considerable piece of land attached to it, and situated at a distance of a mile or little more from the mill of Kirkton. Elliot, who was tenant of this place, was a man of about thirty-five years of age, of a roving, swaggering manner, and lavish on all occasions of his money. He had not been many years a resident in the vale of Manor, and, it was supposed, had brought a great deal of wealth with him, as it was plain that the small farm which he now occupied could not maintain his expenditure. He kept a set of fine horses, and plenty of servants about him; and being a good customer to the miller, and spending whole days about the mill, lounging and jesting with him, he had found the way, as we have said, to Andrew's good graces; and when he opened a proposal for a marriage, the miller was not averse to it. 'He's a roving kind o' chield,' thought Andrew Tod; 'but Mary wad mak' onybody into a gude husband.'

The news of Elliot having opened his addresses to her, with her father's cordial consent, were told by Mary to Edward Burnet at the trysting rowan-tree. 'Oh, Mary,' said the lover, 'I aye thought something like this would happen. Your father is a rich man, and has a little of the pride that ever gangs alang wi' riches. But you must promise me,' continued he, speaking with great earnestness—'you must promise me, Mary, whatever becomes of myself, that you never will tak' Will Elliot as your husband. He is a bad man, and would soon break a heart like yours.' Observing that the young maiden only smiled at this, he repeated with greater earnestness: 'Do not think that this is merely jealousy on my part, Mary. Elliot *is* a bad man, and it will be seen and known, maybe, some day before his death yet. You must promise, Mary, not to think of him.'

Mary, notwithstanding his vehemence, could not help smiling still; but she laid her hand on his arm at the same time, and said with seriousness: 'Have I no gi'en my troth, Edward, to you? Are you gaun to desert me, that you tell me what I am to do regarding other men? They'll be a' alike to me then,' said she with simple feeling. Burnet's reply to this was such as might be expected from a lover so addressed. But what more passed at this interview it does not seem to us necessary to repeat; suffice it to say, that after a short time they separated; Mary having first assured her lover of her confidence that her father would not hurry her into a match against her will.

Leaving Mary to wend her way to her abode, let us request the reader to accompany us to Castlehill, the dwelling of the husband whom the miller had chosen for his daughter. The keep of Castlehill was situated on an eminence, formed by the rounded angle of

a hill, projecting into the vale of the Manor, and the tower thus commanded a view both up and down the whole strath. The interior of the house had exceedingly little accommodation; but in those days the whole household, master and servants, mingled so freely together, that less room was necessary. This appeared particularly to be the case with the household of Castlehill; for in a large room, on the evening in question, the master, Will Elliot, not only sat at one board, but appeared to be on terms, in every respect, of perfect equality with his dependents. Half-a-dozen men, dressed as farm-servants, occupied places at the table, and were at this time plying lustily at some ale which stood in flagons before them.

'Ha, my lads,' said Elliot, 'is it not better roving by night here, where we are never suspected, than risking our necks every night, as we did in Teviotdale?'

'I am no sae sure, Will Elliot, but some of the neighbours will soon suspect us. The last raid we took o'er the hill to Dawick was by gude moonlight, and I am muckle mista'en if what Tam took for a ghost, wasna the livin' body o' Ned Burnet coming up frae seeing the miller's daughter.'

'Confound the brat,' said Elliot; 'I'll spoil his wooing for him. But, lads, d'ye think it was light enough for him to ken us, if it was he?' Some of the men said no, and others yes, so that their master, or rather their leader, could not come to any decision on the subject. 'Never mind,' said he at last; 'I can tell you of something new, something better than lifting a sheep or two; for there's aye risk at the selling of them, when ane wants a pickle hard cash. Has ony o' you noticed the gentleman that hunts alone sometimes about the hills?'

'I saw a gentleman wi' a green hunting-dress,' replied the man who spoke before, 'but there was a servant wi' him.'

'He is oftener alone, though,' said Elliot, 'and that man, lads, is a prize. He must be one of the rich young nobles that are staying with the young king at Smithfield Castle, for I saw him pay a boy, for pointing out his road, out of a large purse filled with the queen's best coin. That purse must be ours. Drink to our success, lads.'

More conversation of the same nature passed between the outlaw —for such was his true character—and his midnight followers; but it is not essential to our purpose to repeat all that took place. The result of the consultation was, that two or three of the men, and the outlaw among them, should severally post themselves, as much disguised as possible, at those parts of the hunting track where they were likeliest to meet with the object of their cupidity.

A few days after this, during which nothing of interest occurred to Mary, her lover, or any other of the personages of this true tale, a gentleman, answering the description given by the outlaw's follower, in so far as regarded the dress, which was a green hunting-coat, was

passing slowly along the heights that overlooked the vale of Manor. The stranger was tall and finely formed, and every point of his attire was in a rich and expensive style. He was armed only with a *couteau de chasse*, or short hunting-sword, and appeared, from his slow lingering pace, to be awaiting the upcoming of a companion or attendant. He had just reached the side of a copse of underwood when a man sprang from its cover, and seizing the stranger's arm with a powerful and muscular grasp, demanded roughly the surrender of his purse. But the hunter was in the prime of his youth, and, exerting his strength, he shook off at once the hold of our friend Will Elliot, and drawing his sword, stood on his defence. This required a moment's time, during which the outlaw, before proceeding further, gave a shrill call on a whistle suspended from his neck. He then turned with his drawn sword upon the hunter; for, to do Elliot justice, he was afraid of no single man. The sword of the stranger was a short one; but in the two minutes' contest which ensued, the outlaw found that he had to do with a master of fence. One of Elliot's followers, however, who had heard the call, came up at the moment, and the stranger, who saw him approaching, almost gave up his life as lost.

In order to defend himself to the last, he changed his position so far as to get his back to one of the strong copse bushes. But help was at hand when least expected. Scarcely had the outlaw's follower interposed a single blow, when a strong arm levelled him to the earth from behind with a cudgel. The outlaw turned half round at the unforeseen stroke which deprived him of his assistant, and on seeing whence the aid came, bounded into the copse from which he had issued, and was out of sight in an instant. The hunter, whose blood was heated with the encounter, would have pursued him, but his preserver detained him almost by force. 'It wad be an act o' madness, sir, to pursue him. I ken him as weel as this man lying senseless at our feet, in spite o' their disguises. They are pairt o' a gang, and their companions will not be far off; let us quit the place, sir, as fast as we can.' The stranger saw the propriety of following this advice, and the two quickly left the spot, where the outlaw's follower still lay without signs of life.

The nearest and safest refuge to which Edward Burnet, who was the stranger's deliverer, could conduct the gentleman, was the mill of Kirkton. On their way thither, the stranger inquired into the name and circumstances of his companion, and assured him that the service he had done would not be forgotten. He also learned on whom Burnet's suspicions fell as the authors of the outrage—suspicions which he concurred with Edward in thinking it would be improper to mention without further confirmation. On reaching the miller's house, and detailing what had occurred, old Andrew congratulated the stranger on his escape, and praised Edward for his manliness. 'It maun ha'e been some of the same forest gang that

cleared the Dawick barn the other night,' said the miller, speaking of the perpetrators of the attack: 'within this year or twae, they seem never to be out o' Tweeddale a single night: de'il be in their skins.' Mary Tod also praised her lover; but her praises were confined to kind and admiring looks, which spoke her meaning, however, so openly, that the stranger read them evidently with as much ease as the object of them did. The miller pressed the stranger to remain at the mill all night; but he declined the kind offer, and only requested the protection of some of Andrew's sturdy assistants in the mill as far as the town of Peebles. This was readily granted, though the miller would have been better pleased had his visitor stayed. The truth is, that Andrew was not a little curious to know who the stranger might be; but a certain dignity in the latter's demeanour, and the richness of his apparel, struck the miller with an undefinable feeling of respect, and placed a guard on his lips. The stranger requested Edward Burnet also to accompany him to the burgh town; a request which was at once assented to by the young man, but which the hunter read in Mary's countenance to be not at all agreeable to her. The miller's fair daughter probably thought that her lover had faced enough of danger, and shewn enough of manliness, for one day. But the stranger had a certain purpose to serve, and, in disregard of the damsel's uneasiness, not only took Edward with him, but detained him all night, as the miller's men reported, who had been dismissed by the stranger, with a handsome remuneration, a short way from the town of Peebles, and who carried a message from Edward to his mother, to prevent any anxiety on his account.

But neither was Mary Tod nor any other person left long in wonder or uneasiness on this subject. At an early hour on the following day, a party of horsemen, above twenty in number, halted for a short time at the mill of Kirkton, on their way up the vale of Manor. At their head rode the stranger of the preceding day, and by his side Mary Tod observed her lover on foot, acting apparently as a guide to the party. While the stranger conversed with the miller, Edward took the opportunity of stealing for a moment into the house, and of explaining to the anxious Mary what was going on, and why he had been detained all night from his home. The miller's daughter was surprised at the hope and joy which sparkled in her lover's countenance; but his explanation of the cause speedily raised sympathetic emotions in her own breast. 'It is the young king, Mary, Darnley himsel', who was attacked yestreen; and if I am right in thinking, as I took an oath to the best of my belief last night at Smithfield Castle, that it was Will Elliot who played the villain trick, I am a made man, Mary. The farm o' Castlehill, which you ken is the king's land, will be mine. Nae fears o' Andrew refusing his consent then, my ain Mary; and I will be the happiest man alive, wi' the best wife in Tweeddale. But they are moving on

to rummage the reiving villain's keep, sae I maun away to lead them.' And in a minute or two, before the miller's daughter could recover from her surprise so far as to get a woman's look at the gallant and princely form of Darnley, the party had moved on to their destination.

It is unnecessary to detail all that passed at the examination of the keep of Castlehill. The outlaw himself, conscious in all likelihood of having been known to Burnet at the time of his assault on Darnley, had absconded; nor was he ever taken, or heard of again in the vale of Manor. Full evidence, however, of his guilt was found; for the poor wretch who had joined him in the previous day's attack had crawled home on recovering his senses, and was discovered on his pallet in a state of great suffering. He made a confession of the whole affair, and revealed as much of other deeds as sufficed to banish the rest of Elliot's followers from the kingdom; and gave an explanation of many mysterious robberies that had, in the course of several years, annoyed and alarmed the country-side. Thus was Burnet not only the succourer of the king in the time of need, but his detection of Elliot's misdemeanours turned out also a most important service to the whole district.

We have little more to add, than that Darnley performed his promise to Edward, and bestowed on him the farm of Castlehill, in which the young man led no lonely life; for such was Andrew Tod's thankfulness at the narrow escape he had made from matching his only child with a robber, that it was generally believed he would have given her to Edward, though the latter had remained poor as before. As it was, however, to have saved a king, and to be possessor of a farm, were no disadvantages. The young king danced at the wedding of Edward and Mary, which took place on the day on which the bridegroom entered into the lands and house of Castlehill; and henceforward, the tower which had sheltered a den of midnight reivers became the home of a happy and thriving family, one of the junior members of which, to the great satisfaction of Andrew Tod, who lived long enough to see it, became the miller of Kirkton on the Manor.

HELEN SYMINGTON.

AMIDST the hills of Tweeddale there are many lonely valleys, which seem remote from all human ken—little separate regions, where you may loiter for a summer's day without seeing a living thing, save a few straggling sheep, which lift up their heads in seeming wonder as you pass. Or there may rise at your foot a startled hare, or a covey of moorfowl, unused to such intrusion; where no sound reaches your ear excepting the song of the skylark, the bleat of the sheep, the hum of the wild-bee, and the low

murmuring of a burn, stealing along its quiet way to pay its tribute to the Tweed. It was to one of those sequestered spots, being a stranger in the country, that I was one day led by an old man, who undertook to be my guide to the best streams for trout-fishing. But though now deserted by man, as I have described this valley, there had been a time when it was inhabited, as appeared from a roofless and ruined hut, over the walls of which the ivy and the wild-flower had apparently crept for years. I observed to my guide what a lonely dwelling it must have been. 'It was so,' said the old man; 'but love and youth can make any place a paradise; and happiness once dwelt there, though it did not continue; and though the fate of its hapless inhabitants made a great noise in the country at the time, it is now in a measure forgotten, for it is more than fifteen years since a fire was kindled in that lone house.' Perceiving by this that something remarkable had happened to the last occupiers of the desolated hut, and being tired with ascending and descending the neighbouring hills, I sat down, and requested the old man, who was the schoolmaster of a village where I had for some days taken up my abode, to gratify my curiosity by repeating to me the story to which he had alluded. The place where I had chosen my seat was a little grassy bank, near the brink of the rivulet, and about forty yards below the site of the little ruin, which stood on the side of a hill; and the old man, having placed himself beside me, began his narration.

'My occupation as a teacher gives me, of course, an opportunity of observing with accuracy the dispositions of the youth I instruct; and I have never met with a girl of more ardent affections, or of better temper, or who possessed more amiable qualities, than Helen Symington. She was the daughter of an honest and respectable weaver in our village, of which, as she grew up to womanhood, she was the pride. When scarce twenty years old, she married William Brydon, a sensible, well-disposed young man, who was principal shepherd to the owner of this property, and came here with him to live in that cottage which is now a ruin, but which was then, by the unwearied industry of Helen, a neat and comfortable habitation; and never, in those early days of her marriage, did lark carol more blithely to the sun, than did she while employed in her household occupations, or, as passing over the heather with a light step, she carried some refreshment to her William, when detained with his flock in some more distant sheep-walk. Even when left by herself in this wild solitude, she felt no loneliness, for all was peace and joy within and without. William loved her entirely, and her alone; and she knew it, and in that knowledge all her earthly wishes were complete. Yet was this feeling of felicity still increased, when, before the year had completed its circle, she sat, in a summer evening, on yonder little turf seat at the door, with her infant in her arms, watching her husband descending the opposite hill, and drawing

nearer and nearer, till at length her baby shared with her in his caresses. The second winter of their abode here was unusually severe; but it was William's care to guard his wife and child from its inclemency, by many little ingenious contrivances to render their cottage more impervious to the cold; while Helen looked forward each day with longing solicitude to the evening hour which restored him to a participation of its comforts, and seated him by its cheerful hearth. And thus the winter had nearly passed away, and they began to anticipate the varied joys of spring, when the birds would again sing around their cot, and all nature, awakened from its wintry sleep, would start anew into life and joy. The month of February arrived, and the weather seemed so settled and serene, that, for two successive Sabbaths, Helen, with her infant enveloped in her cloak, and accompanied by her husband, had crossed the hills to the parish church. On the second of those Sabbaths, they "took sweet counsel," and, walking together to the house of God, they conversed of a better and a purer world, where they should fear no after-parting. And as Helen listened to her husband, who was eloquent on this subject, she thought she had never heard him speak so like a minister, or seen him so full of holy hope. I notice this particularly, as it is a circumstance I shall have occasion to mention again. On the next morning after this conversation, William departed with the sheep from this valley for a distant fair. The weather was still fine when he gathered his flock, and bade farewell to his beloved Helen for three days, promising to return on the evening of the third. He had never been absent from his home all night but twice since his marriage, and that for a single night each time. His wife, however, expressed no fear from being left alone for so unwonted a time; for the fact is, that there is in general more courage in women of her humble rank in life than in any other, for they are too much occupied to find time for the indulgence of idle alarms; nor do they meet with any encouragement to affect fears till the folly becomes a habit. Neither did William experience any uneasiness on account of the solitariness of the dwelling in which he was to leave her, considering that very circumstance as the principal warrant for her safety.

'The weather, I have said, was fine at the time of his departure; but in our treacherous climate, and especially in these hilly districts, there is nothing more uncertain than a continuance of settled weather at that season of the year; and never did it exhibit more rapid transitions than during the three days of William's absence. Before the shades of the first night had fallen on the hills, the rain had descended their sides in torrents, and swelled the little burn into a river. On the second night, the clouds had disappeared, and a keen frost succeeded, which, ere morning, arrested the water in its course, and transformed the ground for some distance round where we now sit into a frozen lake. Again another change came o'er the spirit of the storm: dark clouds began to gather, and showers of sleet and

snow to fall, till all again was hoary winter. But still, when night came on, there was seemingly, from the quietness of its descent, no depth of snow, though it had fallen at intervals for many hours, and as the time was now arrived when Helen expected to see her husband, she felt no dread of harm; and no sooner had she put her baby to sleep, than she prepared a change of garments, a warm supper, "a blazing ingle and a clean hearthstane," for her William, and often opened the door to listen and look out, if haply she might discern his dark figure against the opposite white hill descending the footpath towards his home. She was, however, as often disappointed, and returned again to heap fresh fuel on the fire, till she began to feel, first the heart-sickness of "hope deferred," and then the heavy pressure of foreboding evil; and when her baby waked, there were, in the melancholy tones of the hymn with which she soothed him to rest, a soul-subduing pathos; for it has been my lot to hear again that lullaby, when it sounded even more deeply affecting than it could then have done. Poor Helen continued all night her visits to the door, till at length, just as morning began to dawn, she heard her name shouted out by the well-known voice of William. Joy came to her heart, for she thought he had seen her, and though she looked in vain for him, still he was near. But again she heard his voice, and his words fell distinctly on her ear: "Oh, Helen, Helen, I perish!" She flew with the speed of lightning down the bank; but when she approached near to this spot, her progress was arrested, for the ice, from which the water had receded below, could not bear her weight. And then it was for the first time she discovered, through the indistinct glimmering of the dawn, and by his own words, that, on William's having reached the middle of the burn, where the force of the stream below had rendered it hollow, the ice had given way, and he was only kept from sinking by his arms resting on the surrounding part, which was still firm. Again and again Helen tried in each direction to reach him, in spite of his urgent entreaties to keep off, and his assurances that he had hopes of being able to maintain his position for a length of time, from the manner in which he was wedged between the ice, and its apparent thickness in that place where it had been gurged together; though he feared to make the smallest exertion to extricate himself, lest he should go down. In this extremity there was only one course which gave the agonised wife any chance of saving the life of her husband, and that was to seek for more efficient aid than her own. Meantime William was almost fainting with exhaustion from fatigue, cold, and hunger; and Helen, thinking that if she could supply him with some food, he would be better able to endure his situation till she could procure assistance, ran to the house, and, putting some of what had been intended for his supper into a small basket, took a sheep-crook, and, having tied a stick to one end of it, hooked the basket on to the other end, and in this manner conveyed it to him.

At the same time she pushed a blanket close to him with the crook, and having seen him draw it by degrees round his head and shoulders, she returned to the cottage, wrapped her child in a small blanket, and throwing her cloak around her, took it in her arms; then, having taken a hasty leave of her husband, in words which were half a farewell and half a solemn prayer for his preservation till her return, she set off on her journey of four miles to the next farmhouse, for no nearer was there a human dwelling.

'Helen Symington was at all times active, but now a supernatural strength seemed to be given her; and, in spite of her burden, she proceeded swiftly through the snow, ascending the hills with incredible rapidity, and flying rather than running down their declivities. Thus she proceeded till nearly three of the miles were passed; but the snow, which had ceased falling for some time, now began again to descend thickly, and was accompanied by sudden gusts of wind, which drove it full in her face, and prevented her from seeing the different objects by which she marked her way. She wandered on in this manner, endeavouring to avoid the deeper parts of the snow, which the wind was beginning to drift into hillocks on all sides of her; while she was almost driven frantic by the fear of losing her way, and by the cries of her infant. In vain did she endeavour to warm him, by pressing his little limbs close to her bosom, and by doubling and redoubling the cloak over him, regardless of her own exposure to the biting blast. He at length ceased crying, and fearful that the torpor of death had seized him, and feeling her own strength beginning to fail, despair seemed to take possession of her, when the snow ceased for a short time, and she found that she had wandered far away from the road to the onstead which she so eagerly sought to reach. But thoughts of her husband again strung her nerves, and she once more regained the right direction. This happened several times; and had she alone been concerned, she must have perished; for nothing but the energy inspired by the faint hope of saving her husband and child prevented her from lying down to die. But what a gleam of joy shot through her overspent frame when, on looking up just as a fierce blast had swept by, she beheld the farmhouse at a short distance! New strength seemed to be again imparted to her stiffening limbs; and at length she reached the door, told her tale, and almost immediately four men belonging to the farm were ready to start, with all necessary implements for extricating William from his singular and perilous situation. Helen's infant, who had been benumbed for many hours, shewed little signs of recovery: she, however, delivered it, though with an aching heart, to the farmer's wife (a benevolent woman, who was herself a mother), and determined, contrary to all advice and opposition, to return to her husband. Nor, had she remained, could she have served the poor infant, who died shortly after she left the house.

'The poor distracted wife, mounted on horseback behind a man,

now proceeded on her way with all the speed the animal could exert in its toilsome journey, while her whole soul was absorbed in the one desire of finding her husband alive; of which no hope could have been entertained but for the depth of the valley, which, from the way that the wind set, might in a great measure have occasioned it to escape the drift that was fast blocking up the roads, and transforming plains into hills. But who shall calculate the years of misery which Helen seemed to endure while this suspense hung over her? She was, as I have said, possessed of deep and ardent feelings, and they were now strained to their utmost tension. After much difficulty in avoiding the deeper wreaths of snow, and in floundering through the less dangerous, the party at length reached the entrance of the valley. All here seemed propitious to their hopes, for the snow was but little drifted. The men who were on foot had, however, by a nearer way, which the horse could not travel, first reached the spot, where, sad to tell, though poor William still retained his suspended posture, the snow was drifted over him, and he no longer breathed. They had succeeded, however, in extricating the body, which they bore to the cot, and laid upon the bed before the arrival of Helen, who, with a frantic hope still clinging to her heart, repeated, unweariedly and often, every means to bring him back to life, though foiled in all. Alas, poor girl! her young and ardent heart had loved her husband almost to idolatry, and with him the charm of life was fled. The spring of hope and existence was dried up at the fountain-head. The stroke was too heavy for her to bear, and a brain fever was the immediate consequence of her great bodily exertion and mental suffering. For a considerable time her life was despaired of; yet youth, and the natural strength of her constitution, gained a transitory triumph, and some degree of bodily health returned; but the mind had become an utter ruin. She was removed, as soon as it could be safely accomplished, back to our village, and became again an inmate of her father's house, where I have often sat for hours listening to the suggestions of her wayward fancy, where William still reigned paramount. Fortunately, all that had passed since the intensity of her suffering began, seemed quite annihilated in her recollection; for she talked of her husband as being still absent at the fair, and still sung to her infant that hymn with which she soothed it to sleep on the first night of her misfortunes, and which has often forced the tears from my eyes and the sobs from my breast. No tongue can describe the touching melody of her soft and melancholy voice, or the sweet subdued expression of her beautiful countenance, which became daily more wan and delicate; till, at the end of two years, her weakness was so great that she was unable to rise from her chair, and I was one evening sent for in haste to see her. When I entered her father's house I was met by the old man, who imparted to me the surprising intelligence that Helen had recovered her senses. I immediately anticipated that a change was about to

take place; and had no sooner looked upon her, than I was confirmed in my opinion. Sorrow had completed its work, and she was about to pass from our sight for ever. The recollection of her husband's sad fate had returned with her reason. But neither the remembrance of it, of her own sufferings, nor the knowledge of her child's death, which she now knew for the first time, seemed to trouble her; for her thoughts were fixed on that better country where she rejoiced that they were already waiting her arrival, and spoke of the conversation which passed between William and her on the last Sabbath they were together, as an earnest which it had pleased God to vouchsafe of their happy meeting. I am an elder of the church, and it was in that capacity that Helen sent for me to pray with her, which I did with a fervour I have seldom felt. But never has it been my lot to witness an appearance so heavenly as she exhibited when I rose from my knees. She sat in her chair supported by pillows, with her hands clasped, and her dark soft eyes beaming with an expression so holy, that she seemed like some disembodied spirit, which, having been perfected by suffering, had returned to encourage and comfort those who were still in the vale of tears. When I bade her farewell, and promised to see her next day, it was with a presentiment that I looked upon her for the last time. And so it proved; for I was next morning informed that her spirit had taken its flight about twelve o'clock the night before.'

The old man thus concluded his melancholy tale; and after sitting for some time in silent reflection, my guide again spoke, and, pointing to a deep pool at some distance down the stream, informed me that large trout were sometimes caught there; and having adjusted our fishing-tackle, we proceeded to it. But though our sport was unusually good, it did not banish from my mind during that day, for a single instant, the affecting story of the ill-fated Helen Symington.

NEIL MACLAREN.

THE little lonely inn of Crook, near the source of the Tweed, is a spot well known to travellers and tourists, and withal one much admired by them, being, as it were, an oasis in the desert, a place of rest and refreshment in a cold and mountainous wilderness This place, or rather its neighbourhood, was the scene of a strange adventure more than a century ago, which we propose to narrate to the reader in a more complete form than it has hitherto appeared.

One misty morning in the autumn of 1746, George Black, the landlord of the Crook Inn, stood at the door of his isolated dwelling, eyeing attentively the heavens above him and the mountains around him, for want, it may be, of anything better to do. 'Confoun' these mists!' muttered he; 'they'll no clear up the hail day, I doot. Gin

this weather gang on muckle langer, we may shut our doors when we like. No ae leevin' thing,' continued he, stepping out to the middle of the road that passed his house, and looking first up and then down the narrow vale—'no ae leevin' thing to be seen either to the right or to the left. But there's aye ae comfort in this rouky weather at ony rate; for if it be the same in the Highlands as it is here, the puir bits o' bodies that's skulkin' aboot the hill-taps winna be sae easily ta'en by the sodgers.' The landlord's observations were suddenly cut short. His eye caught sight of a party of soldiers, the very persons he had been speaking of; and he hurried in to prepare for their anticipated visit.

Meanwhile the little military party whom he had espied marched slowly up the vale, along the soft and plashy road that ran nearly parallel with the Tweed. Such detachments were no uncommon visitors of the Crook; for this little hostel lay on the direct road from the Highlands towards Carlisle, whither the northern rebels were at this time regularly sent, as taken, in order that they might be tried at a cool distance from all partial influences, and where, at this particular time, scarcely a week passed without seeing numbers of them executed according to the approved style dictated by the English law of high treason. The well-armed party now advancing to the Crook were bound on such an errand. They were six or seven in number, with a lieutenant at their head, and in the midst of them walked a tall and finely formed young Highlander, with his right arm pinned, for security, to his side. Though on his way to certain death, and though his soiled tartans and thin cheek spoke of suffering and privation, the prisoner moved with as firm a tread as his captors, and, but for his bonds, might have been taken for their chief. Of a very different opinion, however, was Lieutenant Howison, the actual leader of the band, a pompous middle-aged man, of low stature, and thick-set, rolling figure, which was rendered somewhat ludicrous to look at, by its possessor having bent it into a crescent—the convex side foremost—through long-continued attempts to acquire a dignified military attitude. Everything which this personage did or said was 'in the king's name.' This was indeed Lieutenant Howison's tower of strength. It was even alleged, that when he ran away from the battle of Prestonpans, he did it 'in the king's name.'

Such was the person who halted, on the morning alluded to, to refresh himself and men at the inn of Crook, having marched some five or six miles since daybreak. After commanding his soldiers to go with the prisoner into one room, and take some bread and cheese, the lieutenant himself retired to another apartment, there to refresh himself with something of a more savoury nature, if it was to be had. Geordie in person waited on the officer, and supplied him with the best the house contained. When this duty had been performed, the landlord then turned his attention to the soldiers, being, in fact,

anxious to get a glimpse of the 'puir chield' who had fallen into their hands. In this object he was at first disappointed, the Highlander's face being averted from the rest of the party, and steadily directed towards the window. At last one of the soldiers, with more kindness than any of the others seemed disposed to shew, exclaimed: 'Come, my lad, here's a share of my bit and sup. I shan't see a poor fellow starved neither, rebel though he has been.' The prisoner seemingly was touched by the man's good-nature, and turned partly round to benefit by the offer. Geordie Black, the moment that he got a glimpse of the Highlander's face, was overwhelmed with alarm and vexation. His heart failed him, and it was with a feeling of faintness that he shrunk from the apartment.

It was not until the soldiers were fairly out of sight that the heart-stricken landlord dared to give vent to his feelings. 'Oh, Peggy, Peggy, woman,' said he when alone with his wife; 'whae do ye think has faun into their murdering clutches but Neil Maclaren! What will become o' Ailie noo, wandering, maybe, by this time frae door to door, without a house to put her head in, or a bit to put in her mouth; or as likely to be dead and gane, since we ha'ena heard from her about this unlucky business. Oh, what could tempt him to gang out, and him a married man wi' a family!' To Geordie's tirade his wife could only reply by sorrowful exclamations of: 'My puir dochter—my puir Ailie!' The forenoon, it may well be conceived, was spent by the honest couple in the most unpleasant state of mind; for Maclaren, as the reader will have surmised, was their son-in-law. One thing surprised the landlord much; which was, that he should have remained so long ignorant of Maclaren's joining Prince Charles. But the truth was, that Neil had only joined him a short time before the battle of Culloden, being drawn *at last* from his home by the spectacle of an invading enemy in his native country.

Let us now leave for a while the landlord of the Crook, to whom this was destined to be an eventful day, and follow the party of soldiers in their slow march up the vale of Tweed. As Geordie Black had predicted, the mists did not clear up as the day grew older. Other parts of the country, indeed, might have been free of fog, but at every step the soldiers were moving higher and higher, and the white drizzling fleeces on the hillsides became thicker and thicker. It is to be questioned if there is in all the Lowlands of Scotland a more elevated piece of table-land than that lying some ten miles above Crook, from which spring the fountains of the three great rivers—the Clyde, the Annan, and the Tweed. The road traversed by Maclaren and his captors crosses this obtusely pyramidal height (for so it is shewn to be, on a great scale, by the descent of these rivers) at a spot called Errickstane Brae.

After the height of the country has been passed, it proceeds for some way along the brink of a profound green hollow, in which the

Annan takes its rise, and which is usually termed the Devil's, but sometimes also the Marquis of Annandale's, Beef-tub, from some resemblance it bears to that domestic utensil, and because the reivers of the great Border house of Johnstone used of old to conceal their stolen cattle in it. As implied by the appellation, the sides of this hollow are nearly perpendicular all round, the bottom being so deep, that, in clear weather, a traveller looking down into it from the road sees bullocks diminished to the size of sheep, and sheep to that of hares. On the present occasion, however, it was filled to the brim by the dense fog which pervaded the atmosphere, so that the road winding along the top appeared like the shore of a deep bay of the sea, to step from which would have been to plunge into an abyss, and be lost for ever.

The soldiers, though the country was entirely new to them, passed along the high and perilous road with feelings little impressed by it. The dreariness and monotony of their day's march had rendered their minds dull and inattentive, and instead of keeping in a close circle round their prisoner, they straggled along in a line, in which he was sometimes near the front, and sometimes near the rear. Very different was the mental condition of Maclaren, who, from his having frequently passed this way with cattle, as many Highland gentlemen of superior rank to himself were accustomed to do, was acquainted with every foot of the way, and had long meditated a particular mode of escape, which he was now to put into execution. How great was the astonishment of the soldiery when Maclaren, who at one moment was pacing quietly along in the dreary march, was the next seen to start, as if instinct with new life, from their line, towards the edge of the precipice, over which he plunged head foremost, and was instantly out of sight! To rush after him was but the work of a moment; yet so quick had been his movements, that he was already absorbed in the sea of mist which filled the Beef-tub. With his head firmly clenched between his knees, and holding his feet in his hands, he had formed his body as nearly as possible into a round form, and allowed himself freely to roll heels over head down the steep side of the hollow, the surface of which he knew presented at this place no obstructions capable of injuring him. In their ignorance of the ground, no one durst follow him. The brave lieutenant could only, as soon as he recovered breath, exclaim with an oath: 'Stop, sir—I arrest you in the king's name!' while the soldiers fired their muskets at random into the misty gulf, or ran a little way round its edges in the hope of finding a less perilous descent to the bottom. It was all in vain; and, after once more gathering, they could only console themselves with the undoubting assurance that the rascal must have broken his neck in the descent, and so relieved the king of the duty of punishing his rebellion.

At the moment when the lieutenant uttered his characteristic exclamation, Neil Maclaren could have stopped his career neither

for king nor kaiser. He arrived, however, at the bottom of the Beef-tub without the slightest injury; and the moment that he did so, he commenced his ascent of the opposite side with the speed of one who hears behind him the blood-hound's bay. When he reached the top, being well acquainted with the ground, he set off at full speed in the direction of his father-in-law's house, following, not the road by which he had come, but the hillsides, where he was not likely to be seen by any one. He took this route, in the hope that in some of the many corner-holes about the Crook he might easily lie concealed until the hue-and-cry was blown over. Nor was he wrong in his anticipations.

After the departure of the soldiers with their prisoner, Geordie Black was surprised by the arrival of visitors that were near and dear to him—namely, his daughter Ailie, with her infant child. The poor young creature knew of her husband's capture, and was on her way to Carlisle to beg his life, or to die with him. Her parents persuaded, or rather compelled her to stay a night with them, in order to take that rest of which she stood in so much need; but it may be imagined that they could offer her no other consolation. Consolation, however, was not far off, though they then saw it not. After night had set in, Geordie, with the view of excluding as much as possible all spectators of his daughter's grief, went out in person to bring a supply of fuel for the parlour fire from the peat-stalk. While in the act of lifting these combustibles, a voice whispered his name, and finding, by the terrified 'Gudesake! what's that!' that it was his father-in-law, Maclaren revealed himself, and told the story of his marvellous escape. It would be hard to say whether joy or alarm was predominant in the old man's mind on hearing it, for he feared the return of the soldiers. He had, nevertheless, no thought for an instant of abandoning Neil. Going into the house for a lantern, he led his son-in-law to an unoccupied and well-concealed corner of his premises, and then, having prepared both of them for the joyful and most unexpected interview, he conducted the wife to her husband's arms. They were strongly attached to each other, and their feelings on meeting are not to be described.

Lieutenant Howison and two of his men reached the Crook during the night, the rest having gone, according to command, in various directions in search of the fugitive. In anticipation of such a visit, Maclaren had been carefully and securely secreted; and the servants of the household being put upon their guard, were too faithful not to avoid all mention of Maclaren's wife's name. The lieutenant, indeed, never entertained the slightest suspicion of the landlord, but on the contrary condescended, as if sure of the sympathies of his auditor, to repeat to Geordie many emphatic denunciations of the scoundrel who kept 'tumbling and rolling' down the Devil's Beef-tub, though called upon to halt 'in the king's name.' The unwelcome military visitants departed from the Crook on the following day.

Neil Maclaren, the hero of this remarkable escape, contrived, with the aid of his friends, to keep himself concealed, sometimes in one way, and sometimes in another, until the act of indemnity was passed by the government. He then returned with his wife to the Braes of Balquhidder, in which district he was a duniwassal, or small proprietor. Like Rob Roy, he had not disdained to seek the improvement of his fortunes by sending cattle to England, and these expeditions he sometimes guided in person. While on one of these journeys, he had seen and loved, wooed and won, Ailie Black. After claiming and obtaining the immunity alluded to, he recovered (chiefly by the help of Geordie Black's well-saved *pose*) the greater part of his former heritage, and lived in peace for the rest of his days in the bosom of his family.

THE FIRST EARL OF TRAQUAIR.

IN the lower part of Peeblesshire, on the south bank of the Tweed, stands Traquair House, the seat of the Earls of Traquair, of one of whom tradition has preserved some particulars which throw a light on the manners of a bygone age.

Sir John Stewart, created Earl of Traquair by Charles I. in 1628, was also raised by that monarch to the dignity of Lord High-treasurer of Scotland, in which office he acted a conspicuous part in the history of that stirring period. Circumstances having on one occasion led the earl to visit Jedburgh, he there learned that a person of whom he had some knowledge, Willie Armstrong of Gilnockie, was in confinement for cattle-stealing—an offence far from uncommon in these times. Interested in the fate of the Borderer, the earl exerted his influence, and succeeded in releasing Willie from bondage.

Some time afterwards, a lawsuit of importance to Lord Traquair was to be decided in the Court of Session, and there was every reason to believe that the judgment would turn upon the voice of the presiding judge, who has a casting vote in case of an equal division among his brethren. The opinion of the president was unfavourable to Lord Traquair, and the point was, therefore, to keep him out of the way when the question should be tried. In this dilemma the earl had recourse to Willie Armstrong, who at once offered his services to kidnap the president.

On due inquiry, the unscrupulous Borderer found that it was the judge's practice frequently to take the air on horseback on the sands of Leith without an attendant. In one of these excursions, Willie, who had long watched his opportunity, ventured to accost the president, and engage him in conversation. His address and language were so amusing, that he decoyed the president into an unfrequented and furzy common, called the Figgate Whins, where,

him from his horse, muffled
and rode off with the
the country with
his description,
in an *old* castle in
ham. The judge's *horse* being
thrown his rider into the *sea*: his
and a successor was appointed to his

president spent a heavy time in the vault of
was imprisoned and solitary; receiving his food
in the wall, and never hearing the sound of a
when a shepherd called his dog by the name of
a female domestic called upon *Madge* the cat.
cluded, were invocations of spirits; for he held him-
in the dungeon of a sorcerer. At length, after three
elapsed, the lawsuit was decided in favour of Lord
and Will was directed to set his prisoner at liberty.
Jokingly, he entered the vault at the dead of night, seized the
president, muffled him once more into the cloak, without speaking
single word; and using the same mode of transportation, conveyed
to Leith sands, and set down the astonished judge on the very
where he had taken him up.

The joy of his friends, and the less agreeable surprise of his successor, may be easily conceived, when the president appeared in court to reclaim his office and honours. All embraced his own persuasion that he had been spirited away by witchcraft; nor could he himself be convinced of the contrary; until, many years afterwards, happening to travel in Annandale, his ears were saluted once more with the sounds of *Madge* and *Batty*, the only notes which had solaced his long confinement. This led to a discovery of the whole story; but in these disorderly times it was only laughed at as a fair *jest*. Wild and strange as this tradition may seem, there is little doubt of its foundation in fact. The judge upon whose person this extraordinary stratagem was practised was Sir Alexander Gibson, Lord Durie, who died in July 1646.

Lord Traquair does not appear to have been benefited by the unlawful exploit of the Border freebooter. From a high position in the state, he made a fall as great as was ever known in the vicissitudes of court favour: from being a wealthy and influential nobleman, he actually sunk to the condition of a beggar in the street. The cause of this extraordinary decline of fortune is to be found partly in the political troubles and changes in the reign of Charles I. and partly in private misfortune. For some reason, now unknown, the earl resigned his whole estates to his son, and like most others who, during their lives, have abandoned their entire means to their children, he was left by his ungrateful descendant

to pine and die in misery, an object of commiseration to strangers. In a history of the Family of Fraser, by the Rev. James Fraser, minister of Kirkhill, on the Beauly Firth, the writer mentions the following circumstances of this unfortunate earl, under the date 1668:

'A remarkable death this year was that of John Stewart, the old Earl of Traquair, time, place, and manner considered. This man was King James VI.'s cousin and courtier. Charles I. sent him as High Commissioner down to Scotland, and he sat as viceroy in the parliament, June 1639. He was early at court, the haven of happiness for all aspiring spirits; and this broke him at last—he became the tennis-ball of fortune. What power and sway, place and preferment, he had then, I need not mention; only this, keeping then with the revered bishops, and tampering under board with the Covenanters, he acknowledged to be his bane; but whether then by his own misconduct, or by paction and resignation of his interest to his son, or the immediate hand of God upon him, I search not, but he proved a true emblem of the vanity of the world—a very meteor. I saw him, in 1661 [wrong date], begging in the streets of Edinburgh. He was in an antique garb, and wore a broad old hat, short cloak, and pannier breeches; and I contributed, in my quarters in the Canongate, towards his relief. We gave him a noble, he standing with his hat off. The Master of Lovat, Culbockie, Glenmoriston, and myself were there, and he received the piece of money from my hand as humbly and thankfully as the poorest supplicant. It is said that at a time he had not [wherewithal] to pay cobbling his boots, and died in a poor cobbler's house.'

ALLAN SCOTT.

ON the bank of a small mountain rivulet which dashes down towards the Tweed, about the centre of the county, stands a neat though humble cot, the residence not many years ago of Allan Scott, a youth whose early fate excited considerable interest in the district.

The father of Allan was an exemplification of a truth most honourable to human nature. He evinced in his own person how much respect and esteem can be attained by sobriety and good-conduct, even in the midst of poverty and distress. Everybody loved the old man, who was a hard-working tradesman, and when sorrow fell upon him, there was no one in our little town who did not sympathise with him. Allan was an only son, and was about thirteen years of age when his mother died, and the first blow was given to his father's happiness. The old man's health became broken, and it was only at intervals that he was able to work, and to teach his son his own trade. Hence, willing and diligent as Allan was, his

want of skill rendered him barely able to maintain his father and himself during those attacks of illness which fell more severely upon the old man the oftener they were repeated. It was an affecting sight at these times to see the son, in the short moments of evening relaxation, supporting and tending his infirm parent, as they crept slowly along the river-bank—the walk which the old man loved most, having been that which he had often trod with his departed partner by his side, and that dutiful son, then a playful child, gamboling around them. Allan, too, loved the Tweed, in whose clear pools he had learned, in his happy school-days, to be a bold and adroit swimmer. But little leisure was now left him for such amusements. His nights, after returning from the customary walk, were spent in the same incessant watching over his father's comforts. Their solitary little dwelling was seldom intruded upon, except by the kind inquiries, and sometimes kinder offers, of a friendly neighbour. For the former the inmates were always grateful, and the latter were always civilly declined. In truth, Allan struggled to do all and everything that was necessary. The old man had through life preserved a manly spirit of independence in his bosom, and the son strove, with perhaps an overnice filial tenderness, that his father should in his weakness and age feel dependence on none but him. But for some consciousness of this, many might have offered a little assistance; for many pitied, and all respected the humble pair. This very respect, however, rendered it a delicate matter to obtrude charity on those who, if they did feel pinching poverty, bore it meekly and uncomplainingly.

And in reality Allan and his father were in distress, which was put beyond a doubt by the step taken by them to relieve it. We say *them*, because, though the son was the true and only actor in the matter, yet the consent and blessing of the old man went with him in his honest endeavour. After a severe and protracted attack of his father's complaint, during which Allan's attendance had been so much required as to trench deeply on his earnings, the humble pair found that they would be totally unable to meet the approaching rent-day. This was a source of grievous anxiety to them; for though they had often met the same demand with difficulty, they never before had been so totally unprovided. The old man had recovered so far as to resume his work, and the first idea of a remedy for their need suggested itself to him. How reluctantly this idea was admitted into his mind, may be conceived when we inform the reader that the plan was, to permit his son to offer himself as a militia substitute, the bounty for which would relieve them altogether. The country was at this period at war, and the demand for substitutes was so considerable, that there would be no difficulty in putting the plan in execution. Yet, even with the prospect of losing his son only for a short time, strong must have been the honourable determination to owe no man anything, which could bring over the

feelings of a father to the adoption of a scheme like this. Well did the old man know the dutiful character of him on whom he depended. Allan had long meditated upon the plan in question, and had only refrained from stating it, from the disinclination to leave his father for the time which it would render imperative. And now that he saw his father, with health for the time re-established, turn to the scheme with some degree of cheerfulness and hope, he consented to embrace it at once. Being now a firmly knit, though slender lad of nineteen, his offer of himself speedily found an acceptor in a wealthy merchant who had had the bad-luck to be selected to serve his majesty by the indiscriminating ballot, which has no regard of persons. The bounty which Allan received was not only sufficient to discharge the rent of their humble dwelling, but was also large enough to support his father during his expected absence.

On the morning of the day preceding that fixed for his departure with his fellow-substitutes for Dumfries, the head-quarters of the corps to which he was to be attached, Allan went to make some necessary preparations with his comrades. After these were accomplished—having all, like himself, given up their occupations for the time—they took a short walk together to chat over their coming campaign. They were all light-hearted lads; and many of their parents, on hearing of Allan Scott's engagement, had recommended them to follow his conduct as a model. On this occasion they turned their stroll, at his request, to the side of the river, that they might take leave, as he said, of its clear stream for a time. The day was warm and fine, being in the beginning of summer, and on arriving in their walk at the pool where they had all dipped when school-boys, the fatal proposition to bathe was made by one of them. Allan, who was fond of the exercise, and a good swimmer, was not the last to consent. Not one of them, as it unhappily fell out, was so fearless and practised as he, and the most of them contented themselves with bathing in the shallower water. Allan plunged at once into the deepest quarter, and two of his companions, who did not join in the amusement, sat upon the rocky bank, gazing upon his free movements with pleasure. Suddenly they heard him give an agonised cry, and saw him attempt to make for the bank. The attention of all was now drawn to him, and they beheld him, after two or three severe struggles, sink below the surface, and in a moment the waters closed above him!

His companions looked on for an instant in stupefaction and dismay. But the boldest of them—for the cry made them aware that something was wrong—speedily came to the spot, and attempted to dive into the depths of the pool. None of them was capable of it, and the most forward got into serious danger himself. At last one of those who had not bathed cried: 'We are losing time; I will run for assistance.' This he accordingly did on the instant; but he

had to go to the town before he got what he sought. When he returned, several men were with him, one of whom, an experienced diver, brought up the body of poor Allan Scott. A surgeon whom they had warned was not long in following them, and by him several unsuccessful endeavours were made on the spot to restore the breath which had departed. On seeing the fruitlessness of this, he ordered them to convey the body as fast as possible to the town, where warmth and other remedies might be applied; and the men, for this purpose, took up their melancholy burden.

The church and its session-house stands in the centre of the town, and to the latter building they conveyed the body of Allan, as all decided that it would be exceedingly improper to take it to the old man's house. In the session-house, warmth, friction, and every means was used that the surgeon could suggest or apply for the recovery of the young man; but all was in vain; and at the end of more than an hour, actively employed, all hope was given up, with pain and reluctance, by those around. And now arose a thought of deeper sorrow and anxiety, if deeper there could be, than that excited by the fate of a youth so beloved and respected. Who could tell the tale to him who, all unconscious of his bereavement, sat in his lonely dwelling, waiting for that beloved and dutiful son's return? The task, melancholy as it was, behoved to be discharged; and the surgeon, seeing that the undertaking of this sad duty was expected from him, prepared to execute it. Unwilling to leave the body of the unfortunate youth exposed to the gaze of the crowd now attracted to the place, before departing, he desired all present to leave the apartment. The people at once complied with the request, one only of them remaining, at the wish of the surgeon, beside the corpse. The medical man then slowly and sadly turned towards the old man's abode, where we cannot follow him; for we should consider it as little less than sacrilegious to attempt to describe the effect of the awful tidings which he bore.

Is not this, reader, a melancholy event, and one likely to be long remembered by one who knew the history, and saw the bier-borne body of that unhappy youth? Yet the tale is not done—the catastrophe is not unfolded—the harrowing circumstance which interwove Allan Scott's name and fate with the deepest tendrils of memory is yet, strange as it may appear, to be narrated; and were it not a truth to which many yet can bear witness, we should think it too sad a one for these pages. But it is a truth, and from it a lesson of deep warning may be drawn.

When the surgeon, after being absent for a considerable time, returned to the session-house to make arrangements for bearing the unfortunate Allan's body to the home of his father, he found the person whom he had left behind standing outside the door of the chamber where the body lay. The truth was, the man had begun to feel disagreeably lonely and 'eerie' in the room, and, unconscious

of any bad result being possible from the step, had risen and taken his station outside, locking the door behind him. But a circumstance had occurred while he was in this position which imprinted alarm and anxiety so visibly on his features, that the surgeon, on coming up to him, observed his discomposure at once; and before turning the key in the lock, the medical gentleman inquired if anything had happened. The answer made his own heart flutter with deep emotion. The man said that, while standing alone, a strange and momentary noise had struck upon his ear, coming as if from the apartment within. A suspicion of the truth crossing his mind on the instant, the surgeon opened the door hurriedly, exclaiming: 'Why did you not open it?—why did you not send for me?'

On entering the chamber, the suspicion of the anxious surgeon was verified. The body, which had been left with the face upwards, was found turned upon one side, and blood had issued from the mouth! The exertions which at the time had seemed utterly unavailing, had in reality produced an effect upon the body, evidenced, unhappily, when all had retired from the attempt. The spark of life had actually reanimated for an instant the cold frame, while there was none by to nurse and cherish its glimmering ray into vigorous and enduring flame. The renewed endeavours made no impression. The moment of hope had passed by, unseen and unprofited. What a solemn lesson is this, never, while the shadow of a possibility remains, to cease the endeavour to relight the lamp that has been quenched, for a time only it may be, in the deep waters!

THE BORDER WIDOW.

IN the course of that memorable expedition in 1529, when James V. proceeded with an army along the Borders in order to quell the numerous freebooters who kept the country in fear, an incident occurred which forms the subject of traditionary story in Tweeddale. The king, after visiting Polmood and Oliver Castle, on the upper part of the Tweed, crossed the mountain tract on the south, into the vale of the Megget, and there suddenly environed the castle of Henderland.

This solitary tower was at the time inhabited by Piers Cockburn, one of the most noted marauders in this wild district of country. According to tradition, Piers was sitting at dinner when he was surprised by the king, and without ceremony led out and hanged over the gate of his own castle. While the execution was going forward, his unhappy wife is said to have taken refuge in the recesses of the Dow-glen—a dell formed by a mountain torrent called the Henderland Burn, which passes near the site of the tower. A place, termed the Lady's Seat, is still shewn, where she is said to have

striven to drown, amid the roar of a foaming cataract, the tumultuous noise which announced the close of her husband's existence.

In a deserted burial-place, which once surrounded the chapel of the castle, the monument of Cockburn is still shewn. It is a large stone, broken into three parts; but some armorial bearings may be yet traced; and the following inscription is still legible, though greatly defaced by time: 'Here lyis Perys of Cokburne and hys wyfe Mariory.' Latterly, the tomb has been preserved from obliteration by the good taste of the late proprietor, Mr Murray of Henderland.

On the melancholy incident above related, the following simple and affecting ballad, the *Lament of the Border Widow*, was afterwards written:

'My love he built me a bonny bower,
And clad it a' wi' lilye flour;
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man, by middle day,
He spied his sport, and went away;
And brought the king that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear;
He slew my knight, and poined his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

I sewed his sheet, making my mane;
I watched the corpse, myself alane;
I watched his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I satte;
I digged a grave, and laid him in,
And happed him with the sod sae green.

But thinkna ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair?
O thinkna ye my heart was wae,
When I turned about, away to gae?

Nae living man I 'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I 'll chain my heart for evermair.'

THERE IS NO HURRY!

A TALE OF LIFE-ASSURANCE, BY MRS S. C. HALL.*

I DO not tell you whether the village of Repton, where the two brothers John and Charles Adams originally resided, is near or far from London: it is a pretty village to this day; and when John Adams, some five-and-thirty years ago, stood on the top of Repton Hill, and looked down upon the houses—the little church, whose simple gate was flanked by two noble yew-trees, beneath whose branches he had often sat—the murmuring river, in which he had often fished—the cherry orchards, where the ripe fruit hung like balls of coral; when he looked down upon all these dear domestic sights—for so every native of Repton considered them—John Adams might have been supposed to question if he had acted wisely in selling to his brother Charles the share of the well-cultivated farm, which had been equally divided at their father's death. It extended to the left of the spot on which he was standing, almost within a ring fence; the meadows fresh shorn of their produce, and fragrant with the

* This interesting little story appeared originally in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, for which it was written by the amiable and gifted authoress. It has been issued in the present convenient form, for the purpose of universal distribution by all who are anxious to promote that most desirable practice—the insuring of lives for the benefit of surviving families.

perfume of new hay; the crops full of promise; and the lazy cattle laving themselves in the standing pond of the abundant farm-yard. In a paddock, set apart for his especial use, was the old blind horse his father had bestrode during the last fifteen years of his life: it leant its sightless head upon the gate, half upturned, he fancied, towards where he stood. It is wonderful what small things will sometimes stir up the hearts of strong men, ay, and, what is still more difficult, even of ambitious men. Yet he did not feel at that moment a regret for the fair acres he had parted with; he was full of the importance which the possession of a considerable sum of money gives a young man, who has been fagging almost unsuccessfully in an arduous profession, and one which requires a certain appearance of success to command success—for John Adams even then placed M.D. after his plain name; yet still, despite the absence of sorrow, and the consciousness of increased power, he continued to look at poor old Ball until his eyes swam in tears.

With the presence of his father, which the sight of the old horse had conjured up, came the remembrance of his peculiarities, his habits, his expressions; and he wondered, as they passed in review before him, how he could ever have thought the dear old man testy or tedious. Even his frequent quotations from 'Poor Richard' appeared to him, for the first time, the results of common prudence; and his rude but wise rhyme, when, in the joy of his heart, he told his father he had absolutely received five guineas as one fee from an ancient dame who had three middle-aged daughters (he had not, however, acquainted his father with *that* fact), came more forcibly to his memory than it had ever done to his ear—

> 'For want and age save while you may;
> No morning sun shines all the day.'

He repeated the last line over and over again, as his father had done; but as his 'morning sun' was at that moment shining, it is not matter of astonishment that the remembrance was evanescent, and that it did not make the impression upon him his father had desired long before.

A young, unmarried, handsome physician, with about three thousand pounds in his pocket, and 'good expectations,' might be excused for building 'des châteaux en Espagne.' A very wise old lady once said to me: 'Those who have none on earth, may be forgiven for building them in the air; but those who have them on earth should be content therewith.' Not so, however, was John Adams; he built and built, and then by degrees descended to the realities of his position. What power would not that three thousand pounds give him! He wondered if Dr Lee would turn his back upon him now, when they met in consultation; and Mr Chubb, the county apothecary, would he laugh, and ask him if he could read his own prescriptions? Then he recurred to a dream—for it was so vague at

that time as to be little more—whether it would not be better to abandon altogether country practice, and establish himself in the metropolis—London. A thousand pounds, advantageously spent, with a few introductions, would do a great deal in London, and that was not a third of what he had. And this great idea banished all remembrance of the past, all sense of the present—the young aspirant thought only of the future.

* * * * *

Five years have passed. Dr John Adams was 'settled' in a small 'showy' house in the vicinity of Mayfair; he had, the world said, made an excellent match. He married a very pretty girl, 'highly connected,' and was considered to be possessed of personal property, because, for so young a physician, Dr Adams lived in 'a superior style.' His brother Charles was still residing in the old farmhouse, to which, beyond the mere keeping it in repair, he had done but little, except, indeed, adding a wife to his establishment—a very gentle, loving, yet industrious girl, whose dower was too small to have been her only attraction. Thus both brothers might be said to be fairly launched in life.

It might be imagined that Charles Adams—having determined to reside in his native village, and remain, what his father and grandfather had been, a simple gentleman-farmer, and that rather on a small than a large scale—was altogether without that feeling of ambition which stimulates exertion and elevates the mind. Charles Adams had quite enough of this—which may be said, like fire, to be 'a good servant, but a bad master'—but he made it subservient to the dictates of prudence—and a forethought, the gift, perhaps, that above all others we should most earnestly covet for those whose prosperity we would secure. To save his brother's portion of the freehold from going into the hands of strangers, he incurred a debt; and wisely—while he gave to his land all that was necessary to make it yield its increase—he abridged all other expenses, and was ably seconded in this by his wife, who resolved, until principal and interest were discharged, to live quietly and carefully. Charles contended that every appearance made beyond a man's means was an attempted fraud upon the public; while John shook his head, and answered that it might do very well for Charles to say so, as no one expected the sack that brought the grain to market to be of fine Holland, but that no man in a profession could get on in London without making 'an appearance.' At this Charles shrugged his shoulders, and thanked God he lived at Repton.

The brothers, as years moved rapidly on—engaged as they were by their mutual industry and success in their several fields of action—met but seldom. It was impossible to say which of the two continued the most prosperous. Dr Adams made several lucky hits; and having so obtained a position, was fortunate in having an abundance of patients in an intermediate sort of state—that is,

neither very well nor very ill. Of a really bland and courteous nature, he was kind and attentive to all, and it was certain that such of his patients as were only in moderate circumstances, got well long before those who were rich. His friends attributed this to his humanity as much as to his skill; his enemies said he did not like 'poor patients.' Perhaps there was a mingling of truth in both statements. The money he had received for his portion of the land was spent, certainly, before his receipts equalled his expenditure; and, strangely enough, by the time the farmer had paid off his debt, the doctor was involved, not to a large amount, but enough to render his 'appearance' to a certain degree fictitious. This embarrassment, to do him justice, was not of long continuance; he became the fashion; and before prosperity had turned his head by an influx of wealth, so as to render him careless, he got rid of his debt, and then his wife agreed with him 'that they might live as they pleased.'

It so happened that Charles Adams was present when this observation was made, and it spoke well for both the brothers that their different positions in society had not in the smallest degree cooled their boyhood's affection; not even the money transactions of former times, which so frequently create disunion, had changed them; they met less frequently, but they always met with pleasure, and separated with regret.

'Well!' exclaimed the doctor triumphantly, as he glanced around his splendid rooms, and threw himself into a *chaise longue*—then a new luxury—'well, it is certainly a charming feeling to be entirely out of debt.'

'And yet,' said his wife, 'it would not be wise to confess it in our circle.'

'Why?' inquired Charles.

'Because it would prove that we had been in it,' answered the lady.

'At all events,' said John, 'now I shall not have to reproach myself with every extra expense, and think I ought to pay my debts first; now I may live exactly as I please.'

'I do not think so,' said Charles.

'Not think so!' repeated Mrs Adams in a tone of astonishment.

'Not think so!' exclaimed John. 'Do I not make the money myself?'

'Granted, my dear fellow; to be sure you do,' said Charles.

'Then why should I not spend it as pleases me best? Is there any reason why I should not?'

As if to give the strongest dramatic effect to Charles's opinion, the nurse at that moment opened the drawing-room door, and four little laughing children rushed into the room.

'There—are four reasons against your spending your income exactly as you please; unless, indeed, part of your plan be to provide for them,' answered Charles very seriously.

'I am sure,' observed Mrs Adams with the half-offended air of a weak woman when she hears the truth, 'John need not be told his duty to his children; he has always been a most affectionate father.'

'A father may be fond and foolish,' said Charles, who was peculiarly English in his mode of giving an opinion. 'For my part, I could not kiss my little Mary and Anne when I go to bed at night, if I did not feel I had already formed an accumulating fund for their future support—a support they will need all the more when their parents are taken from them, as they must be in the course of time.'

'They must marry,' said Mrs Adams.

'That is a chance,' replied Charles; 'women hang on hands now-a-days. At all events, by God's blessing, I am resolved that, if they are beauties, they shall never be forced by poverty to accept unworthy matches; if they are plain, they shall have enough to live upon without husbands.'

'That is easy enough for you, Charles,' said the doctor, 'who have had your broad acres to support you, and no necessity for expenditure or show of any kind; who might go from Monday morning till Saturday night in homespun, and never give anything beyond home-brewed and gooseberry wine, with a chance bottle of port, to your visitors; while I—Heaven help me—was obliged to dash in a well-appointed equipage, entertain, and appear to be doing a great deal in my profession, when a guinea would pine in solitude for a week together in my pocket.'

'I do not want to talk with you of the past, John,' said Charles; 'our ideas are more likely to agree now than they were ten or twelve years ago; I will speak of the future and present. You are now out of debt, in the very prime of life, and in the receipt of a splendid income; but do not, let me entreat you, spend it as it comes; lay by something for those children; provide for them either by insurance, or some of the many means that are open to us all. Do not, my dear brother, be betrayed by health, or the temptation for display, to live up to an income the nature of which is so essentially precarious.'

'Really,' murmured Mrs Adams, 'you put one into very low spirits.'

Charles remained silent, waiting his brother's reply.

'My dear Charles,' he said at last, 'there is a great deal of truth in what you say—certainly a great deal; but I cannot change my style of living, strange as it may seem. If I did, I should lose my practice. And then I must educate my children; that is an imperative duty, is it not?'

'Certainly it is; it is a part of the provision I have spoken of, but not the whole—a portion only. If you have the means to do both, it is your duty to do both; and you have the means. Nay,

my dear sister, do not seem angry or annoyed with me; it is for the sake of your children I speak; it is to prevent their ever knowing practically what we do know theoretically—that the world is a hard world; hard and unfeeling to those who need its aid. It is to prevent the possibility of their feeling a reverse.'

Mrs Adams burst into tears, and walked out of the room. Charles was convinced that she would not uphold his opinion.

'Certainly,' said John, 'I intend to provide for my children; but there is no hurry, and'——

'There should be no hesitation in the case,' interrupted Charles; 'every man *intends* to provide for his children. God forbid that I should imagine any man to be sufficiently wicked to say, "I have been the means of bringing this child into existence—I have brought it up in the indulgence of all the luxuries with which I indulged myself; and now I intend to withdraw them all from it, and leave it to fight its own way through the world." No man could look on the face of the innocent child nestling in your bosom and say that; but if you do not appropriate a portion of the means you possess to save that child from the "hereafter," you act as if you had resolved so to cast it on the wild waters of a turbulent world.'

'But, Charles, I intend to do all that you counsel; no wonder poor Lucy could not bear these words, when I, your own and only brother, find them stern and reproachful; no wonder that such should be the case; of course I *intend* to provide for my children.'

'Then DO IT,' said Charles.

'Why, so I will; but cannot in a moment. I have already said there is no hurry. You must give a little time.'

'The time may come, my dear John, when TIME will give you no time. You have been spending over and above your debt—more than, as the father of four children, you have any right to spend. The duty parents owe their children in this respect has preyed more strongly on my mind than usual, as I have been called on lately to witness its effects—to see its misery. One family at Repton, a family of eight children, has been left entirely without provision, by a man who enjoyed a situation of five hundred a year in quarterly payments.'

'That man is, however, guiltless. What could he save out of five hundred a year? How could he live on less?' replied the doctor.

'Live upon four, and insure his life for the benefit of those children. Nay,' continued Charles in the vehemence of his feelings, 'the man who does not provide means of existence for his helpless children, until they are able to provide for themselves, cannot be called a reasonable person; and the legislature ought to oblige such to contribute to a fund to prevent the spread of the worst sort of pauperism—that which comes upon well-born children from the

carelessness or selfishness of their parents. God in his wisdom, and certainly in his mercy, removed the poor broken-hearted widow of the person I alluded to a month after his death; and the infant, whose nourishment from its birth had been mingled with bitterness, followed in a few days. I saw myself seven children crowd round the coffin that was provided by charity; I saw three taken to the workhouse, and the elder four distributed amongst kind-hearted hard-working people, who are trying to inure the young soft hands, accustomed to silken idleness, to the toils of homely industry. I ask you, John Adams, how the husband of that woman, the father of those children, can meet his God, when it is required of him to give an account of his stewardship?'

'It is very true—very shocking indeed,' observed Dr Adams. 'I certainly will do something to secure my wife and children from the possibility of anything like that, although, whatever were to happen to me, I am sure Lucy's family would prevent'——

Charles broke in upon the sentence his brother found it difficult to complete—'And can you expect distant or even near relatives to perform what you, whose duty it is, neglect? Or would you leave those dear ones to the bitterness of dependence, when, by the sacrifice or curtailment of those luxurious habits which, if not closely watched, increase in number, and at last become necessaries, you could leave them in comfort and independence? We all hope for the leisure of a death-bed—awful enough, come as it may—awful, even when beyond its gloom we see the risen Sun of Righteousness in all his glory—awful, though our faith be strong in Him who is our strength; but if the consciousness of having neglected those duties which we were sent on earth to perform be with us then, dark, indeed, will be the valley of the Shadow of Death. I do not want, however, to read a homily, my dear brother, but to impress a truth; and I do hope that you will prevent the possibility of these dear children feeling what they must feel, enduring what they must endure, if you passed into another world without performing your duty towards them, and through them to society, in this.'

Mrs Adams met her brother-in-law that day (people five-and-twenty years ago did dine by day) at dinner with an air of offence. She was, of course, ladylike and quiet, but it was evident she was displeased. Everything at table was perfect, according to its kind. There was no guest present who was not superior in wealth and position to the doctor himself, and each was quite aware of the fact. Those who climb boldly, sometimes take a false step, but at all times make dangerous ones. When Charles looked round upon the splendid plate and stylish servants—when the children were ushered in after dinner, and every tongue was loud in praises of their beauty—an involuntary shudder passed through his heart, and he almost accused himself of selfishness, when he was comforted by the remembrance of the provision made for his own little ones, who

were as pretty, as well educated, and as happy in their cheerful country home.

The next morning he was on his return to Repton, happy in the assurance his brother had given him before they parted, that he would really lay by a large sum for the regular insurance of his life.

'My dear John,' said the doctor's wife, 'when does the new carriage come home? I thought we were to have had it this week. The old chariot looked so dull to-day, just as you were going out, when Dr Fitzlane's new chocolate-colour passed; certainly that chocolate-coloured carriage, picked out with blue, and those blue liveries, are very, very pretty.'

'Well, Lucy, I think them too gay—the liveries I mean—for an M.D.; quieter colours do best: and as to the new carriage, I had not absolutely ordered it. I don't see why I cannot go on with the jobs; and I almost think I shall do so, and appropriate the money I intended for my own carriage to another purpose.'

'What purpose?'

'Why, to effect an insurance on my life. There was a great deal of truth in what Charles said the other day, although he said it coarsely, which is not usual with him; but he felt the subject, and I feel it also; so I think of, as I said, going quietly on with the jobs—at all events till next year—and devoting this money to the insurance.'

It is difficult to believe how any woman, situated as Mrs Adams was, could have objected to a plan so evidently for her advantage and the advantage of her family; but she was one of those who never like to think of the possibility of a reverse of fortune—who thrust care off as long as they can—and who feel more pleasure in being lavish as to the present than in saving for the future.

'I am sure,' she answered in the half-petted, half-peevish tone that evinces a weak mind—'I am sure if anything was to happen to you, I would break my heart at once, and my family of course would provide for the children. I could not bear the idea of reaping any advantage by your death; and really the jobs are so very inferior to what they used to be—and Dr Leeswor, next door but one, has purchased such a handsome chariot—you have at least twice his practice; and—— Why, dear John, you never were in such health; there will be no necessity for this painful insurance. And after you have set up your own carriage, you can begin and lay by, and in a few years there will be plenty for the children; and I shall not have the galling feeling that any living thing would profit by your death. Dear John, pray do not think of this painful insurance; it may do very well for a man like your brother—a man without refinement; but just fancy the mental torture of such a provision!'

Much more Mrs Adams talked; and the doctor, who loved display, and had no desire to see Dr Leeswor, his particular rival, or

even Dr Fitzlane, better appointed than himself, felt strongly inclined towards the new carriage, and thought it would certainly be pleasanter to save than to insure, and resolved to begin immediately *after* the purchase of his new equipage.

When persons are very prosperous, a few ten or twenty pounds do not much signify, but the principle of careless expenditure is hard to curb.

Various things occurred to put off the doctor's plan of laying by. Mrs Adams had an illness that rendered a residence abroad necessary for a winter or two. The eldest boy must go to Eton. As their mamma was not at home, the little girls were sent to school. Bad as Mrs Adams's management was, it was better than no management at all. If the doctor had given up his entertainments, his 'friends' would have said he was going down in the world, and his patients would have imagined him less skilful; besides, notwithstanding his increased expenditure, he found he had ample means, not to lay by, but to spend on without debt or difficulty. Sometimes his promise to his brother would cross his mind, but it was soon dispelled by what he had led himself to believe was the impossibility of attending to it then. When Mrs Adams returned, she complained that the children were too much for her nerves and strength, and her husband's tenderness induced him to yield his favourite plan of bringing up his girls under his own roof. In process of time two little ones were added to the four, and still his means kept pace with his expenses; in short, for ten years he was a favourite with the class of persons who render favouritism fortune. It is impossible, within the compass of a tale, to trace the minutiæ of the brothers' history: the children of both were handsome, intelligent, and, in the world's opinion, well educated. John's eldest daughter was one amongst a thousand for beauty of mind and person; hers was no glaring display of figure or information. She was gentle, tender, and affectionate; of a disposition sensitive, and attuned to all those rare virtues in her sphere which form at once the treasures of domestic life and the ornaments of society. She it was who soothed the nervous irritability of her mother's sick chamber and perpetual peevishness, and graced her father's drawing-room by a presence that was attractive to both old and young, from its sweetness and unpretending modesty; her two younger sisters called forth all her tenderness, from the extreme delicacy of their health; but her brothers were even greater objects of solicitude—handsome, spirited lads—the eldest waiting for a situation, promised, but not given; the second also waiting for a cadetship; while the youngest was still at Eton. These three young men thought it incumbent on them to evince their belief in their father's prosperity by their expenditure, and accordingly they spent much more than the sons of a professional man ought to spend under any circumstances. Of all waitings, the waiting upon patronage is the most tedious and the most

enervating to the waiter. Dr Adams felt it in all its bitterness when his sons' bills came to be paid; but he consoled himself, also, for his dilatoriness with regard to a provision for his daughters—it was impossible to lay by while his children were being educated; but the moment his eldest sons got the appointments they were promised, he would certainly save, or insure, or do something.

People who only *talk* about doing something, generally end by doing nothing. Another year passed: Mrs Adams was still an invalid; the younger girls more delicate than ever; the boys waiting, as before, their promised appointments, and more extravagant than ever; and Miss Adams had made a conquest which even her father thought worthy of her.

The gentleman who had become really attached to this beautiful girl was of a high family, who were sufficiently charmed with the object of his affections to give their full sanction, as far as person and position were concerned; but the prudent father of the would-be bridegroom thought it right to take an early opportunity of waiting upon the doctor, stating his son's prospects, and frankly asking what sum Dr Adams proposed settling on his daughter. Great, indeed, was his astonishment at the reply—'He should not be able to give his daughter anything *immediately*, but at his death.' The doctor, for the first time for many years, felt the bitterness of his false position. He hesitated, degraded by the knowledge that he must sink in the opinion of the man of the world by whom he was addressed; he was irritated at his want of available funds being known; and though well aware that the affections of his darling child were bound up in the son of the very gentlemanly, but most prudent person who sat before him, he was so high and so irritable in his bearing, that the fathers parted, not in anger, but in anything but good feeling.

Sir Augustus Barry was not slow to set before his son the disadvantages of a union where the extravagant habits of Miss Adams had no more stable support than her father's life. He argued that a want of forethought in the parents would be likely to produce a want of forethought in the children; and knowing well what could be done with such means as Dr Adams had had at his command for years, he was not inclined to put a kind construction upon so total a want of the very quality which he considered the best a man could possess; so, after some delay, and much consideration of the matter, he told his son that he really could not consent to his marriage with a penniless bride. And Dr Adams, finding that the old gentleman, with a total want of that delicacy which monied men do not frequently possess, had spoken of what he termed too truly and too strongly his heartless want of forethought, and characterised as a selfishness the indulgence of a love for display and extravagance, when children were to be placed in the world and portioned—insulted the son for the fault of the father, and forbade his daughter to receive him.

Mary Adams endeavoured to bear this as meekly as she had borne the flattery and tenderness which had been lavished on her since her birth. The bitter, bitter knowledge that she was considered by her lover's family as a girl who, with the chance of being penniless, lived like a princess, was inconceivably galling; and though she had dismissed her lover, and knew that her father had insulted him, still she wondered how he could so soon forget her, and never write even a line of farewell. From her mother she did not expect sympathy; she was too tender and too proud to seek it; and her father, more occupied than ever, was seldom in his own house. Her uncle, who had not been in town for some years, at last arrived, and was not less struck by the extreme grace and beauty of his niece, than by the deep melancholy which saddened her voice and weighed down her spirits. He was evidently anxious to mention something which made him joyous and happy; and when the doctor entered the library with him, he said: 'And may not Mary come in also?' Mary did come in; and her gentle presence subdued her uncle's spirits. 'I had meant to tell the intended change in my family only to you, brother John; but it has occurred to me we were all wrong about my niece. They said at home: "Do not invite my cousin; she is too fine, too gay to come to a country wedding; she would not like it:" but I think, surrounded as she is by luxuries, that the fresh air of Repton, the fresh flowers, fresh fields, and fresh smiles of her cousins, would do my niece good, great good; and we shall be quite gay in our own homely way—the gaiety that upsprings from hearts grateful to the Almighty for his goodness. The fact is, that in about three weeks my Mary is to be married to our rector's eldest son. In three weeks. As he is only his father's curate, they could not have afforded to marry for five or six years, if I had not been able to tell down a handsome sum for Mary's fortune. It was a proud thing to be able to make a good child happy by care in time. "Care in time"—that's my stronghold! How glad we were to look back, and think that, while we educated them properly, we denied ourselves to perform our duty to the children God had given to our care! We have not been as gay as our neighbours, whose means were less than ours; we could not be so, seeing we had to provide for five children; but our pleasure has been to elevate and render those children happy and prosperous. Mary will be so happy, dear child—so happy! Only think, John, she will be six years the sooner happy from our care in time!' This was more than his niece could bear. The good father was so full of his daughter's happiness, and the doctor so overwhelmed with self-reproach—never felt so bitterly as at that moment—that neither perceived the deathlike paleness that overspread the less fortunate Mary's face. She got up to leave the room, staggered, and fell at her father's feet.

'We have murdered her between us,' muttered Dr Adams, while

he raised her up; 'murdered her; but I struck the first blow! God forgive me!—God forgive me!'

That night the brothers spent in deep and earnest converse. The certainty of his own prosperity, the self-gratulation that follows a just and careful discharge of duties imposed alike by reason and religion, had not raised Charles above his brother in his own esteem. Pained beyond description at the suffering he had so unconsciously inflicted on his niece—horror-struck at the fact that thousands upon thousands had been lavished, yet nothing done for hereafter, the hereafter that must come—he urged upon John the danger of delay, the uncertainty of life. Circumstances increased his influence. Dr Adams had been made painfully aware that gilding was not gold. The beauty, position, and talents of his beloved child, although fully acknowledged, had failed to establish her in life. 'Look, Charles,' he said, after imparting all to his brother, absolutely weeping over the state of uncomplaining but deep sorrow to which his child was reduced—'if I could command the necessary funds, I would to-morrow insure my life for a sum that would place them beyond the possible reach of necessity of any kind.'

'Do not wait for that,' was the generous reply of Charles Adams; 'I have some unemployed hundreds at this moment. Come with me to-morrow; do not delay a day, no, nor an hour; and take my word for it, you will have reason to bless your resolve. Only imagine what would be the case if God called you to give an account of your stewardship!' But he checked himself; he saw that more was not necessary; and the brothers separated for a few hours, both anxious for the morning. It was impossible to say which of the two hurried over breakfast with the greatest rapidity. The carriage was at the door; and Dr Adams left word with his butler that he was gone into the city on urgent business, and would be back in two hours.

'I don't think,' exclaimed Charles, rubbing his hands gleefully—'I don't think that, if my dear niece were happy, I should ever have been so happy in all my life as I am at this moment.'

'I feel already,' replied John, 'as if a great weight were removed from my heart; and were it not for the debt which I have contracted to you—— Ah, Charles, I little dreamt, when I looked down from the hill over Repton, and thought my store inexhaustible, that I should be obliged to you thus late in life. And yet I protest I hardly know where I could have drawn in; one expense grows so out of another. These boys have been so very extravagant; but I shall soon have the two eldest off; they cannot keep them much longer waiting.'

'Work is better than waiting; but let the lads fight their way; they have had, I suppose, a good education; they ought to have had professions. There is something to me awfully lazy in your

"appointments:" a young man of spirit will appoint himself; but it is the females of a family, brought up as yours have been, who are to be considered. Women's position in society is changed from what it was some years ago: it was expected that they must marry; and so they were left, before their marriage, dependent upon fathers and brothers, as creatures that could do nothing for themselves. Now, poor things, I really don't know why, but girls do not marry off as they used. They become old, and frequently—owing to the expectation of their settling—without the provision necessary for a comfortable old age. This is the parent of those despicable tricks and arts which women resort to to get married, as they have no acknowledged position independent of matrimony. Something ought to be done to prevent this. And when the country steadies a little from the great revolution of past years, I suppose something may be thought of by improved teaching—and systems to enable women to assist themselves, and be recompensed for the assistance they yield others. Now, imagine your dear girls, those younger ones particularly, deprived of you'——

'Here is the patient upon whom I must call *en route*,' interrupted the doctor.

The carriage drew up.

'I wish,' said Charles, 'you had called here on your return. I wanted the insurance to have been your first business to-day.'

'I shall not be five minutes,' was the reply. The servant let down the step, and the doctor bounded up towards the open door. In his progress he trode upon a bit, a mere shred, of orange-peel; it was the mischief of a moment; he slipped, and his temple struck against the sharp column of an iron scraper. Within one hour Dr John Adams had ceased to exist.

What the mental and bodily agony of that one hour was, you can better understand than I can describe. He was fully conscious that he was dying, and he knew all the misery that was to follow.

'Mary—my dear niece,' said Charles Adams as he seated himself by her side; 'my dear, dear niece, can you fix your thoughts, and give me your attention for half an hour, now that all is over, and that the demands of the world press upon us. I want to speak about the future. Your mother bursts into such fits of despair that I can do nothing with her; and your brother is so ungovernable—talks as if he could command the Bank of England—and is so full of his mother's connections and their influence, that I have left him to himself. Can you, my dear Mary, restrain your feelings, and give me your attention?'

Mary Adams looked firmly in her uncle's face, and said: 'I will try. I have been thinking and planning all the morning, but I do not know how to begin being useful. If I once began, I could go

on. The sooner we are out of this huge expensive house the better; if I could get my mother to go with the little girls to the sea-side. Take her away altogether from this home—take her'——

'Where?' inquired Mr Adams. 'She will not accept shelter in my house.'

'I do not know,' answered his niece, relapsing into all the helplessness of first grief; 'indeed I do not know. Her brother-in-law, Sir James Ashbrooke, invited her to the Pleasaunce; but my brother objects to her going there, his uncle has behaved so neglectfully about his appointment.'

'Foolish boy!' muttered Charles; 'this is no time to quarrel about trifles. The fact is, Mary, that the sooner you are all out of this house the better: there are one or two creditors, not for large sums certainly, but still men who will have their money; and if we do not quietly sell off, they will force us. The house might have been disposed of last week by private contract, but your mother would not hear of it, because the person who offered was a medical rival of my poor brother.'

Mary did not hear the concluding observation; her eyes wandered from object to object in the room—the harp—the various things known from childhood. 'Anything you and your mother wish, my dear niece,' said her kind uncle, 'shall be preserved: the family pictures—your harp, your piano—they are all hallowed memorials, and shall be kept sacred.'

Mary burst into tears. 'I do not,' she said 'shrink from considering those instruments the means of my support; but although I know the necessity for so considering, I feel I cannot tell what at quitting the home of my childhood. People are all kind; you, my dear uncle, from whom we expected so little, the kindest of all; but I see, even in these early days of a first sorrow, indications of falling off. My aunt's husband has really behaved very badly about the appointment of my eldest brother; and as to the cadetship for the second—we had such a brief, dry letter from our Indian friends—so many first on the list, and the necessity for waiting, that I do not know how it will end.'

'I wish, my dear, you could prevail on your mother, and sister, and all, to come to Repton,' said Mr Adams. 'If your mother dislikes being in my house, I would find her a cottage near us; I will do all I can. My wife joins me in the determination to think that we have six additional children to look to. We differ from you in our habits, but our hearts and affections are no less true to you all. My Mary and you will be as sisters.'

His niece could bear no more kindness. She had been far more bitterly disappointed than she had confessed even to her uncle; and yet the very bitterness of the disappointment had been the first thing that had driven her father's dying wail from her ears—that cry repeated so often, and so bitterly, in the brief moments left after his

accident—'My children! My children!' He had not sufficient faith to commit them to God's mercy. He knew he had not been a faithful steward; and he could not bring himself, from the depths of his spiritual blindness, to call upon the Fountain that is never dried up to those who would humbly and earnestly partake of its living waters.

It was all a scene as of another world to the young, beautiful, petted, and fêted girl; it had made her forget the disappointment of her love, at least for a time. While her brothers dared the thunder-cloud that burst above their heads, her mother and sisters wept beneath its influence. Mary had looked forth, and, if she did not hope, she thought, and tried to pray. Now, she fell weeping upon her uncle's shoulder: when she could speak, she said: 'Forgive me; in a little time I shall be able to conquer this; at present, I am overwhelmed. I feel as if knowledge and sorrow came together: I seem to have read more of human nature within the last three days than in all my past life.'

'It all depends, Mary, upon the person you meet,' said Mr Adams, 'as upon the book you read. If you choose a foolish book or a bad book, you can expect nothing but vice or foolishness; if you choose a foolish companion, surely you cannot expect kindness or strength.' The kind-hearted man repeated to her all he had before said. 'I cannot,' he added, 'be guilty of injustice to my children; but I can merge all my own luxuries into the one of being a father to the fatherless.'

But to all the plans of Charles Adams objections were raised by his eldest nephew and his mother: the youth could not brook the control of a simple straight-minded country man, whose only claim to be considered a gentleman, in his opinion, arose from his connection with 'his family.' He was also indignant with his maternal uncle for his broken promise, and these feelings were strengthened by his mother's folly. Two opportunities for disposing of the house and its magnificent furniture were missed; and when Mrs Adams complained to her nearest and most influential connections that her brother-in-law refused to make her any allowance unless she consented to live at Repton—expecting that they would be loud in their indignation at his hardness—they advised her by all means to do what he wished, as he was really the only person she had to depend upon. Some were lavish of their sympathy, but sympathy wears out quickly; others invited her to spend a month with them at their country-seat, for change of air; and one hinted how valuable Miss Adams's exquisite musical talent would be now. Mary coloured, and said 'Yes,' with the dignity of proper feeling. But her mother asked the lady what she meant, and a little scene followed, which caused the lady to visit all the families in town of her acquaintance, for the purpose of expressing her sympathy with 'those poor dear Adamses, who were so proud, poor things, that

really there was nothing but starvation and the workhouse before them!' Another of those well-meaning persons—strong-minded and kind-hearted, but without a particle of delicacy—came to poor Mary with all the *prestige* of conferring a favour.

'My dear young lady, it is the commonest thing in the world—very painful, but very common: the families of professional men are frequently left without provision. Such a pity!—because, if they cannot save, they can insure. We all can do that, but they do not do it, and consequently everywhere the families of professional men are found in distress. So, as I said, it is common; and I wanted you to suggest to your mother that, if she would not feel hurt at it, the thing being so common—dear Dr Adams having been so popular, so very popular—that, while every one is talking about him and you all, a very handsome subscription could be got up. I would begin it with a sum large enough to invite still larger. I had a great regard for him—I had indeed.'

Mary felt her heart sink and rise, and her throat swell, so that she could not speak. She had brought herself to the determination of employing her talents for her own support, but she was not prepared to come with her family before the world as paupers. 'We have no claim upon the public,' she said at last. 'I am sure you mean us kindly, but we have no claim. My dear father forwarded no public work—no public object; he gave his advice, and received his payment. If we are not provided for, it is no public fault. Besides, my father's children are able and willing to support themselves. I am sure you mean us kindly, but we have no claim upon public sympathy, and an appeal to it would crush us to the earth. I am very glad you did not speak first to my mother. My uncle Charles would not suffer it, even suppose she wished it.'

This friend also departed to excite new speculations as to the pride and poverty of 'poor dear Dr Adams's family.' In the world, however—the busy, busy London world—it is idle to expect anything to create even a nine days' wonder. When the house and furniture were at last offered for sale, the feeling was somewhat revived; and Mary, whose beauty, exquisite as it was, had so unobtrusive a character as never to have created a foe, was remembered with tears by many. Even the father of her old lover, when he was congratulated by one more worldly-minded than himself on the escape of his son in not marrying a portionless girl, reproved the unfeeling speaker with a wish that he only hoped his son might have as good a wife as Mary Adams would have been.

The bills were taken down, the house purified from the auction-mob—everything changed; a new name occupied the doctor's place in the *Court Guide;* and in three months the family seemed as completely forgotten amongst those of whom they once formed a prominent part, as if they had never existed. When one sphere of life closes against a family, they find room in another. Many kind-

hearted persons in Mrs Adams's first circle would have been rejoiced to be of service to her and hers, but they were exactly the people upon whom she had no claim. Of a high, but poor family, her relatives had little power. What family so situated ever had any influence beyond what they absolutely needed for themselves? With an ill grace, she at last acceded to the kind offer made by Mr Charles Adams, and took possession of the cottage he fixed upon, until something could be done for his brother's children. In a fit of proud despair, the eldest son enlisted into a regiment of dragoons; the second was fortunate enough to obtain a cadetship through a stranger's interference; and his uncle thought it might be possible to get the youngest forward in his father's profession. The expense of the necessary arrangements was severely felt by the prudent and careful country gentleman. The younger girls were too delicate for even the common occupations of daily life; and Mary, instead of receiving the welcome she had been led to expect from her aunt and cousins, felt that every hour she spent at the Grange was an intrusion.

The sudden death of Dr Adams had postponed the intended wedding of Charles Adams's eldest daughter; and although her mother agreed that it was their duty to forward the orphan children, she certainly felt, as most affectionate mothers whose hearts are not very much enlarged would feel, that much of their own savings—much of the produce of her husband's hard labour—labour during a series of years when her sister-in-law and her children were enjoying all the luxuries of life—would now be expended for their support. This, to an all-sacrificing mother, despite her sense of the duty of kindness, was hard to bear. As long as they were not on the spot, she theorised continually, and derived much satisfaction from the sympathising observations of her neighbours, and was proud, very proud, of the praise bestowed upon her husband's benevolence; but when her sister-in-law's expensive habits were in daily array before her (the cottage being close to the Grange); when she knew, to use her own expression, 'that she never put her hand to a single thing;' that she could not live without port wine, when she herself never drank even gooseberry, except on Sundays; never ironed a collar, never dusted the mantel-piece, or ate a shoulder of mutton—roast one day, cold the next, and hashed the third—while each day brought some fresh illustration of her thoughtlessness to the eyes of the wife of the wealthy tiller of the soil, the widow of the physician thought herself in the daily practice of the most rigid self-denial. 'I am sure,' was her constant observation to her all-patient daughter—'I am sure I never thought it would come to this. I had not an idea of going through so much. I wonder your uncle and his wife can permit me to live in the way I do—they ought to consider how I was brought up.' It was in vain Mary represented that they were existing upon charity; that they ought to be most grateful for what they received,

coming as it did from those who, in their days of prosperity, professed nothing, while those who professed all things had done nothing. Mary would so reason, and then retire to her own chamber to weep alone over things more hard to bear.

It is painful to observe what bitterness will creep into the heart and manner of really kind girls where a lover is in the case, or even where a commonplace, dangling-sort-of flirtation is going forward; this depreciating ill-nature, one of the other, is not confined by any means to the fair sex. Young men pick each other to pieces with even more fierceness, but less ingenuity; they deal in a cut-and-hack sort of sarcasm, and do not hesitate to use terms and insinuations of the harshest kind when a lady is in the case. Mary (to distinguish her from her high-bred cousin, she was generally called Mary Charles) was certainly disappointed when her wedding was postponed in consequence of her uncle's death; but a much more painful feeling followed when she saw the admiration her lover, Edwin Lechmere, bestowed upon her beautiful cousin. Mary Charles was herself a beauty—fair, open-eyed, warm-hearted—*the* beauty of Repton; but though feature by feature, inch by inch, she was as handsome as Mary, yet in her cousin was the grace and spirit given only by good society; the manners elevated by a higher mind, and toned down by sorrow; a gentle softness, which a keen observer of human nature told me once no woman ever possessed unless she had deeply loved, and suffered from disappointed affection; in short, she was far more refined, far more fascinating, than her country cousin. Besides, she was unfortunate, and that at once gave her a hold upon the sympathies of the young curate. It did no more; but Mary Charles did not understand these nice distinctions, and nothing could exceed the change of manner she evinced when her cousin and her betrothed were together.

Mary thought her cousin rude and petulant; but the true cause of the change never occurred to her. Accustomed to the high-toned courtesy of well-bred men, which is so little practised in the middle class of English society, it never suggested itself that placing her chair, or opening the door for her to go out, or rising courteously when she came into a room, was more than, as a lady, she had a right to expect; in truth, she did not notice it at all; but she did notice, and feel deeply, her cousin's alternate coldness and snappishness of manner. 'I would not,' thought Mary, 'have behaved so to her if she had been left desolate; but in a little time, when my mother is more content, I will leave Repton, and become independent by my talents.' Never did she think of the power delegated to her by the Almighty without feeling herself raised—ay, higher than she had ever been in the days of her splendour—in the scale of moral usefulness; as every one must feel whose mind is rightly framed. She had not yet known what it was to have her abilities trampled on or insulted; she had never experienced the bitterness

consequent upon having the acquirements—which, in the days of her prosperity, commanded silence and admiration—sneered at or openly ridiculed. She had yet to learn that the Solons, the law-givers of English society, lavish their attentions and praise upon those who learn, not upon those who teach.

Mary had not been six months fatherless, when she was astonished first by a letter, and then by a visit, from her former lover. He came to renew his engagement, and to wed her even then, if she would have him. But Mary's high principle was stronger than he imagined. 'No,' she said; 'you are not independent of your father, and whatever I feel, I have no right to draw you down into poverty. You may fancy now that you could bear it; but a time would come —if not to you, to me—when the utter selfishness of such conduct would goad me to a death of early misery.' The young man appealed to her uncle, who thought her feelings overstrained, but respected her for it nevertheless; and, in the warmth of his admiration, he communicated the circumstance to his wife and daughter.

'Refuse her old lover under present circumstances!' repeated her cousin to herself as she left the room; 'there must be some other reason than that; she could not be so foolish as to reject such an offer at such a time.' Unfortunately, she saw Edwin Lechmere walking by Mary's side under the shadow of some trees. She watched them until the foliage screened them from her sight, and then she shut herself into her own room, and yielded to a long and violent burst of tears. 'It is not enough,' she exclaimed in the bitterness of her feelings, 'that the comforts of my parents' declining years should be abridged by the overwhelming burden to their exertions—another family added to their own; it is not enough that an uncomfortable feeling has grown between my father and mother on this account, and that cold looks and sharp words have come where they never came before, but my peace of mind must be destroyed. Gladly would I have taken a smaller portion, if I could have kept the affections which I see but too plainly my cousin has stolen from me. And my thoughtless aunt to say, only yesterday, that "at all events her husband was no man's enemy but his own." Has not his want of prudent forethought been the ruin of his own children? and will my parents ever recover the anxiety, the pain, the sacrifices, brought on by one man's culpable neglect? Oh, uncle, if you could look from your grave upon the misery you have caused!'—and then, exhausted by her own emotion, the affectionate but jealous girl began to question herself as to what she should do. After what she considered mature deliberation, she made up her mind to upbraid her cousin with treachery; and she put her design into execution that same evening.

It was no easy matter to oblige her cousin to understand what she meant; but at last the declaration that she had refused her old lover because she had placed her affections upon Edwin Lechmere, whom

she was endeavouring to 'entrap,' was not to be mistaken; and the country girl was altogether unprepared for the burst of indignant feeling, mingled with much bitterness, which repelled the untruth. A strong fit of hysterics into which Mary Charles worked herself was terminated by a scene of the most painful kind—her father being upbraided by her mother with 'loving other people's children better than his own,' while the curate himself knelt by the side of his betrothed, assuring her of his unaltered affection. From such a scene Miss Adams hastened with a throbbing brow and a bursting heart. She had no one to counsel or console her; no one to whom she could apply for aid. For the first time since she had experienced her uncle's tenderness, she felt she had been the means of disturbing his domestic peace; the knowledge of the burden she was, and the burden she and hers were considered, weighed her to the earth; and in a paroxysm of anguish she fell on her knees, exclaiming: 'Oh! why are the dependent born into the world? Father, father! why did you leave us, whom you so loved, to such a fate!' And then she reproached herself for having uttered a word reflecting on his memory. One of the every-day occurrences of life—so common, as to be hardly observed—is to find really kind, good-natured people weary of well-doing. 'Oh, really I was worn out with so and so; they are so decidedly unfortunate that it is impossible to help them,' is a general excuse for deserting those whose continuing misfortunes ought to render them greater objects of sympathy.

Mr Charles Adams was, as has been shewn in our little narrative, a kind-hearted man. Estranged as his brother and himself had been for a number of years, he had done much to forward, and still more to protect, his children. At first this was a pleasure; but somehow his 'benevolence,' and 'kindness,' and 'generosity' had been so talked about, so eulogised, and he had been so seriously inconvenienced by the waywardness of his nephews, the thoughtless pride of his sister-in-law, the helplessness of his younger nieces, as to feel seriously oppressed by his responsibility. And now the one who had never given him aught but pleasure, seemed, according to his daughter's representations, to be the cause of increased sorrow—the destroyer of his dear child's happiness. What to do he could not tell. His daughter, wrought upon by her own jealousy, had evinced under its influence so much temper she had never displayed before, that it seemed more than likely the cherished match would be broken off. His high-minded niece saved him any further anxiety as far as she was concerned. She sent for, and convinced him fully and entirely of her total freedom from the base design imputed to her. 'Was it likely,' she said, 'that I should reject the man I love lest I should drag him into poverty, and plunge at once with one I do not care for into the abyss I dread? This is the common-sense view of the case; but there is yet another. Is it to be borne that I would seek to rob your child of her happiness? The supposition is an insult

too gross to be endured. I will leave my mother to-morrow. An old school-fellow, older and more fortunate than myself, wished me to educate her little girl. I had one or two strong objections to living in her house; but the desire to be independent and away has overcome them.' She then, with many tears, entreated her uncle still to protect her mother; urged how she had been sorely tried; and communicated fears, she had reason to believe were too well founded, that her eldest brother, feeling the reverse more than he could bear, had deserted from his regiment.

Charles Adams was deeply moved by the nobleness of his niece, and reproved his daughter more harshly than he had ever done before for the feebleness that created so strong and unjust a passion. This had the contrary effect to what he had hoped for: she did not hesitate to say that her cousin had endeavoured to rob her both of the affection of her lover and her father. The injured cousin left Repton, bowed beneath an accumulation of troubles, not one of which was of her own creating, not one of which she deserved; and all springing from the unproviding nature of him who, had he been asked the question, would have declared himself ready to sacrifice his own life for the advantage of that daughter, now compelled to work for her own bread. To trace the career of Mary Adams in her new calling would be to repeat what I have said before. The more refined, the more informed the governess, the more she suffers. Being with one whom she had known in better days, made it even more hard to bear; yet she did her duty, and that is one of the highest privileges a woman can enjoy.

Leaving Mary for a moment, let us return to Repton. Here discord, having once entered, was making sad ravages, and all were suffering from it. It was but too true that the eldest of the Adamses had deserted: his mother, clinging with a parent's fondness to her child, concealed him, and thus offended Charles Adams beyond all reconciliation. The third lad, who was walking the London hospitals, and exerting himself beyond his strength, was everything that a youth could be; but his declining health was represented to his uncle, by one of those whom his mother's pride had insulted, as a cloak for indolence. In short, before another year had quite passed, the family of the once rich and fashionable Dr Adams had shared the fate of all dependents—worn out the benevolence, or patience, or whatever it really is, of their best friends. Nor was this the only consequence of the physician's neglect of a duty due alike to God and society: his brother had really done so much for the bereaved family, as to give what the world called just grounds to Mrs Charles Adams's repeated complaints, 'that now her husband was ruining his industrious family to keep the lazy widow of his spendthrift brother and her favourite children in idleness. Why could she not live upon the "fine folk" she was always throwing in her face?' Their daughter, too, of whose approaching union the fond father had been

so proud, was now, like her cousin whom she had wronged by her mean suspicions, deserted; the match broken off after much bickering; one quarrel having brought on another, until they separated by mutual consent. Her temper and her health were both materially impaired, and her beauty was converted into hardness and acidity.

Oh how utterly groundless is the idea, that in our social state, where one human being must so much depend upon another, any man, neglecting his positive duties, can be called only 'his own enemy!' What misery had not Dr Adams's neglect entailed, not alone on his immediate family, but on that of his brother! Besides, there were ramifications of distress; he died even more embarrassed than his brother had at first believed, and some trades-people were consequently embarrassed; but the deep misery fell upon his children. Meanwhile, Mrs Dr Adams had left Repton with her younger children, to be the dependents of Mary in London.

It was not until a fatal disease had seized upon her mother, that Mary ventured to appeal again to her uncle's generosity. 'My second brother,' she said, 'has, out of his small means, remitted her five pounds. My eldest brother seems altogether to have disappeared from amongst us: finding that his unhappy presence had occasioned so fatal a separation between his mother and you—a disunion which I saw was the effect of many small causes, rather than one great one—he left us, and we cannot trace him. This has broken my poor mother's heart; he was the cherished one of all her children. My youngest brother has been for the last month an inmate of one of the hospitals which my poor father attended for so many years, and where his word was law. My sister Rosa, she upon whom my poor father poured, if possible, more of his affection than he bestowed upon me—my lovely sister, of whom, even in our poverty, I was so proud—so young, only upon the verge of womanhood—has, you already know, left us. Would to God that it had been for her grave, rather than her destroyer!—a fellow-student of that poor youth, who, if he dreamt of her dishonour, would stagger like a spectre from what will be his death-bed to avenge her. Poverty is one of the surest guides to dishonour; those who have not been tempted know nothing of it. It is one thing to see it, another to feel it. Do not think her altogether base, because she had not the strength of a heroine. I have been obliged to resign my situation to attend my mother, and the only income we have is what I earn by giving lessons on the harp and piano. I give, for two shillings, the same instruction for which my father paid half-a-guinea a lesson; if I did not, I should have no pupils. It is more than a month since my mother left her bed; and my youngest sister, bending beneath increased delicacy of health, is her only attendant. I know her mind to be so tortured, and her body so convulsed by pain, that I have prayed to God to render her fit for Heaven, and take her from her sufferings. Imagine the weight of sorrow that crushed me to

my knees with such a petition as that! I know all you have done, and yet I ask you now, in remembrance of the boyish love that bound you and my father together, to lessen her bodily anguish by the sacrifice of a little more; that she, nursed in the lap of luxury, may not pass from life with starvation as her companion. My brother's gift is expended; and during the last three weeks I have earned but twelve shillings; my pupils are out of town. Do, for a moment, remember what I was, and think how humbled I must be to frame this supplication; but it is a child that petitions for a parent, and I know I have never forfeited your esteem. In a few weeks, perhaps in a few days, my brother and my mother will meet my poor father face to face. Oh that I could be assured that reproach and bitterness for the past do not pass the portals of the grave! Forgive me this, as you have already forgiven me much. Alas! I know too well that our misfortunes drew misfortunes upon others. I was the unhappy but innocent cause of much sorrow at the Grange; but oh! do not refuse the last request that I will ever make!' The letter was blotted by tears.

Charles Adams was from home when it arrived, and his wife, knowing the handwriting, and having made a resolution never to open a letter 'from that branch of the family,' did not send it after her husband, 'lest it might tease him.' Ten days elapsed before he received it; and when he did, he could not be content with writing, but lost not a moment in hastening to the address. Irritated and disappointed that what he really had done should have been so little appreciated, when every hour of his life he was smarting in one way or other from his exertions—broken-hearted at his daughter's blighted health and happiness—angered by the reckless wildness of one nephew, and what he believed was the idleness of another—and convinced that Rosa's fearful step was owing to the pampering and mismanagement of her foolish mother—Charles Adams satisfied himself that, as he did not hear to the contrary from Mary, all things were going on well, or at least not ill. He thought as little about them as he possibly could, no people in the world being so conveniently forgotten (when they are not importunate) as poor relations; but the letter of his favourite niece spoke strongly to his heart, and in two hours after his return home, he set forth for the London suburb from whence the letter was dated. It so chanced that, to get to that particular end of the town, he was obliged to pass the house his brother had occupied so splendidly for a number of years; the servants had lit the lamps, and were drawing the curtains of the noble dining-room; and a party of ladies were descending from a carriage, which prevented two others from setting down. It looked like old times. 'Some one else,' thought Charles Adams, 'running the same career of wealth and extravagance. God grant it may not lead to the same results!' He paused, and looked up the front of the noble mansion; the drawing-room windows were open,

and two beautiful children were standing on an ottoman placed between the windows, probably to keep them apart. He thought of Mary's childhood, and how she was occupied at that moment, and hastened onward. There are times when life seems one mingled dream, and it is not easy to become dispossessed of the idea when some of its frightful changes are brought almost together under our view.

'Is Miss Adams at home?' inquired her uncle of a woman leaning against the door of a miserable house.

'I don't know; she went to the hospital this morning; but I'm not sure she's in. It's the second pair back; it's easy known, for the sob has not ceased in that room these two nights; some people do take on so'——

Charles Adams did not hear the concluding sentence, but sought the room: the door would not close, and he heard a low sobbing sound from within. He paused; but his step had aroused the mourner. 'Come in, Mary—come in. I know how it is,' said a young voice; 'he is dead. One grave for mother and son—one grave for mother and son! I see your shadow, dark as it is. Have you brought a candle? It is very fearful to be alone with the dead —even one's own mother—in the dark.'

Charles Adams entered the room; but his sudden appearance in the twilight, and evidently not knowing him, overcame the girl, his youngest niece, so much, that she screamed, and fell on her knees by her mother's corpse. He called for lights, and was speedily obeyed, for he put a piece of gold in the woman's hand: she turned it over, and as she hastened from the room, muttered, 'If this had come sooner, she'd not have died of starvation, or burdened the parish for a shroud: it's hard the rich can't look to their own.'

When Mary returned, she was fearfully calm. 'No; her brother was not dead,' she said. 'The young were longer dying than those whom the world had worn out; the young knew so little of the world, they thought it hard to leave it;' and she took off her bonnet, and sat down; and while her uncle explained why he had not written, she looked at him with eyes so fixed and cold, that he paused, hoping she would speak, so painful was their stony expression. But she let him go on, without offering one word of assurance of any kind feeling or remembrance; and when she stooped to adjust a portion of the coarse plaiting of the shroud—that mockery of 'the purple and fine linen of living days'—her uncle saw that her hair, her luxuriant hair, was striped with white.

'There is no need for words now,' she said at last; 'no need. I thought you would have sent; she required but little—but very little; the dust rubbed from the gold she once had would have been riches. But the little she did require she had not, and so she died. But what weighs heaviest upon my mind was her calling so continually on my father, to know why he had deserted her. She attached

no blame latterly to any one, only called day and night upon him. Oh! it was hard to bear—it was very hard to bear!'

'I will send a proper person in the morning, to arrange that she may be placed with my brother,' said Charles.

Mary shrieked almost with the wildness of a maniac. 'No, no; as far from him as possible! Oh! not with him! She was to blame in our days of splendour as much as he was; but she could not see it; and I durst not reason with her. Not with him! She would disturb him in his grave!'

Her uncle shuddered, while the young girl sobbed in the bitter wailing tone their landlady complained of.

'No,' resumed Mary; 'let the parish bury her; even its officers were kind; and if you bury her, or they, it is still a pauper's funeral. I see all these things clearly now. Death, while it closes the eyes of some, opens the eyes of others; it has opened mine.'

But why should I prolong this sad story. It is not the tale of one, but of many. There are dozens, scores, hundreds of instances of the same kind, arising from the same cause, in our broad islands. In the lunatic asylum where that poor girl, even Mary Adams, has found refuge during the past two years, there are many cases of insanity arising from change of circumstances, where a fifty pounds' insurance would have set such maddening distress at defiance. I know that her brother died in the hospital within a few days; and the pale, sunken-eyed girl, whose damp yellow hair and thin white hand are so eagerly kissed by the gentle maniac when she visits her, month by month, is the youngest, and, I believe, the last of her family—at least the last in England. Oh that those who foolishly boast that their actions only affect themselves, would look carefully abroad, and, if they doubt what I have faithfully told, examine into the causes which crowd the world with cases even worse than I have here recorded!

NOTE.—The evil consequences of a neglect or postponement of life assurance, such as are portrayed in the foregoing tale, are very far from being of uncommon occurrence; and as much may arise from ignorance, we have, in another tract, presented every requisite information on the subject.—ED.

ABBY'S YEAR IN LOWELL.*

A TALE OF SELF-DENIAL.

I.

'MR ATKINS, I say! Husband, why can't you speak? Do you hear what Abby says?'

'Anything worth hearing?' was the responsive question of Mr Atkins; and he laid down the *New Hampshire Patriot*, and peered over his spectacles with a look which seemed to say, that an event so uncommon deserved particular attention.

'Why, she says that she means to go to Lowell, and work in the factory.'

'Well, wife, let her go;' and Mr Atkins took up the *Patriot* again.

'But I do not see how I can spare her; the spring cleaning is not done, nor the soap made, nor the boys' summer clothes; and you say that you intend to board your own 'men-folks,' and keep two more cows than you did last year; and Charley can scarcely go alone. I do not see how I can get along without her.'

'But you say she does not assist you any about the house.'

'Well, husband, she *might*.'

'Yes, she might do a great many things which she does not think of doing; and as I do not see that she means to be useful here, we will let her go to the factory.'

'Father! are you in earnest? May I go to Lowell?' said Abby; and she raised her bright black eyes to her father's with a look of exquisite delight.

'Yes, Abby, if you will promise me one thing; and that is, that you will stay a whole year without visiting us, excepting in case of sickness, and that you will stay but one year.'

'I will promise anything, father, if you will only let me go; for I thought you would say that I had better stay at home and pick

* Lowell is a manufacturing town in Massachusetts, to which young women, the daughters of farmers and others, resort for employment in the factories. The generally excellent conduct of these 'factory girls,' also their taste and literary abilities, are spoken of by travellers from England as a kind of wonder. Amongst them are contributed a series of papers in prose and verse, which form an annual, entitled the *Lowell Offering:* and it is from one of these interesting publications that the present story, which appears under the signature of 'Lucinda,' is extracted.—ED.

rocks, and weed the garden, and drop corn, and rake hay; and I do not want to do such work any longer. May I go with the Slater girls next Tuesday, for that is the day they have set for their return?'

'Yes, Abby, if you will remember that you are to stay a year, and only one year.'

Abby retired to rest that night with a heart fluttering with pleasure; for ever since the visit of the Slater girls with new silk dresses, and Navarino bonnets trimmed with flowers, and lace veils and gauze handkerchiefs, her head had been filled with visions of fine clothes; and she thought if she could only go where she could dress like them, she should be completely happy. She was naturally very fond of dress, and often, while a little girl, had she sat on the grass bank by the roadside watching the stage which went daily by her father's retired dwelling; and when she saw the gay ribbons and smart shawls, which passed like a bright phantom before her wondering eyes, she had thought that, when older, she too would have such things; and she looked forward to womanhood as to a state in which the chief pleasure must consist in wearing fine clothes. But as years passed over her, she became aware that this was a source from which she could never derive any enjoyment whilst she remained at home; for her father was neither able nor willing to gratify her in this respect, and she had begun to fear that she must always wear the same brown cambric bonnet, and that the same calico gown would always be her 'go-to-meeting dress.' And now what a bright picture had been formed by her ardent and uncultivated imagination! Yes, she would go to Lowell, and earn all that she possibly could, and spend those earnings in beautiful attire; she would have silk dresses—one of grass green, and another of cherry-red, and another upon the colour of which she would decide when she purchased it; and she would have a new Navarino bonnet, far more beautiful than Judith Slater's; and when at last she fell asleep, it was to dream of satin and lace, and her glowing fancy revelled all night in a vast and beautiful collection of milliners' finery.

But very different were the dreams of Abby's mother; and when she awoke the next morning, her first words to her husband were: 'Mr Atkins, were you serious last night when you told Abby that she might go to Lowell? I thought at first that you were vexed because I interrupted you, and said it to stop the conversation.'

'Yes, wife, I was serious, and you did not interrupt me, for I had been listening to all that you and Abby were saying. She is a wild, thoughtless girl, and I hardly know what it is best to do with her; but perhaps it will be as well to try an experiment, and let her think and act a little while for herself. I expect that she will spend all her earnings in fine clothes; but after she has done so, she may see the folly of it: at all events, she will be rather more likely to understand the value of money when she has been obliged to work for it. After

she has had her own way for one year, she may possibly be willing to return home and become a little more steady, and be willing to devote her active energies (for she is a very capable girl) to household duties, for hitherto her services have been principally out of doors, where she is now too old to work. I am also willing that she should see a little of the world, and what is going on in it; and I hope that, if she receives no benefit, she will at least return to us uninjured.'

'Oh, husband, I have many fears for her,' was the reply of Mrs Atkins, 'she is so very giddy and thoughtless; and the Slater girls are as harebrained as herself, and will lead her on in all sorts of folly. I wish you would tell her that she must stay at home.'

'I have made a promise,' said Mr Atkins, 'and I will keep it; and Abby, I trust, will keep hers.'

Abby flew round in high spirits to make the necessary preparations for her departure, and her mother assisted her with a heavy heart.

II.

The evening before she left home, her father called her to him, and fixing upon her a calm, earnest, and almost mournful look, he said: 'Abby, do you ever think?' Abby was subdued and almost awed by her father's look and manner. There was something unusual in it—something in his expression which was unexpected in him, but which reminded her of her teacher's look at the Sabbath School, when he was endeavouring to impress upon her mind some serious truth.

'Yes, father,' she at length replied, 'I have thought a great deal lately about going to Lowell.'

'But I do not believe, my child, that you have had one serious reflection upon the subject, and I fear that I have done wrong in consenting to let you go from home. If I were too poor to maintain you here, and had no employment about which you could make yourself useful, I should feel no self-reproach, and would let you go, trusting that all might yet be well; but now I have done what I may at some future time severely repent of; and, Abby, if you do not wish to make me wretched, you will return to us a better, milder, and more thoughtful girl.'

That night Abby reflected more seriously than she had ever done in her life before. Her father's words, rendered more impressive by the look and tone with which they were delivered, had sunk into her heart as words of his had never done before. She had been surprised at his ready acquiescence in her wishes, but it had now a new meaning. She felt that she was about to be abandoned to herself, because her parents despaired of being able to do anything for her; they thought her too wild, reckless, and untamable to be softened by aught but the stern lessons of experience. I will surprise

them, said she to herself; I will shew them that I have some reflection; and after I come home, my father shall never ask me if I *think*. Yes, I know what their fears are, and I will let them see that I can take care of myself, and as good care as they have ever taken of me. I know that I have not done as well as I might have done; but I will begin *now*, and when I return, they shall see that I am a better, milder, and more thoughtful girl. And the money which I intended to spend in fine dress shall be put into the bank; I will save it all, and my father shall see that I can earn money, and take care of it too. Oh how different I will be from what they think I am; and how very glad it will make my father and mother to see that I am not so very bad after all!

New feelings and new ideas had begotten new resolutions, and Abby's dreams that night were of smiles from her mother, and words from her father, such as she had never received nor deserved.

When she bade them farewell the next morning, she said nothing of the change which had taken place in her views and feelings, for she felt a slight degree of self-distrust in her own firmness of purpose.

Abby's self-distrust was commendable and auspicious; but she had a very prominent development in that part of the head where phrenologists locate the organ of firmness; and when she had once determined upon a thing, she usually went through with it. She had now resolved to pursue a course entirely different from that which was expected of her, and as different from the one she had first marked out for herself. This was more difficult, on account of her strong propensity for dress, a love of which was freely gratified by her companions. But when Judith Slater pressed her to purchase this beautiful piece of silk, or that splendid piece of muslin, her constant reply was, 'No, I have determined not to buy any such things, and I will keep my resolution.'

Before she came to Lowell, she wondered, in her simplicity, how people could live where there were so many stores, and not spend all their money; and it now required all her firmness to resist being overcome by the tempting display of beauties which met her eyes whenever she promenaded the illuminated streets. It was hard to walk by the milliners' shops with an unwavering step; and when she came to the confectionaries, she could not help stopping. But she did not yield to the temptation; she did not spend her money in them. When she saw fine strawberries, she said to herself, 'I can gather them in our own pasture next year;' when she looked upon the nice peaches, cherries, and plums which stood in tempting array behind their crystal barriers, she said again, 'I will do without them *this* summer;' and when apples, pears, and nuts were offered to her for sale, she thought that she would eat none of them till she went home. But she felt that the only safe place for her earnings was the savings-bank, and there they were regularly deposited, that it might

be out of her power to indulge in momentary whims. She gratified no feeling but a newly-awakened desire for mental improvement, and spent her leisure hours in reading useful books.

Abby's year was one of perpetual self-contest and self-denial; but it was by no means one of unmitigated misery. The ruling desire of years was not to be conquered by the resolution of a moment; but when the contest was over, there was for her the triumph of victory. If the battle was sometimes desperate, there was so much more merit in being conqueror. One sabbath was spent in tears, because Judith Slater did not wish her to attend their meeting with such a dowdy bonnet; and another fellow-boarder thought her gown must have been made in 'the year one.' The colour mounted to her cheeks, and the lightning flashed from her eyes, when asked if she had '*just come down*;' and she felt as though she should be glad to be away from them all, when she heard their sly innuendoes about 'bush-whackers.' Still she remained unshaken. It is but for a year, said she to herself, and the time and money that my father thought I should spend in folly shall be devoted to a better purpose.

III.

At the close of a pleasant April day, Mr Atkins sat at his kitchen fireside, with Charley upon his knee. 'Wife,' said he to Mrs Atkins, who was busily preparing the evening meal, 'is it not a year since Abby left home?'

'Why, husband, let me think: I always clean up the house thoroughly just before fast-day, and I had not done it when Abby went away. I remember speaking to her about it, and telling her that it was wrong to leave me at such a busy time; and she said, "Mother, I will be at home to do it all next year." Yes, it is a year, and I should not be surprised if she should come this week.'

'Perhaps she will not come at all,' said Mr Atkins with a gloomy look; 'she has written us but few letters, and they have been very short and unsatisfactory. I suppose she has sense enough to know that no news is better than bad news; and having nothing pleasant to tell about herself, she thinks she will tell us nothing at all. But if I ever get her home again, I will keep her here. I assure you her first year in Lowell shall also be her last.'

'Husband, I told you my fears, and if you had set up your authority, Abby would have been obliged to stay at home; but perhaps she is doing pretty well. You know she is not accustomed to writing, and that may account for the few and short letters we have received; but they have all, even the shortest, contained the assurance that she would be at home at the close of the year.'

'Pa, the stage has stopped here,' said little Charley, and he

bounded from his father's knee. The next moment the room rang with the shout of 'Abby has come! Abby has come!' In a few moments more she was in the midst of the joyful throng. Her father pressed her hand in silence, and tears gushed from her mother's eyes. Her brothers and sisters were clamorous with delight, all but little Charley, to whom Abby was a stranger, and who repelled with terror all her overtures for a better acquaintance. Her parents gazed upon her with speechless pleasure, for they felt that a change for the better had taken place in their once wayward girl. Yes, there she stood before them, a little taller and a little thinner, and, when the flush of emotion had faded away, perhaps a little paler; but the eyes were bright in their joyous radiance, and the smile of health and innocence was playing around the rosy lips. She carefully laid aside her new straw-bonnet, with its plain trimming of light-blue ribbon, and her dark merino dress shewed to the best advantage her neat symmetrical form. There was more delicacy of personal appearance than when she left them, and also more softness of manner; for constant collision with so many young females had worn off the little asperities which had marked her conduct while at home.

'Well, Abby, how many silk gowns have you got?' said her father as she opened a large new trunk.

'Not *one*, father,' said she, and she fixed her dark eyes upon him with an expression which told all. 'But here are some little books for the children, and a new calico dress for mother; and here is a nice black silk handkerchief for you to wear around your neck on Sundays. Accept it, dear father, for it is your daughter's first gift.'

'You had better have bought me a pair of spectacles, for I am sure I cannot see anything.' There were tears in the rough farmer's eyes, but he tried to laugh and joke, that they might not be perceived. 'But what did you do with all your money?'

'I thought I had better leave it there,' said Abby, and she placed her bank-book in her father's hand. Mr Atkins looked a moment, and the forced smile faded away. The surprise had been too great, and tears fell thick and fast from the father's eyes.

'It is but a little,' said Abby.

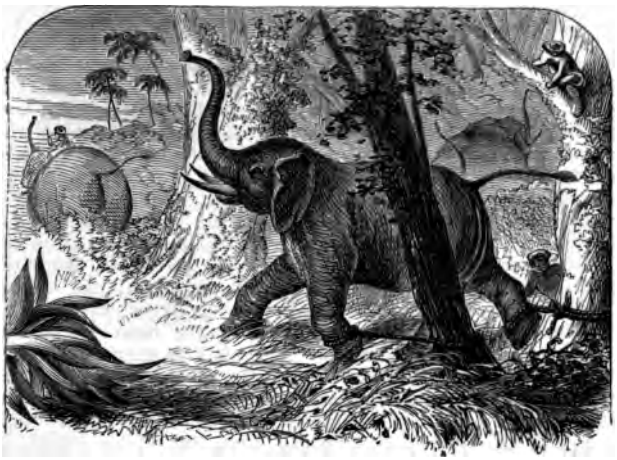
'But it was all you could save,' replied her father, 'and I am proud of you, Abby; yes, proud that I am the father of such a girl. It is not this paltry sum which pleases me so much, but the prudence, self-command, and real affection for us which you have displayed. But was it not sometimes hard to resist temptation?'

'Yes, father, *you* can never know how hard; but it was the thought of *this* night which sustained me through it all. I knew how you would smile, and what my mother would say and feel; and though there have been moments, yes, hours, that have seen me wretched enough, yet this one evening will repay for all. There is

but one thing now to mar my happiness, and that is the thought that this little fellow has quite forgotten me,' and she drew Charley to her side. But the new picture-book had already effected wonders, and in a few moments he was in her lap, with his arms around her neck, and his mother could not persuade him to retire that night until he had given 'Sister Abby' a hundred kisses.

'Father,' said Abby as she arose to retire when the tall clock struck eleven, 'may I not some time go back to Lowell? I should like to add a little to the sum in the bank, and I should be glad of *one* silk gown.'

'Yes, Abby, you may do anything you wish. I shall never again be afraid to let you spend a year in Lowell. You have shewn yourself to be possessed of a virtue, without which no one can expect to gain either respect or confidence—SELF-DENIAL.'



ANECDOTES OF ELEPHANTS.

THE elephant is the largest and most powerful of all living quadrupeds, and may be regarded as a remnant of those gigantic races which were common at an earlier period of the earth's history. Specimens have been found upwards of twelve feet high from the sole of the foot to the ridge of the shoulder, above five tons in weight, and capable of carrying enormous burdens. In general figure, the animal seems clumsy and awkward, but this is fully compensated by the litheness and agility of his trunk. His legs are necessarily massive, for the support of such a huge body; but though apparently stiff, they are by no means the unwieldy members which many suppose. He can kneel and rise with facility; can use the fore-feet by way of hand in holding down branches while he strips off the foliage with his trunk; employ his feet in stamping his enemies to death; and has been known to travel even with a heavy load from fifty to seventy miles in twenty-four hours. His feet, which are internally divided into toes, are externally gathered into a round cushioned mass, protected by flattish nails, and are therefore unfitted for walking on roads or rocky ground. Less bulky in the hinder quarters, his strength accumulates in his chest and neck, the latter of which is short and well adapted for the support of the head and trunk, which are his principal organs of action and defence.

Compared with the bulk of his body, the head appears small; but not so when we take into account the weight and size of its appendages. These are pendulous ears, a couple of gigantic tusks in the

male, and the proboscis or trunk, which in large specimens is capable of reaching to a distance of seven or eight feet. In the Indian species* the ears are rather small, but in the African they are so large, that the Boers and Hottentots make use of them as trucks when dried. The tusks, which correspond to the canine teeth of other quadrupeds, appear only in the upper jaw, fully developed in the male, and only partially so in the female. These he employs as his main weapons of defence, as well as in clearing away obstructions from his path, and in grubbing up succulent roots, of which he is particularly fond. The largest pair in the Paris Museum of Natural History is seven feet in length, and about half a foot in diameter at the base; but specimens of much larger dimensions are mentioned by early authors, whose accounts, however, have the disadvantage of being regarded as somewhat apocryphal. The eye of the elephant is small, but brilliant; and though, from the position in the head, it is incapable of backward and upward vision, yet this defect is remedied in a great degree by the acuteness of his hearing. Indeed all his senses are peculiarly keen, and concentrated, as it were, around the proboscis, for the purpose of directing more immediately the motions of that indispensable mechanism.

The trunk is of a tapering form, and composed of several thousand minute muscles, which cross and interlace each other, so as to give it the power of stretching and contracting, of turning itself in every direction, and of feeling and grasping with a delicacy and strength which is altogether astonishing. It encloses the nostrils, and has the power of inflating itself, of drawing in water, or of ejecting it with violence; it also terminates on the upper side in a sort of fleshy finger, and below in a similar protuberance, which answers to the opposing power of the thumb, and thus it can lift the minutest object. 'Endowed,' says an eloquent writer, 'with exquisite sensibility, nearly eight feet in length, and stout in proportion to the massive size of the whole animal, this organ, at the volition of the elephant, will uproot trees or gather grass, raise a piece of artillery or pick up a comfit, kill a man or brush off a fly. It conveys the food to the mouth, and pumps up the enormous draughts of water which, by its recurvature, are turned into and driven down the capacious throat, or showered over the body. Its length supplies the place of a long neck, which would have been incompatible with the support of the large head and weighty tusks of the animal.'

The skin of the elephant, like that of the horse, is extremely

*In systems of natural history, the elephant ranks with the *Pachyderms*, or thick-skinned class of animals, and forms the type of the *Proboscidean* order; that is, those which are furnished with a proboscis or prehensile trunk. There are only two species of the genus *Elephas*—namely, the Asiatic and the African; the latter being distinguished from the former by its large pendulous ears, less elevated head, and some minor peculiarities interesting only to professed naturalists. The *Mammoth*, whose remains are found so abundantly in Siberia, is another species which appears to have become extinct within a very recent period.

sensitive; and though in domesticated specimens it appears chapped and callous, yet in a state of nature it is smooth, and sufficiently delicate to feel the attack of the tiniest insect; hence his care in syringing it with his trunk, in varnishing it with dust and saliva, and in fanning himself, as he often does, with a leafy bough. It possesses the same muscular peculiarity as the skin of the horse, and can, by its shuddering motion, remove the smallest object from its surface. The colour is generally of a dusky black, but individuals are occasionally found of a dull brown, or nearly white. Albinos, or rather cream-whites, are, however, extremely rare, and are treated with divine honours by some of the Eastern nations, as in Siam, Ava, and the Burman Empire.

NATURAL HABITS.

In its mode of life the elephant is strictly herbivorous, feeding upon rank grass, young shoots of trees, and succulent roots. His whole conformation is eminently fitted for such subsistence, and points to the tropical valley and fertile river-side as the localities where he can enjoy at all seasons herbage and water in abundance. Though created for the jungle and forest, where heat and moisture are the chief vegetative agents, yet the elephant, by his weight and size, is excluded from the swamp. He bathes in the river and lake only where the bottom is firm and secure, and rolls on the sward or in the forest glade, and not in the marsh, where he would inevitably sink beyond the means of extrication. Confined to the regions of an almost perpetual summer, he grubs up roots with his tusks, pulls down branches with his trunk to browse on their foliage, or feeds on the luxuriant herbage, enjoying greater ease and security than any other quadruped. His great size and strength place him beyond the dread of other animals; and, like all the herbivora, he is of mild disposition, having no occasion to wage war upon others for the satisfaction of his natural cravings.

In India, the head-quarters of the animal are the moist forests in the south-east of Bengal, and some parts of the Western Ghauts, but more especially the former. The forests on the Tippera hills, on the south of the Silhet district, have long been the place where the principal continental supply of elephants has been obtained; and there they are found in herds of about a hundred in number. In Africa, they were, till recently, pretty numerous in Cape Colony; but the progress of civilisation has driven them inland, and they are now to be met with in droves only in the more fertile plains and along the river margins of Caffraria. During the time of the Carthaginians, the north of Africa appears to have been also numerously stocked with elephants; but this district they have long since abandoned; and even in the western regions, which furnished ivory in abundance during the early settlement of

the Portuguese, they have become almost extinct. We know too little of the interior of that great continent, to say in what numbers they may exist in the plains drained by the Tchad, Niger, and other tropical rivers; but there, we presume, they still roam in undiminished numbers. Like most vegetable feeders, they are gregarious; and the herd is generally found to follow the oldest pair as leaders, and to go readily wherever they lead the way. In their marches through those forests, tangled as they are with underwood, sight would be of little avail, and therefore their means of communication are scent and sound. By these means food, friends, and foes appear to be detected with great certainty, and at a considerable distance.

The elephant has three distinct notes of intercommunication. The first is rather clear and shrill—a trumpet note produced wholly by the trunk, and emitted when the animal is in good-humour, and all is safe; the second is a growl or groan issuing from the mouth, and is the cry of hunger, or an intimation to the rest when one has come upon an abundant supply of food; and the third, which is loud and long, like the roaring of the lion, is the war-cry by which the animal prefaces his own hostilities, or calls his associates to his aid. The members of the herd seldom roam far from each other, and even then the tiger, notwithstanding his agility and strength, will hardly venture to attack the elephant. Should he do so, the male receives him on his tusks, tosses him into the air, and stands prepared to stamp his fatal foot upon him the instant that he touches the ground. The female elephant has no tusks upon which to receive an enemy, but she has the art to fall upon him, and crush him by her weight. In their native forests, therefore, elephants, whether acting singly or in concert, are invincible to all enemies save man. The latter, even in his rudest state, has only to light a fire, and the huge brute flies in the utmost consternation; or he digs a pit and covers it with turf, and the animal falls into it, helpless, and at his mercy; or it may be that he tips his arrow with the vegetable poisons which experience has enabled him to practise, and the fatal substance benumbs and curdles the blood of his victim.

A herd of these gigantic animals browsing in their native forests must be an imposing spectacle: here a group stripping the well-foliaged branches, there another twisting the long grass into bundles; here a set listlessly flapping their ears under the shade, there another toying with each other, 'making unwieldy merriment.' The enjoyment of this primitive scene is, however, somewhat disturbed by the consideration of the ravage and destruction which the herd commits. It is not so much the amount of food which they consume, as the immense quantity they destroy with their feet; hence the dread of the settler on the confines of the forests they frequent—the labour of a season being often destroyed in a single night. Having satisfied

their hunger, the herd either recline under the shade, or more frequently stand dozing with their sides leaning against the trunk of some stately tree. Thirst, however, soon drives them from their indolent repose; and nothing does the elephant enjoy more than to drink and bathe himself in the running stream.

'Trampling his path through wood and brake,
And canes which crackling fall before his way,
And tassel-grass, whose silvery feathers play,
O'ertopping the young trees,
On comes the elephant, to slake
His thirst at noon in yon pellucid springs.
Lo! from his trunk upturned, aloft he flings
The grateful shower; and now
Plucking the broad-leaved bough
Of yonder palm, with waving motion slow,
Fanning the languid air,
He waves it to and fro.'

Provided with a powerful structure, and enjoying abundance of ease and food, the elephant in general attains to a very old age. The ancients ascribed to him a life of three or four hundred years; but, without laying much stress on their opinion, we have undoubted evidence of even domesticated specimens reaching the great age of one hundred and thirty years. The peculiar provision made for the renewal of his teeth—which are unique in the animal creation—shews that nature intended him for a lengthened existence; for, while in a limited number of years the teeth of other animals wear down and fall out, the elephant's are in a continual state of progression, so that they are as powerful at the age of eighty as they were at eighteen. There is a limit, however, to the duration of all organised being; and in course of years the joints of the elephant become stiff, his skin hard and chapped, his appetite fails, and being unable to follow the herd, he gradually sinks under the weight of years and infirmity. The young elephant, which at its birth is little larger than an ordinary calf, is of slow growth, arriving at maturity in not less than eight or ten years. It is very playful and harmless; and though suckled for a considerable time, is said to receive but a very scanty share of maternal affection. On this head, however, we have few opportunities of judging; we know little of the animal in a truly natural state, and it breeds too seldom in captivity to be observed with accuracy.

ELEPHANT-HUNTING.

Man, standing in relation of superior to the brute creation, is necessitated to use this power for various purposes. He hunts them for their flesh, for their skins, or for some other substance of

utility; he destroys them because they are obnoxious to his cultivated fields, or dangerous to his personal safety; he subjugates and trains them for the assistance they can yield him; or it may be that he chases them for mere amusement. Thus it is with the elephant. The Kaffir hunts him for his flesh, which to him is a dainty, and for his ivory tusks, which he barters with the European; the settler digs the pit and levels the rifle, to protect his crops and enclosures; the Hindu subjugates the powerful brute for the purposes of burden; and the English officer in India talks of 'bagging' elephants for sport. Whatever be the ultimate object, the pursuit of such a huge and sagacious animal must be attended with no small danger; hence the exciting descriptions with which books of Eastern travel abound. Of these, with which we could fill volumes, we shall select one or two striking examples.

The ordinary modes of capture resorted to by rude nations are poisoned arrows, pitfalls, and cutting the hamstrings of the animal. The two former are accomplished with little risk, but the latter requires great address and ingenuity. It is thus described by Bruce, as practised by the Africans, to whom elephant's flesh is a necessary as well as a luxury: 'Two men, absolutely naked, without any rag or covering at all about them, get on horseback; this precaution is for fear of being laid hold of by the trees or bushes, in making their escape from a very watchful enemy. One of these riders sits upon the back of the horse, sometimes with a saddle, and sometimes without one, with only a switch or short stick in one hand, carefully managing the bridle with the other; behind him sits his companion, who has no other arms but a broadsword, such as is used by the Slavonians, and which is brought from Trieste. His left hand is employed in grasping the sword by the handle; about fourteen inches of the blade being covered with whip-cord. This part he takes in his right hand, without any danger of being hurt by it; and, though the edges of the lower part of the sword are as sharp as a razor, he carries it without a scabbard.

'As soon as the elephant is found feeding, the horseman rides before him, as near his face as possible; or, if he flies, crosses him in all directions, crying out: "I am such a man and such a man; this is my horse, that has such a name; I killed your father in such a place, and your grandfather in such another place, and I am now come to kill you; you are but an ass in comparison of them." This nonsense he verily believes the elephant understands, who, chafed and angry at hearing the noise immediately before him, seeks to seize him with his trunk or proboscis; and, intent upon this, follows the horse everywhere, turning and turning round with him, neglectful of making his escape by running straight forward, in which consists his only safety. After having made him turn once or twice in pursuit of the horse, the horseman rides close up alongside of him, and drops his companion just behind on the offside; and while he engages the

elephant's attention upon the horse, the footman behind gives him a drawn stroke just above the heel, or what in man is called the tendon of Achilles. This is the critical moment; the horseman immediately wheels round, takes his companion up behind him, and rides off at full speed after the rest of the herd, if they have started more than one; and sometimes an expert agageer will kill three out of one herd. If the sword is good, and the man not afraid, the tendon is commonly entirely separated; and if it is not cut through, it is generally so far divided that the animal, with the stress he puts upon it, breaks the remaining part asunder. In either case he remains incapable of advancing a step till the horseman's return; or his companions coming up, pierce him through with javelins and lances; he then falls to the ground, and expires with loss of blood.'

In South Africa, the musket and rifle take the place of the knife, and as in this case the hunter requires to be on his feet, the danger of the chase is greatly increased. The life of the Hottentot elephant-hunter is indeed one of imminent peril, and few practise it for many years without being maimed or crushed to death by the infuriated animals. They are a brave, fearless set of men, encountering every species of risk, and enduring fatigue with a courage that is truly wonderful. Accompanied by a few such spirits, the European resident generally sets out on a hunting expedition—indeed it would be madness in him to enter the bush without such an escort. We have a spirited account of such an adventure in the following personal narrative of Lieutenant Moodie: 'In the year 1821, I had joined the recently formed semi-military settlement of Fredericksburg, on the picturesque banks of the Gualana, beyond the Great Fish River. At this place our party (consisting chiefly of the disbanded officers and soldiers of the Royal African Corps) had already shot many elephants, with which the country at that time abounded. The day previous to my adventure, I had witnessed an elephant-hunt for the first time. On this occasion a large female was killed, after some hundred shots had been fired at her. The balls seemed at first to produce little effect, but at length she received several shots in the trunk and eyes, which entirely disabled her from making resistance or escaping, and she fell an easy prey to her assailants.

'On the following day, one of our servants came to inform us that a large troop of elephants was in the neighbourhood of the settlement, and that several of our people were already on their way to attack them. I instantly set off to join the hunters, but, from losing my way in the jungle through which I had to proceed, I could not overtake them until after they had driven the elephants from their first station. On getting out of the jungle, I was proceeding through an open meadow on the banks of the Gualana, to the spot where I heard the firing, when I was suddenly warned of approaching danger by loud cries of "*Passop!*—Look out!" coupled with my name in Dutch and English; and at the same moment heard the

crackling of broken branches, produced by the elephants bursting through the wood, and the tremendous screams of their wrathful voices resounding among the precipitous banks. Immediately a large female, accompanied by three others of a smaller size, issued from the edge of the jungle which skirted the river margin. As they were not more than two hundred yards off, and were proceeding directly towards me, I had not much time to decide on my motions. Being alone, and in the middle of a little open plain, I saw that I must inevitably be caught, should I fire in this position and my shot not take effect. I therefore retreated hastily out of their direct path, thinking they would not observe me, until I should find a better opportunity to attack them. But in this I was mistaken, for on looking back, I perceived, to my dismay, that they had left their former course, and were rapidly pursuing and gaining ground on me. Under these circumstances, I determined to reserve my fire as a last resource; and turning off at right angles in the opposite direction, I made for the banks of the small river, with a view to take refuge among the rocks on the other side, where I should have been safe. But before I got within fifty paces of the river, the elephants were within twenty paces of me—the large female in the middle, and the other three on either side of her, apparently with the intention of making sure of me; all of them screaming so tremendously, that I was almost stunned with the noise. I immediately turned round, cocked my gun, and aimed at the head of the largest—the female. But the gun, unfortunately, from the powder being damp, hung fire till I was in the act of taking it from my shoulder, when it went off, and the ball merely grazed the side of her head. Halting only for an instant, the animal again rushed furiously forward. I fell—I cannot say whether struck down by her or not. She then caught me with her trunk by the middle, threw me beneath her fore-feet, and knocked me about between them for a little space. I was scarcely in a condition to compute the number of minutes very accurately. Once she pressed her foot on my chest with such force, that I actually felt the bones, as it were, bending under the weight; and once she trod on the middle of my arm, which fortunately lay flat on the ground at the time. During this rough handling, however, I never entirely lost my recollection, else I have little doubt she would have settled my accounts with this world. But owing to the roundness of her foot, I generally managed, by twisting my body and limbs, to escape her direct tread. While I was still undergoing this buffeting, Lieutenant Chisholm, of the R.A. corps, and Diederik, a Hottentot, had come up, and fired several shots at her, one of which hit her in the shoulder; and at the same time her companions, or young ones, retiring, and screaming to her from the edge of the forest, she reluctantly left me, giving me a cuff or two with her hind-feet in passing. I got up, picked up my gun, and staggered away as fast as my aching bones would allow;

but observing that she turned round, and looked back towards me before entering the bush, I lay down in the long grass, by which means I escaped her observation.

'On reaching the top of the high bank of the river, I met my brother, who had not been at this day's hunt, but had run out on being told by one of the men that he had seen me killed. He was not a little surprised at meeting me alone and in a whole skin, though plastered with mud from head to foot. While he, Mr Knight of the Cape Regiment, and I, were yet talking of my adventure, an unlucky soldier of the R.A. corps, of the name of M'Clane, attracted the attention of a large male elephant, which had been driven towards the village. The ferocious animal gave chase, and caught him immediately under the height where we were standing, carried him some distance in his trunk, then threw him down, and bringing his four feet together, trod and stamped upon him for a considerable time, till he was quite dead. Leaving the corpse for a little, he again returned, as if to make quite sure of his destruction, and kneeling down, crushed and kneaded the body with his fore-legs. Then seizing it again with his trunk, he carried it to the edge of the jungle, and threw it among the bushes. While this tragedy was going on, my brother and I scrambled down the bank as far as we could, and fired at the furious animal, but we were at too great a distance to be of any service to the unfortunate man, who was crushed almost to a jelly.

'Shortly after this catastrophe, a shot from one of the people broke this male elephant's left fore-leg, which completely disabled him from running. On this occasion we witnessed a touching instance of affection and sagacity in the elephant, which I cannot forbear to relate, as it so well illustrates the character of this noble animal. Seeing the danger and distress of her mate, the female before mentioned (my personal antagonist), regardless of her own danger, quitted her shelter in the bush, rushed out to his assistance, walked round and round him, chasing away the assailants, and still returning to his side and caressing him; and when he attempted to walk, she placed her flank under his wounded side and supported him. This scene continued nearly half an hour, until the female received a severe wound from Mr C. Mackenzie of the R.A. corps, which drove her again to the bush, where she speedily sank exhausted from the loss of blood; and the male soon after received a mortal wound also from the same officer.

'Thus ended our elephant-hunt; and I need hardly say that what we witnessed on this occasion of the intrepidity and ferocity of these powerful animals, rendered us more cautious in our dealings with them for the future.'

We might extend our narrative of such adventures almost indefinitely, and the recital would present but little variation. The same mode of life, the same difficulty in getting near the watchful

animals, the same accounts of resentment when they are wounded or infuriated, and the same tale of butchery when neither necessity nor safety requires the sacrifice. In the jungles of Hindustan and Ceylon, similar hunting-matches are sometimes got up by British officers, but the entangled state of the bush, and the danger of encountering the tiger or lion, happily render such 'sport' of comparatively rare occurrence. The African values the elephant only for his tusks and some tidbits of his carcass; the Indian regards him as a powerful auxiliary in labour and war, or as an indispensable adjunct of royal equipage. The former presents himself as a mere destroyer; the latter becomes a guardian and preceptor, and finds himself rewarded in proportion to the pains and kindness he bestows upon his gigantic captive.

CAPTURE OF THE ELEPHANT IN INDIA.

The object of the hunter in India being to obtain a large and powerful assistant in toil, he accordingly practises more merciful methods of capture. It is obvious, however, that to secure an animal so sagacious and strong, not only great ingenuity, but very forcible means, must be called into operation. The means most commonly employed are the noose, the pitfall, decoy females, and the kraal or keddah. Pliny, speaking of the capture of elephants in his time, says: 'The Indian hunter mounts an individual already tamed; and meeting with a wild one separated from the herd, he pursues it and strikes it until it becomes so exhausted, that he can leap from the one to the other, and thus reduce the animal to obedience.' The animals in Pliny's time must either have been more stupid, or the hunters more expert than they are now, for no such precedure would at present be found effectual. The capture and subjugation of an elephant is a work requiring great skill, caution, and patience; and we presume the Roman naturalist took his ideas from the trained ones accompanying the armies of the Empire, rather than from the wild specimens of the Indian jungle.

The noose or slip-knot is seldom resorted to, unless with very young and small specimens. This mode is something similar to that practised by the American guacho in capturing the wild horse of the Pampas—the slip-knot or *phaum* of the Hindu being the equivalent of the *lasso*. Mounted on well-trained elephants, two or three hunters surround a wild one, and entangle him with their phaums: he strains and struggles, but the tame ones resist his efforts, or he is strapped to a tree, till hunger and exhaustion reduce him to submission. He is then released, and driven off between the tame ones; and in a few months yields his master all but implicit obedience. The pitfall is a less skilful and more dangerous method, in so far as the safety of the animal is concerned. A pit, carefully

concealed with green boughs and turf, is dug in a path, over which the hunter endeavours to force the animal by blazing the herbage behind him. The alarmed elephant blindly hurries forward, and is precipitated into the excavation, where he is allowed to remain till he exhausts his rage, and begins to feel the cravings of hunger. Grass, rice, cane-shoots, and other delicacies are supplied him by degrees; and being well secured with ropes, he is at last encouraged to raise himself from his confinement. This is done by throwing into the pit fagots and bundles of forage, which he places under his feet, till he is brought near to the surface, when forth he steps fettered, but sufficiently subdued to be mounted by a skilful driver.

Decoy females are often used, and in some of the countries bordering Hindustan, are said to be the only means employed in the capture of the large solitary males. Having watched a strayed one till a favourable opportunity occurs, the hunters urge the decoys, or *koomkees*, forward; and so thoroughly conscious are these of their duty, that they approach their victim with all possible wiles and blandishments. The hunters having concealed themselves in the bush, the females begin to browse, gradually nearing the male, yet all the while feigning the utmost indifference. By and by he begins to approach them, and offer his attentions, caressing them with his trunk, and being caressed in return. During the intoxication of his pleasure, the hunters creep cautiously forward, and entangle his legs with thongs; an operation in which they are sometimes assisted by the wily koomkees. Having attached these thongs to well-secured ropes, the decoys are ordered aside, and the victim feeling his position, struggles, roars, and becomes infuriated. Occasionally, in the paroxysms of his rage, he bursts asunder his fetters, and escapes to the forest; but in general he is too well secured, and merely exhausts himself by his fruitless efforts.

In India proper, and in Ceylon, the capture of elephants is generally conducted on a more extensive scale by the kraal or keddah. This is a large enclosure formed of one, two, or three rows of strong posts, into which the animals are driven from the surrounding country, and then secured by means of skilful hunters, and tame elephants trained for the purpose. Books of Eastern travel abound with descriptions of keddah hunts; but instead of gleaning from these, we shall transcribe the narrative of a friend, who several years ago participated in the sport in the district of Kandy. After describing the preliminaries, which seem to have thrown the whole district into a ferment, he thus proceeds with his spirited description: 'With respect to the kraal, it was nothing more than an enclosure about two hundred yards long, and nearly square in form, made with very strong posts, or rather small trees, stuck into the ground, and bound together. The inside was a thick jungle, with large trees in it, and the outside the same, excepting where it was cleared sufficiently to admit of the fence and a path round it. The

entrance was about ten feet wide, with deep holes ready for the stakes to be driven in the moment the poor brutes were entrapped. It was covered over by a few green boughs, and is generally so contrived as to be in a track the elephants are in the habit of following. Kraals are only constructed in parts of the country frequented by elephants, and when it is known that there is a herd in the neighbourhood. As soon as the enclosure is finished, the elephants are surrounded by a crowd of people, who form a circle from the entrance of the kraal, and enclose them within it. This circle of course is very large, and varies according to circumstances; in this instance, when we arrived, the animals were enclosed in a circle of about two miles. Whenever they attempt to break through, they are driven back by the people, who shout and yell with all their might, beat the tom-toms, discharge guns, and at night fires are lighted at every ten or twelve yards' distance round the circle, and this always frightens the elephants. The natives are most anxious to have them destroyed, as they do much mischief, particularly to their paddy-fields; so that at all the kraals the natives in hundreds volunteer their services, which of course are gladly accepted. Government gives a premium of £3 for every elephant captured.

'A very large tree at one end of the enclosure was selected for the spectators, on which, about one-third of the height up, was laid a platform capable of holding thirty or forty people, and formed of small branches fastened together by what is called jungle rope, which is nothing more than the creepers which are twisted round every tree and bush. A very large party of us sat down to an excellent breakfast in the tents; and the yelling appearing to come nearer and nearer, we were advised to make the best of our way to the tree, which we ascended by a steep ladder, and found it very comfortable, as we were completely shaded from the sun by an awning of cocoa-nut leaves. Having gained this commanding point, our patience was tried for several hours; for though the elephants were often so near the entrance that we could see the bushes move, and sometimes their ears flapping, yet they always broke away again, till at last, about three o'clock, eight elephants were driven into the kraal. Then the noise of the people became deafening, and their shouts and yells of triumph drove the poor creatures on; and we had a fine view of them as they came rushing towards us, crushing the jungle in every direction. The posts were immediately put down at the entrance, and the natives stationed themselves all round the fence; and whenever the animals came near it, they were driven back by their howling and waving white sticks at them. It is said that the elephant particularly dislikes white, which is the reason the wands are flourished; but perhaps it is that white is more conspicuous than anything else among the dark green. They were driven back several times, till they had half-exhausted themselves, and were then comparatively quiet in the thickest cover they could find, and all we

saw was an occasional shower of earth that they tossed over their bodies with their trunks.

'Having thus so far succeeded, the next thing was to secure them; and for this purpose the tame elephants were introduced into the kraal. Six very large ones were brought in, just under our tree, and began breaking down the jungle and clearing a space round the large trees, to which it was intended to tie the wild ones. It was really wonderful to see them twining their trunks round some of the smaller trees, and with two or three good shakes laying them flat. They sometimes pushed their head against a tree, so as to bring the whole force of their body upon it, and then down it came; as for the brushwood, part of which was upwards of six feet high, they really mowed it down with their trunks. In about an hour's time the whole was, comparatively speaking, clear, and the poor herd had no longer any hiding-place, but stood all huddled close together in a little thicket about the middle of the kraal. There was one very little thing among them, not much bigger than a large pig, and they seemed to take the greatest care of him, keeping him in the centre of them.

'Each tame elephant had two men on his back, one to guide him, and the other to noose the wild ones, who did not seem to be much afraid of them, as they allowed them to come very near, and then walked rather slowly away. One of the tame ones then followed in the most stealthy and treacherous manner possible; and when he came close enough to the wild one, he began coaxing and tickling him with his trunk, whilst the man with the noose, which is fastened round the tame one's neck, slipped off his back with it, and watched his opportunity to throw it over the hind leg of the other. He soon did this, as apparently the tame one gave the wild elephant a poke with his tusk, which made him lift his leg as if to move on; and in a moment he was a prisoner. While the man was thus employed, it was curious to see the care which the tame elephant took of him, interposing his huge head in such a manner that the wild one could not touch him; and if he should fail of securing the wild elephant, which sometimes happens, the tame one puts out his leg for the man to mount on his back, and sets off in pursuit again, which is sure to be successful in the end.

'When the poor animal was noosed, he set up a dreadful yell, and tried to escape; but that was impossible, for the other tame elephants came up and headed him, whichever way he attempted to go; whilst the one to which he was fastened bent his body the way he wished to take him, and pulled him along with all his strength to the tree to which he was to be tied. When he was dragged close to it, the tame one walked round it two or three times with the rope, till he was quite secure. Another came to his other side, and thus he was wedged so closely between them, that he could not make much resistance; and if he did, he was immediately thrust at with the

tusks of both of them. In this way his legs were all firmly tied to two trees by great cable ropes.

'When the tame ones left him to go in search of the others, he began struggling most furiously, and moaned and bellowed in a very melancholy manner, frequently throwing himself on the ground, and digging his teeth into the earth, while the tears were rolling down his face. Although I came on purpose to see all this, and should have been much disappointed if I had not, still I could not help feeling very sorry to see the noble animal suffering so acutely. My consolation was, that some day he would have the pleasure of doing the same to others; for it really seemed a pleasure to the tame ones. His cries brought back the rest of the herd, who looked at him through the bushes, but did not attempt a rescue, which they often do, but took to their heels whenever they saw the tame ones turn in their direction.

'In this manner they were all secured, excepting the little one, as he could not do much harm, and always kept close to his mother, who was very quiet, and was therefore only tied by three legs. A young elephant is, I think, the drollest-looking creature possible. This one was supposed to be about three months old, and was not above three feet high; but it made more noise than all the rest, and trumpeted and charged in great style.'

DOMESTICATION AND EMPLOYMENT.

Strictly speaking, the elephant cannot be classed with domesticated animals. When tamed and trained, he is no doubt a useful assistant, and is capable of performing duties which no other of the brute creation could approach; still he is not domesticated in the sense in which we apply the term to the horse, the ox, and the dog. These live with us, breed with us, die with us; their progeny partaking of the qualities of the parents, and being subject in course of time to innumerable modifications, as man may desire. Not so with the elephant. The huge, docile brute, adorned with the trappings of Eastern pomp, was but a few months ago the inhabitant of the jungle —the same as his progenitors have been for ages. In captivity the animal breeds but sparingly, grows slowly, and is expensive to maintain; and thus man is nearer his purpose to throw the noose or erect the keddah, when his stock requires to be replenished. Subjugation has effected no change on the form of the elephant, as on that of the horse and ox, either for better or for worse; and though his natural endowments admit of ingenious training, yet is he not domesticated. He is the servant-captive rather than the associate of man.

At what time the elephant was first subjugated, and trained to take part in the court and military equipage of the East, we have no means of knowing. His form appears on the most ancient Hindu

sculptures; he figures in their mythology; and he is spoken of with pride and veneration in their earliest records. In that fertile and luxurious region he had been trained for centuries before the names of Greece and Rome were known, and even long before the people of Western Asia had passed from the primitive or pastoral condition. By the time of Herodotus, who visited Babylon about 500 years before the Christian era, elephants were common at that city; and about a century later, Ctesias witnessed them in the same place 'overthrow palm-trees at the bidding of their drivers.' In the expedition of Cyrus against the Derlakes, the latter were assisted by the Indians with war-elephants, who put to flight the cavalry of their opponent; and from contemporary notices it would seem that about this period the Persians and others were also in the habit of using them in war. It was to Alexander the Great that the western world was first indebted for the elephant: he it was that made the sports of Persia and India familiar to the Greeks and Macedonians. The acquisition of the war-elephant gave new pomp and splendour to his squadrons, and his example was followed by degrees by other nations. In time, the Egyptians, Carthaginians, Romans, all made use of elephants, both to assist in the march by carrying enormous loads of baggage, and to join the ranks, mounted by numbers of spearmen and archers. 'These animals,' says Potter, 'were wont to carry into the battle large towers, in which ten, fifteen, and, as some affirm, thirty soldiers were contained, who annoyed their enemies with missive weapons, themselves being secure and out of danger. Nor were the beasts idle or useless in engagements; for besides that, with their smell, their vast and amazing bulk, and their strange and terrible noise, both horses and soldiers were struck with terror and astonishment, they acted their parts courageously, trampling under foot all opposers, or catching them in their trunks, and tossing them into the air, or delivering them to their riders. Nor was it unusual for them to engage with one another with great fury, which they always doubled after they had received wounds, tearing their adversaries in pieces with their tusks. But in a short time they were wholly laid

aside, their service not being able to compensate the great mischiefs frequently done by them; for though they were endued with great sagacity, and approached nearer to human reason than any other animal, whereby they became more tractable to their governors, and capable of yielding obedience to their instructions, yet, when severely wounded, and pressed upon by their enemies, they became ungovernable, and frequently turned all their rage upon their own party, put them into confusion, committed terrible slaughters, and delivered the victory to their enemies; of which several remarkable instances are recorded in the histories both of Greece and Rome.' For the same reason, but more especially since the introduction of firearms and artillery, the war-elephant has been greatly abandoned even in the East, and is now chiefly used in carrying baggage, in doing other heavy work, and, above all, in adding to the 'pomp and circumstance' of oriental authority.

The present employment of the elephant in India, according to Von Orlich and other recent authors, is exceedingly varied—from the piling of firewood and the drawing of water, to the dragging of artillery and the carriage of royalty. In captivity he is well fed, regularly cleaned, and attended by the *mahouds* or drivers with greater care than they would one of their own species. On entering upon bondage he is never maimed, like the horse, ass, and dog; the only loss he suffers being portions of his tusks, if these should be long and dangerous. An ordinary animal will cost about one thousand rupees (£100); but if large and tractable, he cannot be purchased under four or five thousand. His keep, which consists of grass, roots, rice, sugar-cane, and other vegetables, costs fully forty rupees a month, so that it is only the rich and powerful who can afford the luxury of an elephant stud. When placed under the *howdah* (a covered seat for persons of rank), his back is protected by a thickly-stuffed hair cushion, over which is spread an ornamented covering. The howdah is made to contain two persons, and this is the amount of the travelling elephant's burden. The driver sits on his neck, immediately behind the ears, and guides him with an iron prong; and he is in general so docile, as to kneel for the parties to mount him. His great use, however, is as a beast of burden in a country where there are few or no roads; and since an ordinary elephant will carry as much as five camels, we can readily perceive their value in marching not only with the commanders and sick, but with the tents and furniture. He is equally serviceable as a beast of draught, pulling with ease what it would take ten horses to move; and it is for this reason that the Indian army has recently yoked him to their heavy artillery. Another power which the animal possesses, and one which is unknown to the horse or ox, is that of pushing; and if his forehead be protected by a leathern pad, he will push forward weights which perhaps he could not draw. These and many other duties the elephant performs willingly and accurately;

and, if gently treated and well fed, with a regularity of disposition which seems almost mechanical. Last, but not least, for purposes of splendour he plays an important part in the immense retinues of great persons in India. When Sir Jasper Nicholls, commander-in-chief in one of the wars, arrived at the camp at Ferozepore, eighty elephants swelled his train. He had, in addition, three hundred camels and one hundred and thirty-six draught oxen; and above one thousand servants were present, merely for Sir Jasper's personal service, and to attend to the animals. When the governor-general made his entry, he brought along with him one hundred and thirty elephants and seven hundred camels!

It is in a state of bondage, therefore, and in the discharge of these multifarious duties, that we are now to consider the elephant, and to seek for those instances of docility, affection, memory, sagacity, and other dispositions, the display of which has rendered his history remarkable beyond that of any other animal—the dog and horse alone perhaps excepted.

DOCILITY AND OBEDIENCE.

In point of docility or teachableness, the elephant is inferior to none of the brute creation; and yet he is not so far superior as many naturalists would have us to believe. The dog, the horse, ass, parrot, canary bird, and even the pig, sensual and stupid as it is generally considered, can each be taught to perform many astonishing feats; and if the elephant surpass them, it is only because he is furnished with an instrument of higher capability. Apart altogether from the question of sagacity or mental endowment, which will be considered in another section, he could not be taught to uncork a bottle, unscrew a nut, fan himself with a branch, or lift his master on his back, any more than the horse could, were it not that he possesses the wonderful grasping powers of the trunk, which in this respect is all but equal to the human hand. Indeed it is argued, upon very obvious grounds, that were the horse or dog endowed with an organ of the same aptitude, either would far excel the elephant in docility and performance. Be this as it may, the feats of the latter are not the less attractive, as the following anecdotes and illustrations will shew.

According to Ælian, the elephants of Germanicus were trained to take part in the performances of the Roman theatre. There, among the assembled thousands, they appeared quite at home, lost all dread of the clashing of cymbals, and moved in cadence to the sounds of the notes of the flute. 'Upon one occasion'—we quote the account given in the Library of Entertaining Knowledge—'when a particular exhibition of the docility of these elephants was required, twelve of the most sagacious and well trained were selected, who, marching into the theatre with a regular step, at the voice of their

keeper, moved in harmonious measure, sometimes in a circle, and sometimes divided into parties, scattering flowers over the pavement. In the intervals of the dance, they would beat time to the music, still preserving their proper order. The Romans, with their accustomed luxury, feasted the elephants, after this display, with prodigal magnificence. Splendid couches were placed in the arena, ornamented with paintings, and covered with tapestry. Before the couches, upon tables of ivory and cedar, was spread the banquet of the elephants, in vessels of gold and silver. The preparations being completed, the twelve elephants marched in, six males clad in the robes of men, and six females attired as women. They lay down in order upon their couches, or "*tricliniums* of festival recumbency," and, at a signal, extended their trunks, and ate with most praiseworthy moderation. Not one of them, says Ælian, appeared the least voracious, or manifested any disposition for an unequal share of the food, or an undue proportion of the delicacies. They were as moderate also in their drink, and received the cups which were presented to them with the greatest decorum. According to Pliny, at the spectacles given by Germanicus, it was not an uncommon thing to see elephants hurl javelins in the air, and catch them in their trunks, fight with each other as gladiators, and then execute a Pyrrhic dance. Lastly, they danced upon a rope, and their steps were so practised and certain, that four of them traversed the rope, or rather parallel ropes, bearing a litter which contained one of their companions, who feigned to be sick. This feat of dancing or walking upon a rope might perhaps be doubted, if it rested merely upon the testimony of a single author; but the practice is confirmed by many ancient writers of authority, who agree with Pliny that the elephants trained at Rome would not only walk along a rope forward, but retire backward with equal precision.'

Even in our country the elephant has been taught to take part in the performances of the theatre—in other words, to appear as an actor requisite to the plot of the drama. This took place in the London Adelphi and in the Coburg a number of years ago; and however questionable might have been the taste, there is no doubt that the 'sagacious brute' was the most applauded player of the time. This animal, a female, was marched in procession, knelt down at the waving of the hand, placed the crown on the head of 'the true prince,' uncorked and drank several bottles of wine with decorum, supped with her stage companions around her, and made her obeisance to the audience. Above all, she assisted the escape of some of the *dramatis personæ* from prison, by kneeling upon her hind legs, and thus forming an inclined plane for the safe descent of her friends; and this she did, unmoved by the glare of numerous lights, the sounds of music, and shouts of the admiring spectators. Equally curious with this is the feat mentioned by Arrian, of an elephant that he saw beating a measure with cymbals.

This was performed by having two cymbals attached to its knees, while it held a third in its proboscis, and beat with great exactness the while others danced around it, without deviating from the time indicated. Busbequius, who visited Constantinople about the middle of the sixteenth century, there witnessed an elephant not only dance with elegance and accuracy, but play at ball with great skill, tossing it with his trunk, and catching it again, as easily as a man could with his hands. Nay, if we can credit Ælian, he has seen an elephant 'write Latin characters on a board in a very orderly manner, his keeper only shewing him the figure of each letter.'

Among the most interesting elephants kept in this country, without any reference to profit, was one which was at the Duke of Devonshire's villa, at Chiswick, the gift of a lady in India. This animal was a female, remarkable for the gentleness of its disposition; and from the kindness with which it was treated, and the free range that was allowed it, probably came nearer to an elephant in a state of nature than any other which ever appeared in this country. The house erected for her shelter was of large dimensions, and well ventilated; and she had, besides, the range of a paddock of considerable extent. At the call of her keeper she came out of her house, and immediately took up a broom, ready to perform his bidding in sweeping the grass or paths. She would follow him with a pail or watering-pot round the enclosure. Her reward was a carrot and some water; but previously to satisfying her thirst, she would exhibit her ingenuity by emptying the contents of a soda-water bottle, which was tightly corked. This she did by pressing the bottle against the ground with her foot, so as to hold it securely at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and gradually twisting out the cork with her trunk, although it was very little above the edge of the neck; then, without altering the position, she turned her trunk round the bottle, so that she might reverse it, and thus empty the contents into the extremity of the proboscis. This she accomplished without spilling a drop, and she delivered the empty bottle to her keeper before she attempted to discharge the contents of the trunk into her mouth. The affection of this poor animal for her keeper was so great, that she would cry after him whenever he was absent for more than a few hours. She was about twenty-nine years old when she died, early in 1829, of what was understood to be pulmonary consumption.

It is not always, however, for mere amusement or curiosity that the docility of the elephant is exhibited: it would say little for human ingenuity, were not the strength of such a powerful animal brought to bear upon useful and necessary operations. We have seen that in India he is made a beast of carriage and draught, carrying indifferently the howdah and baggage-chest, and dragging the ponderous artillery-car; but besides these, there are many other

minor occupations in which he can be successfully engaged. Thus elephants were at one time employed in the launching of ships, being trained to push in unison with their powerful fronts and heavy bodies. It is told of one that was directed to force a large vessel into the water, but which proved superior to his strength, that, on being upbraided for his laziness, the distressed animal increased his efforts with such vehemence, that he fractured his skull on the spot. In piling wood, drawing water, removing obstructions from the way of an army on march, &c. the elephant is highly serviceable; and if properly directed, will perform his duties with astonishing precision. 'I have seen,' says M. D'Obsonville, 'two occupied in beating down a wall, which their keepers had desired them to do, and encouraged them by a promise of fruits and brandy. They combined their efforts; and doubling up their trunks, which were guarded from injury by leather, thrust against the strongest part of the wall, and by reiterated shocks continued their attacks, still observing and following the effect of the equilibrium with their eyes; then at last making one grand effort, they suddenly drew back together, that they might not be wounded by the ruins.' It is also told of an elephant at Barrackpore, that would swim laden with parcels to the opposite shore of the Ganges, and then unload himself with undeviating accuracy. In the year 1811, a lady, staying with her husband, an officer in the Company's service, at a house near the fort of Travancore, was astonished one morning to observe an elephant, unattended, marching into the courtyard, carrying a box in his trunk, apparently very heavy. He deposited this, and going his way, soon returned with a similar box, which he placed by the side of the other. He continued this operation till he had formed a considerable pile, arranged with undeviating order. The boxes contained the treasure of the rajah of Travancore, who had died in the night, and of whose property the English commander had taken possession, thus removing the more valuable for greater security.

Much of what is called docility in animals arises from mere unreasoning habit, forced upon them by frequent repetition, by food, punishing them when the act is ill executed, and by giving them delicacies when it is well performed. Thus a horse will go to his own stall, and stand in it untied as well as when tied; go to and from the water, place himself between the shafts of the cart, and do other similar acts without any interference; just as an elephant will tie its own legs at night, or kneel when a person of rank passes by. But there are many duties which the latter will learn to perform almost at first sight, the knowledge of which he acquires with an aptitude that would do credit even to human reason. 'I have myself,' says the author of *Twelve Years' Military Adventure*, 'seen the wife of a mahoud (for the followers often take their families with them to camp) give a baby in charge to an elephant, while she went on some business, and have been highly amused in observing the

sagacity and care of the unwieldy nurse. The child, which, like most children, did not like to lie still in one position, would, as soon as left to itself, begin crawling about; in which exercise it would probably get among the legs of the animal, or entangled in the branches of the trees on which he was feeding; when the elephant would, in the most tender manner, disengage his charge, either by lifting it out of the way with his trunk, or by removing the impediments to its free progress. If the child had crawled to such a distance as to verge upon the limits of his range (for the animal was chained by the leg to a peg driven into the ground), he would stretch out his trunk, and lift it back as gently as possible to the spot whence it started.'

Perhaps the docility of the elephant could not be better illustrated than by the aptitude and precision which it manifests in the capture of its wild brethren. The female decoys are the very impersonations of duplicity and cunning: they can be taught not only to lavish their false caresses, but to bind the fetters of the captive; nay, they even outstrip their lessons, and seem to rejoice in the capture. Dr Darwin tells us that he was informed by a gentleman of veracity, that in some parts of the East the elephant is taught to walk on a narrow path between two pitfalls, which are covered with turf, and then to go into the woods and induce the wild herd to come that way. The decoy walks slowly onward till near the trap, and then bustles away as if in sport or in fear, passing safely between the pits, while some of those which follow in the wake are inevitably entangled. The same gentleman says also, that it was universally observed that such wild elephants as had escaped the snare, always pursued the traitor with the utmost vehemence; and if they could overtake him, which sometimes happened, they beat him to death.

ATTACHMENT AND GRATITUDE.

The elephant, when carefully tamed, is one of the most gentle, most obedient, and most affectionate of all domestic animals. He is so fond of his keeper that he caresses him, strives to please him, and even to anticipate his commands. His attachment, indeed, sometimes becomes so strong, and his affection so warm and durable, that he has been known to die of sorrow when in a paroxysm of madness he had killed his guide. This disposition, however, is wholly acquired; in a state of nature he has no regard for man, but shuns rather than seeks his presence. Whether this acquired regard be the result of fear, of habitual obedience brought about by a system of rewards and punishments, or of an innate gentleness which insensibly attaches itself to that which daily surrounds it, it would be difficult to decide, though, along with most naturalists, we are inclined to adopt the latter opinion. The animal is naturally

gregarious, and when denied the companionship of its fellows, will, like the horse, dog, &c. expend its sympathies on those creatures with which it is most familiar.

In the *Philosophical Transactions* a story is related of an elephant having such an attachment for a very young child, that he was never happy but when it was near him. The nurse used, therefore, very frequently to take the child in its cradle and place it between its feet. This he at length became so much accustomed to, that he would never eat his food except when it was present. When the child slept, he used to drive off the flies with his proboscis; and when it cried, he would move the cradle backwards and forwards, and thus rock it again to sleep. Nor will this instance of sagacious affection appear at all improbable to those who are acquainted with the thorough intimacy which generally subsists between the family of the Indian mahoud and his elephant, which may be said literally to live under the same roof, eat the same bread, and drink the same water.

We have seen how attached the Duke of Devonshire's elephant became to her keeper, crying after him when absent, and even refusing to be comforted. The same affection almost always subsists between the Indian mahoud and his charge. Nor is it at all surprising, seeing that he is ever with it, feeds it, cleans it, adorns and caresses it, with unfailing attention.

The following instances of gratitude are in the highest degree praiseworthy, and might well put to the blush many who lay claim to a higher position in the scale of intelligence. An elephant in Ajmeer, which passed frequently through the bazaar, or market, as he went by a certain herb-woman, always received from her a mouthful of greens. At length he was seized with one of his periodical fits of rage, broke from his fetters, and, running through the market, put the crowd to flight, and among others this woman, who in her haste forgot a little child she had brought with her. The animal, gratefully recollecting the spot where his benefactress was wont to sit, laid aside his fury, and, taking up the infant gently in his trunk, placed it safely on a stall before a neighbouring house. Again, there was a soldier at Pondicherry who was accustomed, whenever he received his share of liquor, to carry a certain quantity of it to one of these animals, and by this means a very cordial intimacy was formed between them. Having drunk rather too freely one day, and finding himself pursued by the guards, who were going to take him to prison, the soldier took refuge under the elephant's body, and fell asleep. The guard tried in vain to force him from this asylum, as the animal protected him most strenuously with his trunk. The following morning, the soldier, recovering from his drunken fit, shuddered with horror to find himself stretched under the belly of this huge animal. The elephant, who, without doubt, perceived the man's embarrassment, caressed him with his trunk, in order to

inspire him with courage, and made him understand that he might now depart in safety.

RESENTMENT AND REVENGE.

Though generally mild, docile, and even affectionate, there are none of the domestic animals half so prone to resent injuries and insults as the elephant. The horse, for example, will endure patiently under the hardest labour, starvation, and the harshest treatment—rarely if ever avenging the brutalities to which he is exposed. Not so with the elephant; for, goad him beyond his accustomed speed, and he becomes furious; overload him, and he throws off his burden; refuse him a promised delicacy, and he punishes the insult; treat him harshly, and he will trample the aggressor to death. The manner in which he resents his insults is, however, frequently as ludicrous as his revenge is fatal.

Every one must have read of the mishaps of the Delhi tailor. This individual was in the habit of giving some little delicacy, such as an apple, to an elephant that daily passed by his shop, and so accustomed had the animal become to this treatment, that it regularly put its trunk in at his window to receive the expected gift. One day, however, the tailor being out of humour, thrust his needle into the beast's proboscis, telling it to be gone, as he had nothing to give it. The creature passed on, apparently unmoved; but on coming to the next dirty pool of water, filled its trunk, and returned to the shop-window, into which it discharged the whole contents, thoroughly drenching poor Snip and the wares by which he was surrounded. Again, a painter was desirous of drawing the elephant kept in the menagerie at Versailles in an uncommon attitude, which was that of holding his trunk raised up in the air, with his mouth open. The painter's boy, in order to keep the animal in this posture, threw fruit into his mouth; but as he had frequently deceived him, and made him an offer only of throwing the fruit, he grew angry; and, as if he had known the painter's intention of drawing him was the cause of the affront that was offered him, instead of revenging himself on the lad, he turned his resentment on his master, and taking up a quantity of water in his trunk, threw it on the paper which the painter was drawing on, and spoilt it.

A sentinel belonging to the menagerie at Paris was always very careful in requesting the spectators not to give the elephants anything to eat. This conduct particularly displeased the female, who beheld him with a very unfavourable eye, and had several times endeavoured to correct his interference by sprinkling his head with water from her trunk. One day, when several persons were collected to view these animals, a bystander offered the female a bit of bread. The sentinel perceived it; but the moment he opened his mouth to give his usual admonition, she, placing herself immediately before

him, discharged in his face a violent stream of water. A general laugh ensued; but the sentinel having calmly wiped his face, stood a little to one side, and continued as vigilant as before. Soon afterwards he found himself under the necessity of repeating his admonition to the spectators; but no sooner was this uttered, than the female laid hold of his musket, twirled it round with her trunk, trod it under her feet, and did not restore it till she had twisted it nearly into the form of a corkscrew. It is stated, amongst the traditionary stories of elephant resentment, that Pidcock, to whom the Exeter 'Change menagerie formerly belonged, had for some years a custom of treating himself and his elephant in the evening with a glass of spirits, for which the animal regularly looked. Pidcock invariably gave the elephant the first glass out of the bottle, till one night he exclaimed: 'You have been served first long enough, and it's my turn now.' The proud beast was offended, refused the glass when he was denied the precedence, and never more would join his master in his revelries.

Innumerable stories of ludicrous resentment might be collected, but we shall close this section with the following abridgments from the *Menageries*: 'Mr Williamson tells an anecdote of an elephant who used to be called the Pangul, or fool, but who vindicated his claim to another character in a very singular manner. He had refused to bear a greater weight upon a march than was agreeable to him, by constantly pulling part of the load off his back; and a quarter-master of brigade, irritated at his obstinacy, threw a tent-pin at his head. In a few days after, as the animal was going from the camp to water, he overtook the quarter-master, and seizing him with his trunk, lifted him into a large tamarind-tree which overhung the road, leaving him to cling to the boughs, and get down as well as he could. Lieutenant Shipp, to try this memory of injuries, gave an elephant a large quantity of Cayenne pepper between some bread. The animal was much irritated by the offence, and about six weeks after, when the unsuspecting joker went to fondle him, he endured the caresses very placidly, but finished the affair by drenching his persecutor with dirty water from head to foot.'

It is not always, however, in this harmless and jocular manner that the elephant displays his resentment, as the following well-authenticated instances will shew: An elephant that was exhibited in France some years ago, seemed to know when it was mocked by any person, and remembered the affront till an opportunity for revenge occurred. A man deceived it, by pretending to throw something into its mouth: the animal gave him such a blow with its trunk as knocked him down, and broke two of his ribs; after which it trampled upon him, broke one of his legs, and bending down on its knees, endeavoured to push its tusks into his body; but they luckily ran into the ground on each side of his thigh, without doing him any injury. In this case the provocation was certainly not

deserving of the punishment; though in many instances the animal is but too justly excited. M. Navarette tells us that at Macassar an elephant-driver had a cocoa-nut given him, which, out of wantonness, he struck twice against his elephant's head to break. The day following, the animal saw some cocoa-nuts exposed in the street for sale, and taking one of them up with its trunk, beat it about the driver's head till the man was completely dead. 'This comes,' says our authority, 'of jesting with elephants.'

Some years ago, at Liverpool Zoological Gardens, after delighting groups of young holiday folks by his skilful and docile performances, the elephant gave some offence to one of the deputy-keepers, and was by him chastised with a broomstick. No one was by to see what occurred in the next few minutes; but at the expiration of that time, the unfortunate deputy-keeper was found dead at the feet of the insulted beast, having been killed, in all probability, by a single blow of the animal's trunk. The body presented a most appalling spectacle, the arms and legs being fractured in several places, the skull cloven, and the entire body crushed to pieces by the animal, who, it would appear, in his rage, had repeatedly trampled upon him.

MEMORY AND FORCE OF HABIT.

That the elephant remembers with precision the lessons taught him, that he will resent an injury long after it has been committed, and will recognise an old guide many years after he has been parted from him, are facts that sufficiently prove the possession of a very retentive memory. In this respect, however, he is by no means superior to the horse; but seems to associate his ideas more slowly, and with greater difficulty. Many feats ascribed to his sagacity and memory are eminently the effect of habit—meaning thereby the following of a particular line of conduct which one has been accustomed to, without any special effort of the understanding at the time of its repetition. The following instances, recorded in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1799, seem to establish this position: 'A female elephant that had escaped to the forest, and had enjoyed her liberty for more than ten years, was at last caught, along with a number of others, in a keddah. After the others had been secured, with the exception of seven or eight young ones, the hunters, who recognised this female, were ordered to call on her by name. She immediately came to the side of the ditch within the enclosure, on which some of the drivers were desired to carry in a plantain-tree, the leaves of which she not only took from their hands with her trunk, but opened her mouth for them to put a leaf into it, which they did, stroking and caressing her, and calling to her by name. One of the trained elephants was now ordered to be brought to her, and the driver to take her by the ear and order her to lie down. At

first she did not like the koomkee to go near her, and retired to a distance, seeming angry; but when the drivers, who were on foot, called to her, she came immediately, and allowed them to stroke and caress her as before; and in a few minutes after, permitted the trained elephants to be familiar. A driver from one of these then fastened a rope round her body, and instantly jumped on her back, which at the moment she did not like, but was soon reconciled to it. A small cord was then put round her neck for the driver to put his feet in, who, seating himself on the neck in the usual manner, drove her about the enclosure in the same manner as any of the tame elephants. After this he ordered her to lie down, which she instantly did; nor did she rise till she was desired. He fed her from his seat, gave her his stick to hold, which she took with her trunk and put into her mouth, kept, and then returned it, as she was directed, and as she had formerly been accustomed to do. In short, she was so obedient, that had there been more wild elephants in the enclosure, she would have been useful in securing them.

'In June 1787, a male elephant, taken the year before, was travelling, in company with some others, towards Chittagong, laden with baggage; and having come upon a tiger's track, which elephants discover readily by the smell, he took fright and ran off to the woods, in spite of all the efforts of his driver. On entering the wood, the driver saved himself by springing from the animal, and clinging to the branch of a tree under which he was passing. When the elephant had got rid of his driver, he soon contrived to shake off his load. As soon as he ran away, a trained female was despatched after him, but could not get up in time to prevent his escape.

'Eighteen months after this, when a herd of elephants had been taken, and had remained several days in the enclosure, till they were enticed into the outlet, there tied, and led out in the usual manner, one of the drivers, viewing a male elephant very attentively, declared he resembled the one which had run away. This excited the curiosity of every one to go and look at him; but when any person came near, the animal struck at him with his trunk, and in every respect appeared as wild and outrageous as any of the other elephants. An old hunter at length coming up and examining him, declared that he was the very elephant that had made his escape.

'Confident of this, he boldly rode up to him on a tame elephant, and ordered him to lie down, pulling him by the ear at the same time. The animal seemed taken by surprise, and instantly obeyed the word of command, uttering at the same time a peculiar shrill squeak through his trunk, as he had formerly been known to do, by which he was immediately recognised by every person who was acquainted with this peculiarity.

'Thus we see that this elephant, for the space of eight or ten days, during which he was in the enclosure, appeared equally wild and fierce with the boldest elephant then taken; but the moment he was

addressed in a commanding tone, the recollection of his former obedience seemed to rush upon him at once, and, without any difficulty, he permitted a driver to be seated on his neck, who in a few days made him as tractable as ever.

'A female elephant belonging to a gentleman at Calcutta being ordered from the upper country to Chotygoné, by chance broke loose from her keeper, and was lost in the woods. The excuses which the keeper made were not admitted. It was supposed that he had sold the elephant: his wife and family therefore were sold for slaves, and he was himself condemned to work upon the roads. About twelve years afterwards, this man was ordered up into the country to assist in catching the wild elephants. The keeper fancied he saw his long-lost elephant in a group that was before them. He was determined to go up to it; nor could the strongest representations of the great danger dissuade him from his purpose. When he approached the creature, she knew him; and giving him three salutes by waving her trunk in the air, knelt down and received him on her back. She afterwards assisted in securing the other elephants, and likewise brought with her three young ones, which she had produced during her absence. The keeper recovered his character, and, as a recompense for his sufferings and intrepidity, had an annuity settled on him for life. This elephant was afterwards in the possession of Governor Hastings.'

These, and several other instances, establish the possession of a very good memory; but not a memory associated with any high degree of reasoning, otherwise the animals would never have allowed themselves to be again entrapped. It is clear that in the above cases habitual obedience was more powerful than reason; the sudden rush of recollection overpowering that faculty, and making them the slaves of that higher intelligence to which all flesh has been declared to be subject.

GENERAL SAGACITY.

According to some, the elephant is the most sagacious of animals, while others consider him inferior to the horse and dog. Taking the brain as the index of intelligence, there is nothing in the proportionate size of that organ which would lead to the former opinion, and therefore we must look to the general conduct of the animal for evidence of the assertion. His docility, obedience, attachment, and memory all certainly point to no mean degree of endowment; but perhaps not more than is evinced by the horse and dog; while his actions are rendered more perfect only through the instrumentality of his trunk. How far he is superior in general sagacity, that is, in reasoning from cause to effect, and in adapting ways and means to an end, the reader will be enabled to decide from the subjoined anecdotes. And here it will be observed, that we distinguish between

docility and sagacity; for although the former should be most apparent where the latter quality predominates, yet may animals, such as even the pig, be taught by force of habit to perform many astonishing feats, when they are avowedly destitute of general intelligence.

The following, given on the authority of the Rev. Robert Caunter, seems to be a purely deliberative act; and that, be it observed, by the animal when in a wild state, and perfectly unacquainted with the devices of human training: 'A small body of sepoys stationed at an outpost—Fort de Galle, in Ceylon—to protect a granary containing a large quantity of rice, was suddenly removed, in order to quiet some unruly villagers, a few miles distant, who had set our authorities at defiance. Two of our party happened to be on the spot at the moment. No sooner had the sepoys withdrawn, than a herd of wild elephants, which had been long noticed in the neighbourhood, made their appearance in front of the granary. They had been preceded by a scout, which returned to the herd, and having no doubt satisfied them, in a language which to them needed no interpreter, that the coast was clear, they advanced at a brisk pace towards the building. When they arrived within a few yards of it, quite in martial order, they made a sudden stand, and began deliberately to reconnoitre the object of their attack. Nothing could be more wary and methodical than their proceedings. The walls of the granary were of solid brickwork, very thick; and the only opening into the building was in the centre of the terraced roof, to which the ascent was by a ladder. On the approach of the elephants, the two astonished spectators clambered up into a lofty banyan-tree, in order to escape mischief. The conduct of the four-footed besiegers was such as strongly to excite their curiosity, and they therefore watched their proceedings with intense anxiety. The two spectators were so completely screened by the foliage of the tree to which they had resorted for safety, that they could not be perceived by the elephants, though they could see very well through the little vistas formed by the separated branches what was going on below. Had there been a door to the granary, all difficulty of obtaining an entrance would have instantly vanished; but four thick brick walls were obstacles which seemed at once to defy both the strength and sagacity of these dumb robbers. Nothing daunted by the magnitude of the difficulty which they had to surmount, they successively began their operations at the angles of the building. A large male elephant, with tusks of immense proportions, laboured for some time to make an impression; but after a while, his strength was exhausted, and he retired. The next in size and strength then advanced, and exhausted his exertions, with no better success. A third then came forward, and applying those tremendous levers with which his jaws were armed, and which he wielded with such prodigious might, he at length succeeded in dislodging a brick. An

opening once made, other elephants advanced, when an entrance was soon obtained, sufficiently large to admit the determined marauders. As the whole herd could not be accommodated at once, they divided into small bodies of three or four. One of them entered, and when they had taken their fill, they retired, and their places were immediately supplied by the next in waiting, until the whole herd, upwards of twenty, had made a full meal. By this time a shrill sound was heard from one of the elephants, which was readily understood, when those that were still in the building immediately rushed out, and joined their companions. One of the first division, after retiring from the granary, had acted as sentinel while the rest were enjoying the fruits of their sagacity and perseverance. He had so stationed himself as to be enabled to observe the advance of an enemy from any quarter, and upon perceiving the troops as they returned from the village, he sounded the signal of retreat, when the whole herd, flourishing their trunks, moved rapidly into the jungle. The soldiers, on their return, found that the animals had devoured the greater part of the rice. A ball from a field-piece was discharged at them in their retreat; but they only wagged their tails, as if in mockery, and soon disappeared in the recesses of their native forests.'

In general, the elephant makes less use of his strength than his address, often applying the most dexterous methods of accomplishing his ends. 'I was one day,' says Jesse in his *Gleanings in Natural History*, 'feeding the poor elephant (who was so barbarously put to death at Exeter 'Change) with potatoes, which he took out of my hand. One of them, a round one, fell on the floor, just out of the reach of his proboscis. He leaned against his wooden bar, put out his trunk, and could just touch the potato, but could not pick it up. After several ineffectual efforts, he at last blew the potato against the opposite wall with sufficient force to make it rebound, and he then without difficulty secured it.' M. Phillipe, quoted by Buffon, was an eye-witness to the following equally wonderful facts: He one day went to the river at Goa, near which place a large ship was building, and where an area was filled with beams and planks for the purpose. Some men tied the ends of heavy beams with a rope, which was handed to an elephant, who carried it to his mouth, and after twisting it round his trunk, drew it, without any conductor, to the place where the ship was building. One of the animals sometimes drew beams so large, that more than twenty men would have been necessary to move them. But what surprised M. Phillipe most was, that when other beams obstructed the road, this elephant raised the ends of his own beam, or edged it forwards, as the case might be, that it might clear those which lay in his way. Could the most enlightened man have done more?

At Mahé, on the coast of Malabar, M. Toreesa tells he had an opportunity of admiring the sagacity of an elephant displayed in a

similar manner. Its master had let it for a certain sum per day; and its employment was to carry with its trunk timber for a building out of the river. This business it despatched very dexterously, under the command of a boy; and afterwards laid the pieces one upon another in such exact order, that no man could have done it better. Again, it is remarked by Terry, in his voyage to the East Indies, 'that the elephant performs many actions which would seem almost the effect of human reason. He does everything his master commands. If he is directed to terrify any person, he runs upon him with every appearance of fury, and when he comes near, stops short without doing him the least injury. When the master chooses to affront any one, he tells the elephant, who collects water and mud with his trunk, and squirts it upon the object pointed out to him.' Indeed, the same intelligence regulates him in the performance of his multifarious duties in the East—be these carriage of persons, goods, or baggage, the dragging of artillery, the piling up of wares, or the loading of boats. 'To give an idea of these labours,' says Bingley, 'it is sufficient to remark, that all the tuns, sacks, and bales transported from one place to another in India, are carried by elephants; that they carry burdens on their bodies, their necks, their tusks, and even in their mouths, by giving them the end of a rope, which they hold fast with their teeth; that, uniting sagacity to strength, they never break or injure anything committed to their charge; that from the banks of the rivers they put these bundles into boats, without wetting them, laying them down gently, and arranging them where they ought to be placed; that when disposed in the places where their masters direct, they try with their trunks whether the goods are properly stowed; and if a tun or cask rolls, they go of their own accord in quest of stones to prop and render it firm.'

The general exercise of the mental power, without reference to training, is well illustrated by the following anecdote, related in Cuvier's *Animal Kingdom:* 'At the siege of Bhurtpore, in the year 1805, an affair occurred between two elephants, which displays at once the character and mental capability, the passions, cunning, and resources of these curious animals. The British army, with its countless host of followers and attendants, and thousands of cattle, had been for a long time before the city, when, on the approach of the hot season and of the dry hot winds, the water in the neighbourhood of the camps necessary for the supply of so many beings began to fail; the ponds or tanks had dried up, and no more water was left than the immense wells of the country would furnish. The multitude of men and cattle that were unceasingly at the wells, particularly the largest, occasioned no little struggle for the priority in procuring the supply for which each was there to seek, and the consequent confusion on the spot was frequently very considerable. On one occasion, two elephant-drivers, each

with his elephant; the one remarkably large and strong, and the other comparatively small and weak, were at the well together; the small elephant had been provided by his master with a bucket for the occasion, which he carried at the end of his proboscis; but the larger animal, being destitute of this necessary vessel, either spontaneously, or by desire of his keeper, seized the bucket, and easily wrested it from his less powerful fellow-servant. The latter was too sensible of his inferiority openly to resent the insult, though it is obvious that he felt it; but great squabbling and abuse ensued between the keepers. At length the weaker animal, watching the opportunity when the other was standing with his side to the well, retired backwards a few paces in a very quiet, unsuspicious manner, and then rushing forward with all his might, drove his head against the side of the other, and fairly pushed him into the well.

'It may easily be imagined that great inconvenience was immediately experienced, and serious apprehensions quickly followed that the water in the well, on which the existence of so many seemed in a great measure to depend, would be spoiled, or at least injured, by the unwieldy brute thus precipitated into it; and as the surface of the water was nearly twenty feet below the common level, there did not appear to be any means that could be adopted to get the animal out by main force, at least without injuring him. There were many feet of water below the elephant, who floated with ease on its surface, and experiencing considerable pleasure from his cool retreat, evinced but little inclination even to exert what means he might possess in himself of escape.

'A vast number of fascines had been employed by the army in conducting the siege, and at length it occurred to the elephant-keeper that a sufficient number of these (which may be compared to bundles of wood) might be lowered into the well to make a pile, which might be raised to the top, if the animal could be instructed as to the necessary means of laying them in regular succession under his feet. Permission having been obtained from the engineer-officers to use the fascines, which were at the time put away in several piles of very considerable height, the keeper had to teach the elephant the lesson which, by means of that extraordinary ascendency these men attain over the elephants, joined with the intellectual resources of the animal itself, he was soon enabled to do, and the elephant began quickly to place each fascine, as it was lowered to him, successively under him, until in a little time he was enabled to stand upon them. By this time, however, the cunning brute, enjoying the pleasure of his situation, after the heat and partial privation of water to which he had been lately exposed (they are observed in their natural state to frequent rivers, and to swim very often), was unwilling to work any longer, and all the threats of his keeper could not induce him to place another fascine. The man then opposed cunning to cunning, and began to caress and praise the elephant;

and what he could not effect by threats, he was enabled to do by the repeated promise of plenty of rack. Incited by this, the animal again went to work, raised himself considerably higher, until, by a partial removal of the masonry round the top of the well, he was enabled to step out. The whole affair occupied about fourteen hours.'

Such are the accounts, which our limits will permit us to glean, as illustrative of the disposition and manners of this most powerful and intelligent animal. Making every allowance for the exaggeration of the writers, these records of his docility, obedience, attachment, and sagacity place him in a very favourable light; and though somewhat prone to resentment, the results are seldom fatal, save where the provocation has been unusually great. On the whole, he is a patient and tractable animal, especially useful under a burning sun, and in a country where there are no roads; presuming always that there is an abundant and cheap supply of forage. He can never, however, become so endeared to man as the dog and the horse, for these are fitted by their constitution and habits to become the inhabitants of almost every region, whilst the elephant must ever be confined to the range which nature has originally assigned him. As a domestic animal, he can at best be but the associate of a half-civilised existence; for so soon as man begins to construct roads and invent machines, to cultivate his lands and economise the produce, the elephant becomes not only useless, but positively detrimental. Already he has receded from the interior of India, and is only found wild in the forests of Dshemna, Nepaul, some parts of Ghauts Tarrai, in Ava, and in Ceylon. In Africa, where he is hunted for his spoils, and not tamed, he has disappeared from Cape Colony, from the northern regions of that continent, and from Senegambia; and will in all likelihood be the more eagerly hunted the scarcer he becomes. As portion of our terrestrial fauna, the elephant may linger on for a century or two; but to us he appears rapidly approaching the period of his extinction—a period when he must pass away before adverse conditions, in like manner as his former congeners, the mammoth and mastodon.

NARRATIVE OF THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN.

IN the long European struggle arising out of the French revolution, and ending at Waterloo in 1815, there was no single campaign more eventful, and at the same time more instructive to mankind, than the invasion of Russia by Napoleon in 1812. Never, perhaps, was such an amount of the evils and horrors of war concentrated into the same space of time; and never was the saying more strikingly illustrated, that whatever mad pranks kings choose to play, the people must pay the piper. Very few now living can have any recollection of the profound impression made by those events at the time; to nine-tenths of the present generation the campaign of 1812 lies in the dim past, and, if known to them at all, is known only from the dozen sentences devoted to it in our school histories.

It may not therefore be unwholesome to turn back to this page in the annals of war, and trace it a little more at large; especially at a time when the warlike passion which seemed at one time to be dying out, has once more taken possession of civilised nations or their rulers. The terrible struggles of recent years, which have taken place under our own eyes, we are prevented from seeing in their true light by the biassing passions they excite; we shall be able to bring a calmer judgment to bear on a picture of the past.

From the time that Napoleon Bonaparte found himself, first as Consul (1799), and then as Emperor (1804), virtual Dictator of France, and wielding without control her gigantic insurrectionary energies, which no other power seemed able to resist, he began to cherish vast

projects for the aggrandisement of his country and of himself—for his own greatness and that of France he always considered as identical. All the nations of Europe (Europe first, but ultimately the whole earth) were to be brought into one federation, following the lead of France—that is, governing themselves according to the ideas of her ruler. They were to be induced, if possible, to come into this association voluntarily, but those who refused were to be compelled. Like ignorant and wayward children, they were to be chastised and trained to walk in the way they should go. It was all for their good. Napoleon's aim was that they should be all ultimately prosperous and happy; but they must learn to seek their prosperity and happiness in his way, and not in their own. It was on the plea that they were necessary to the carrying out of his grand ideas of universal beneficence, that he justified to himself and his contemporaries his most arbitrary and tyrannical measures; and the worshippers of his genius continue thus to justify, or at least excuse, them to the present day.

The chief obstacle to the execution of Napoleon's plans was Great Britain. Any opposition from the neighbouring continental nations was at once overcome by marching an army into their territories. Britain, surrounded by her ocean-rampart and her fleets, continued to set him at defiance. And not only did she resist his dictation herself, but by forming coalitions and furnishing subsidies, she was constantly stirring up armed resistance among the other nations. Hence the deep-seated enmity of Napoleon to Great Britain, and the desperate efforts he made to crush her. After the rupture of the peace, or rather truce, of Amiens in 1803, he began to make immense preparations for the invasion of England. His great difficulty was to get a fleet sufficiently strong to protect the transport of his army across the Channel from Boulogne, where it was assembled. During the summer of 1805 all was ready for the attempt, and Napoleon wrote to his Minister of Marine that if the fleet would appear and make him master of the Channel for twelve hours, England was no more. But Admiral Villeneuve was unable to elude the vigilance of Nelson; and at last the battle of Trafalgar (October 1805) put an end to the project of invasion.

But if England could not be reached by direct assault, she might be ruined indirectly. Her riches, derived from commerce, were the source of her power. Ruin her commerce, and she could no longer fight herself, or bribe others to fight. Accordingly, when the events of 1805 and 1806 had crushed Austria and Prussia, and put the whole of Germany as well as the Italian peninsula at his feet, he began to develop his famous 'Continental System,' by which all the countries of Europe were to be induced or compelled to exclude British merchandise from their ports. A decree, issued from Berlin in November 1806, declared the whole of the British Islands to be in a state of blockade, and all vessels trading to them to be liable to capture.

It also shut out all British vessels and produce both from France and from all the other countries adhering to her. The British government retaliated by 'Orders in Council,' which virtually prohibited all commerce between the states that embraced the continental system, unless in vessels bound for some British harbour; and Napoleon replied by another decree from Milan (1807), still more rigorous than the first. The Berlin decree was put in force at once in Italy, Holland, and the north of Germany; Prussia and Russia gave their adhesion to the system at the treaty of Tilsit in 1807; and Spain and Austria in 1808. Portugal, summoned to join the commercial league against Great Britain, yielded so far as to close her ports against British ships, but refused to confiscate the property of British residents: for this she was invaded (1807), and the reigning family deposed. In short, no government was to be allowed to exist that would not co-operate with Napoleon in the object dearest to his heart —to crush perfidious Albion, that enemy of the human race which alone stood between Europe and the glorious future that he was preparing for it. This is the key to the whole policy of Napoleon at this time. It accounts for his most wanton and apparently impolitic aggressions. It was because his brother Louis, whom he had made king of Holland, was reluctant to carry out with rigour the continental system against England, that he was obliged to leave his kingdom (1810), which was then annexed to France.

The continental system produced far more commercial distress on the continent than it did in England. It was impossible, even by the most stringent measures, to exclude English goods; a contraband traffic was organised, by which immense quantities were still introduced, but at greatly enhanced prices; and Napoleon himself soon found it useful to convert the evasion of his own decree into a source of revenue, by granting licences, for large sums, for the sale of British goods on the continent.

The hardships of the continental system were felt in Russia no less than in the rest of Europe. It was to enable him to carry out his schemes fully, that Napoleon had been so eager to court the alliance of Alexander, emperor of Russia. At the treaty of Tilsit, (1807), and at a subsequent interview at Erfurt (1808), the two monarchs divided the sway of Europe between them. Alexander gratified Napoleon by joining the league against British commerce, and allowed him to dispose of the Spanish peninsula and the other states of Western Europe at his pleasure; while Napoleon gave his assent to the ambitious designs of Russia against Sweden and Turkey, and agreed to forego his intention of restoring the kingdom of Poland. But the cordial understanding between the two potentates was of short duration. Alexander, who was no less ambitious and aggressive than Napoleon, but whose ambition and aggressiveness were more stealthy and better cloaked, soon began to be jealous and alarmed at the rapid strides of his brother despot. The

marriage of the French emperor with an Austrian princess (1810) was a cause of difference between them. Shortly after this, Napoleon, finding that the continental system was laxly carried out in the north of Germany, without more ado, annexed the kingdom of Holland, the free cities of Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck, the duchy of Oldenburg, and other small states in that quarter, to the French territories; thus bringing the boundaries of France to the Baltic, where Russia claimed the right to dominate. Alexander immediately replied to this by issuing a ukase, which, while pretending merely to regulate the affairs of commerce, virtually renounced the continental system. This was to wound Napoleon in his most sensitive point, and an open rupture became inevitable. Both felt this, and the following year (1811) was spent in seeking alliances and in arming for the coming struggle.

When it became known that Napoleon had resolved on the invasion of Russia, his own friends were filled with consternation. Fouché, one of his prime adherents, in an able and eloquent address, reminded him that he was already the absolute master of the finest empire the world had ever seen, and that all the lessons of history went to demonstrate the impossibility of attaining universal monarchy. The French empire had arrived at that point when its ruler should rather think of securing and consolidating his present acquisitions, than of achieving farther conquests, since, whatever his empire might acquire in extent, it was sure to lose in solidity. Fouché stated the extent of the country which Napoleon was about to invade, and the distance which each fresh victory must remove him from his resources, annoyed as his communications were sure to be by hosts of Cossacks and Tartars. These and other admonitions were listened to with impatience. Napoleon, obstinate and imperative, despised counsel; and on this, as on many other occasions, carried his point, or silenced his advisers, by bombast and charlatanry. 'Don't disquiet yourself,' said he in reply to Fouché; 'but consider the Russian war as a wise measure, demanded by the true interests of France and the general security. Am I to blame because the great degree of power I have already attained forces me to assume the dictatorship of the world? My destiny is not yet accomplished—my present situation is but a sketch of a picture which I must finish. There must be one universal European code—one court of appeal. The same money, the same weights and measures, the same laws must have currency through Europe. I must make one nation out of all the European states, and Paris must be the capital of the world —*it is I who assure you of it.*'

Advices from other counsellors were equally in vain. With the army he should be able to raise, nothing could be more easy than to bring Russia to terms. Alarmed for the consequences of plunging into so distant a war, his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, remonstrated with him on the undertaking. He conjured his kinsman to abstain from

tempting Providence; he entreated him not to defy heaven and earth —the wrath of man and the fury of the elements—at the same time; and expressed his apprehension that he must sink under the weight of the enmity which he daily incurred. The only answer which Bonaparte vouchsafed was in keeping with his character. He led the cardinal to a window, and opening the casement, and pointing upwards, asked him 'if he saw yonder star.' 'No, sire,' answered the astonished cardinal. 'But *I* see it,' answered Bonaparte; and turned from his relative, as if he had fully confuted his arguments.*

Thus, refusing all counsel, Napoleon may be said to have rushed on his fate. At this period he was engaged in a war with Spain; yet such was his power, that he found little difficulty in raising fresh armies; and in 1812, just before the campaign of Russia, he is understood to have had altogether—in France, Spain, Italy, and elsewhere—eight hundred thousand men in arms, independently of allies. To raise so many soldiers in France, he made forcible draughts on the whole male population between eighteen and sixty years of age. Men were everywhere torn from their families to serve in the army; leaving mothers, wives, and children in distress and destitution, and causing a large part of the common business of the country to be conducted by women. To aggravate the exhaustion of the nation, there was at this time a dearth of food, which caused a widespread suffering through the country. Everything tended to prove the madness of the Russian expedition, yet nothing occasioned its interruption. Accustomed to submit, and to believe in the continued good-fortune of their emperor, deranged also on the subject of military 'glory,' the French generally entered into this new war with high hopes, or at least offered no obstacle to its commencement and progress.

Reckless as he was, Napoleon was by no means blind to the difficulties of his project. Before his armies could reach the interior of Russia, where battles were likely to be fought, they would require to march eighteen hundred miles, through different states, and across large tracts of country, possessing little or no food for men or horses. As he had gained, by open force or secret intimidation, the aid of Bavaria, Saxony, Prussia, and Austria, over which his forces would necessarily advance, he had nothing to fear from any attack by the way. His chief difficulty lay in procuring and transporting supplies of provisions for his army over such a wide and almost unknown territory. Another serious obstacle to his progress was the number of rivers. Between Paris and Moscow there are various large rivers issuing into the Baltic or Mediterranean seas, and therefore flowing at right angles with the proposed line of march of the French army. The Rhine, the Elbe, the Oder, and the Vistula could be crossed by bridges; but the Niemen, the Beresina, the Dnieper, and some others,

* Scott's *Life of Napoleon.*

would require to be forded by men, horses, and wagons, and probably under the fire of an ever-vigilant and indignant enemy. Altogether, the enterprise was gigantic and hazardous. There had been nothing like it in modern history.

Napoleon's tactics as a general consisted in effecting sudden and overpowering movements; an enormous force being brought to bear on a centre of operations. On this principle he now acted. Gathering together that part of the army which France was to furnish, it was despatched in an easterly direction into Germany, where it was to unite with the levies drawn from Spain, Italy, Austria, Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, Poland, and the other countries over which he exerted a control. From different directions, this immense force, under able generals, drew towards a central point on the Oder, whence all were to combine in a united attack on the Russian frontier.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE CAMPAIGN.

On the 9th of May 1812, Napoleon departed from Paris, to superintend the war in person. His march through France and part of Germany to Dresden was a continued triumph. Whole nations quitted their homes to throng his path; rich and poor, nobles and plebeians, friends and enemies, all hurried to have a passing view of the great man, almost looked upon by them as a supernatural being. Kings and princes forsook their capitals to do him homage. The adulation was universal. On the 29th he departed from Dresden, taking his route through Poland; and from this time he acted as a presiding genius over the various divisions of his army, which was now hurrying on to the Vistula.

The scarcity in France, and the length of the way, caused much reliance for provisions on the countries in this quarter. But great as was Napoleon's power, he failed in his calculations in this respect. Many of his arrangements for provisioning the army fell short of what was necessary; and the subsistence of his forces—man and beast—was made to depend in a great measure on plunder. If he did not sanction robbery as a principle, he winked at it as a practice. He felt that a compromise was necessary, in order to maintain his position. 'Ever since 1805,' observes Segur, 'there was a sort of mutual understanding—on his part, to wink at the plundering practices of his soldiers; on theirs, to suffer his ambition.' In one sense, therefore, Bonaparte, in all his pomp and pride, was but the chief of a band of robbers. Like all robberies, however, this toleration of rapine recoiled on its author. The injustice and inhumanity of indiscriminate theft, accompanied as it often was by the murder of the unhappy victims, was a short-sighted policy. Aware of the merciless disposition of the French army, every one fled at its approach, with all they could carry along

with them; and frequently what could not be transported to a place of security was destroyed. It was only by making a sudden onslaught, that the marauding soldiery had any chance of securing a prey.

Between the Oder and the Vistula, the army began operations, laying hold of everything useful that fell in their way: wagons, cattle, and provisions of all sorts were swept off; everything was taken—even to such of the inhabitants as were necessary to conduct these convoys. There was everywhere, however, a great want of forage. The crops of rye, yet green, were cut to feed the horses; and so insufficient was this resource, that often the thatch was stripped from the houses. Laying the country thus waste before them, the army reached the banks of the Niemen, on the verge of the Russian empire. Let us here take a glance at the composition of this mighty force.

The army consisted of several divisions which generally moved at one or two days' distance from each other, on different points. On the extreme right were 34,000 Austrians, commanded by Prince Schwarzenberg; on the left was Jerome Bonaparte, king of Westphalia, at the head of 75,200 Westphalians, Saxons, and Poles; by the side of these was Eugène de Beauharnais (viceroy of Italy, and stepson of Napoleon), with 75,000 Bavarians, Italians, and French; next, the emperor, with 220,000 men, commanded by Murat, king of Naples, and Marshals Davout, Oudinot, and Ney; and, finally, in front of Tilsit, was Marshal Macdonald, with 32,500 Prussians, Bavarians, and Poles. These, with some others not enumerated, amounted to 480,000 men actually present; besides which, many thousands were collected and kept in reserve. Of this large force, 400,000 were infantry, or soldiers on foot, and 80,000 cavalry. Along with this enormous force, there were thousands of wagons carrying provisions, thousands laden with gunpowder, shot, and shells, and thousands designed to accommodate the sick and wounded. The artillery consisted of 1372 pieces of cannon. For drawing the wagons of various kinds and the cannon, about 100,000 horses were employed; and to supply food for these poor animals, thus brought into a service of danger and fatigue, independently of those used by the 80,000 cavalry, a most extensive system of foraging was required.

Here, then, were nearly half a million of men, accoutred with every appliance of war, and elated with hopes of victory, plunder, and triumph. The idea of defeat was never for an instant entertained. The army of Napoleon believed itself to be invincible. It is lamentable to think, that of the half-million thus brought together to do the work of one man, none as yet knew what was the real cause of the war. It was only understood generally that the attack was to be on Russia; but of the grounds of dispute with that nation none knew or cared. The emperor had no doubt his own reasons

for what he did. It is important, therefore, to observe, that the Russian campaign was a thing entirely of Napoleon's contrivance, with a view to his own selfish purposes. Satisfied with his preparations, and ready, as he believed, to stoop on his prey, he at length deigned to declare himself. On the 22d of June he issued the following proclamation:

'Soldiers—The second Polish war has begun. The first terminated at Friedland and at Tilsit. At Tilsit, Russia vowed an eternal alliance with France, and war with England. She now breaks her vows, and refuses to give any explanation of her strange conduct, until the French eagles have repassed the Rhine, and left our allies at her mercy.

'Russia is hurried away by a fatality! Her destinies will be fulfilled. Does she think us degenerated? Are we no more the soldiers who fought at Austerlitz? She places us between dishonour and war. Our choice cannot be difficult. Let us, then, march forward. Let us cross the Niemen, and carry the war into her country. The second Polish war will be as glorious to the French arms as the first has been; but the peace we shall conclude will carry its own guarantee, and will terminate the fatal influence which Russia has, for fifty years past, exercised in Europe.'

This bombastic proclamation was quite satisfactory to a body of men who wanted no substantial reason for fighting. Every one pronounced it a miracle of eloquence, and proudly contemplated the 'glory' they were to achieve. Such glory! The glory of murdering, despoiling, and, if possible, enslaving a people who had done them no harm, and wanted only to be let alone.

By means of pontoons—a kind of floating platforms placed on the river—the Niemen was passed by the foremost divisions of the French army; and no sooner did the Emperor Alexander learn that this act of aggression had been committed, than he issued the following proclamation, breathing, it will be observed, a very different spirit from that of his boastful antagonist:

'*Vilno, June* 25, 1812.—We had long observed, on the part of the emperor of the French, the most hostile proceedings towards Russia, but we had always hoped to avert them by conciliatory and pacific measures. At length, experiencing a continued renewal of direct and evident aggression, notwithstanding our earnest desire to maintain tranquillity, we were compelled to complete and assemble our armies. But even then we flattered ourselves that a reconciliation might be produced while we remained on the frontiers of our empire; and without violating our principle of peace, we prepared to act only in our own defence. All these conciliatory and pacific measures could not preserve the tranquillity which we desired. The emperor of the French, by suddenly attacking our army at Kovno, has been the first to declare war. As nothing, therefore, could inspire him with those friendly sentiments which possessed our

bosom, we have no choice but to oppose our force to those of the enemy, invoking the aid of the Almighty, the witness and defender of the truth. It is unnecessary for me to recall to the minds of the generals, the officers, or the soldiers, their duty and their bravery. The blood of the valiant Slavonians flows in their veins. Warriors! you defend your religion, your country, and your liberty! I am with you. God is against the aggressor. ALEXANDER.'

The war had now commenced; but strangely enough, except at the outset at Kovno, no army appeared to fight against. As division after division entered Russia, and pressed forward, nearly on the same line of march, the Russians fell back, giving no decided interruption to their progress. The French could not restrain their astonishment at the rapidity with which they were allowed to proceed. The season being the middle of summer, there was no interruption from the weather; and the only thing that incommoded the men was the excessive heat, with the great clouds of dust which filled the atmosphere.

It was from no lack of force or courage that the Russians receded, leaving a clear entrance into their country. The army collected by Alexander amounted to 300,000 men, divided into two corps, respectively commanded by General Barclay de Tolly* and the Prince Bagration. At first, the emperor of Russia designed to hazard a battle with the enemy; but those better acquainted with the French system of war, strenuously advised him to present a passive resistance, being well assured that Napoleon's ambition would lead him into savage countries, which, during the rigour of winter, would become the grave of his armies. Acting on this prudent advice, Alexander risked no encounter of great moment, but kept continually retreating, so as to leave the French entire masters of the country through which they passed. In retiring, however, every means was adopted to cut up and discourage the invaders. Bands of Cossacks —a wild kind of cavalry, brought from the extreme limits of the empire—hovered near the line of march, and slew all the straggling and foraging parties they could light upon. Houses, villages, and towns likely to afford shelter were so effectually destroyed, that frequently it would have been difficult to say where they stood. The crops of grain were likewise cut and carried away, or destroyed, and the stacks of hay were universally burned. Nor were these devastations committed against the will of the unhappy inhabitants. The Russians—nobles, priests, and serfs, all classes—for the time laid aside their mutual jealousies, and united in a warm attachment to the emperor, and so bitter a hatred of the French, that they voluntarily ruined themselves to defeat the iniquitous invasion of their country. By Napoleon, as well as by many others, it was believed that the Russian serfs, in the hope of freedom, would have hailed

* General Barclay was a Scotsman by extraction, and a German by birth.

and succoured the French as liberators; but these enslaved classes did not, by their conduct, warrant this presumption. Brought up with two leading ideas—veneration of God and the emperor—they shrunk everywhere from the profane violators of their country, and entertained a thorough distrust and horror of all Napoleon's professions.

Besides setting fire to their hamlets, the peasantry, says Scott, 'proclaimed the punishment of death to all of their own order who, from avarice or fear, should be tempted to supply the enemy with provisions; and they inflicted it without mercy on such as incurred the penalty. It is an admitted fact, that when the French, in order to induce their refractory prisoners to labour in their service, branded some of them on the hand with the letter N, as a sign that they were the serfs of Napoleon, one peasant laid his hand on a log of wood, and struck it off with an axe which he held in the other, in order to free himself from the supposed thraldom.' While such stubborn independence from the peasantry dismayed the French invaders, they were not less astonished with the patriotic ardour of the nobles, who everywhere deserted their mansions, and left them a prey to the invading army. At a village which a band of the French one day reached, they found the seigneur, or feudal proprietor, surrounded by a number of men armed with scythes, poles, and other rude weapons, as if resolved to make a stand. A few shots from the invading force speedily dispersed this miserable group; the chief alone evincing firmness on this trying occasion. Awaiting the approach of the French soldiers, armed with a poniard, he menaced all who summoned him to surrender. 'How can I survive the dishonour of my country?' cried he in uncontrollable and frantic indignation. 'Our altars are no more! Our empire is disgraced! Take my life; it is odious to me!' Some of the soldiers tried to calm his fury, and endeavoured to wrench the poniard from his hand; but this only exasperated him the more. The result may be anticipated.

By incessant marching, the van of the army, with Bonaparte at its head, reached and took possession of Vitebsk, on the Dwina, after a brief engagement. This was on the 28th of July. Vitebsk, like every other place, was deserted by nearly all the inhabitants, and every useful article removed. Having reached this point, with only one large town—Smolensk, or Smolensko—between him and Moscow, Napoleon confidently believed that Alexander would send to propose terms of peace; but no letter arrived; and every day added to the difficulties of his position. Already, by desertion, fatigue, famine, and wounds, the French army had lost nearly a third of its numbers. In the progress of the march, the soldiers first experienced the loss of wine, then spirits, beer, water, and bread. For several days at a time, the only food that could be got was roots; and on arriving at Vitebsk, the principal fare of whole divisions of men

consisted of a nauseous kind of broth made of rye. The consequence was, an extensive prevalence of dysentery and typhus fever; and as there were no hospitals or comfort of any kind, thousands daily dropped down and died. For upwards of a hundred miles the line of march was marked not less by devastation, than by bodies of men and horses scattered about in all directions. The sufferings of the foot-soldiers were also undermining discipline. Many of the less zealous in the cause had begun to grumble with the aimless object of the enterprise, and to desert in considerable bodies. Instead, however, of returning, they went off on predatory excursions on their own account, murdering and robbing all the natives who fell into their hands, and living a life of dissipation as long as the means of indulgence were within their reach. Ultimately, all these marauders were cut down without mercy by the Cossacks, or by armed bands of the enraged peasantry.

To bring in supplies from points at a distance from the line of march, troops scoured the country, seizing without mercy everything which could be of use. The hearts of the more compassionate officers were often pained with the affecting spectacle which these incursions presented. What constituted the whole fortune of families —carts and horses, provender, clothing, and food—were relentlessly seized. In entering towns which were suddenly and unexpectedly environed, there was a universal pillage. Describing the entrance of a division into one of the towns, Labaume says: 'As we advanced towards the centre of the town, we observed, in every street, crowds of soldiers robbing the houses, altogether regardless of the cries of the wretched inhabitants, or the tears of the mothers, who, on bended knees, begged for their own lives and those of their children. This insatiable rage for plunder was justified by some who, famishing, only sought for provisions; but others, under this pretence, rifled the dwellings of their contents, and even robbed the women and children of the clothes with which they were covered.'

The increasing difficulties of the march induced the more cautious advisers of Napoleon to counsel either his fortifying and remaining in Vitebsk till the succeeding spring, or his returning to Vilno or Warsaw. But these counsels, though often renewed and discussed, were uniformly repelled. Haunted with the image of captive Moscow, or at least of Smolensk, Bonaparte was determined to proceed; and there was the greater urgency for this movement, as there could not, at Vitebsk, be gathered together on any occasion more than twenty-four hours' provisions. To return to Poland would have been a confession of defeat, and that was not for an instant to be thought of. Impelled onward, therefore, by necessity, as well as by restlessness of mind, it was resolved to leave Vitebsk; and the army, forming a junction on the 10th of August, marched on Smolensk.

MARCH TO SMOLENSK AND MOSCOW.

After leaving Vitebsk, the engagements were more frequent and fierce. The Russians had partly changed their tactics. The object was now to wear out and keep the invaders in check; so that, by detaining them on the way, they would find it impossible to retreat before the approach of winter. At Smolensk, a large fortified city on the Dnieper, a Russian army, under Barclay de Tolly, made a stand, in order to cover the removal of the inhabitants with all transportable stores. The prospect of fighting here a distinct battle, on a large scale, delighted Napoleon; for all his successes had arisen from generalship in great battles. 'Now I have them!' said he, on coming in sight of the Russian army. A bombardment of the city ensued, and the Russian forces were attacked with all the usual energy of the French commanders. After a desperate struggle (August 18), Smolensk was taken, the Russians retiring, according to their ordinary practice; yet the victory, when achieved, proved utterly worthless. On the evening of the day of battle, thick columns of smoke were seen to rise from different quarters, and presently torrents of flame were distinctly observed, spreading with incredible rapidity in various directions. The whole city was speedily on fire, and, in the middle of a fine summer's night, presented to the bewildered gaze of the French army the spectacle of a vast volcano.

Next day the French entered Smolensk, everywhere marching over scattered ruins and dead bodies. Palaces yet burning, shewed walls half destroyed by the flames; and strewn amidst the fallen wreck, were the blackened carcasses of the unfortunate inhabitants whom the fire had overtaken. The few houses that remained were completely filled by the rapacious soldiery; while at the door stood the miserable proprietor, without an asylum, deploring the death of his children and the loss of his fortune. Amidst the universal havoc, some of the churches had escaped destruction, and in these were crowded hundreds of unhappy victims, who had escaped the conflagration. In the great cathedral, venerated by the Russians, might be seen whole families, aged men and children, prostrated before the altars, and appealing to Heaven for the succour which man had denied. The solemnity of these spectacles of misery was, in the meanwhile, broken by the loud shouts of the victors and the clanging sounds of military music. 'The affair of Smolensk,' as it is called by historians, cost the Russians 12,000 soldiers, and the French 4000. The approaches to the city were heaped with dead bodies, and the wounded, left on the ground for want of hospitals, presented the most harrowing spectacle.

The destruction of Smolensk by the Russians dismayed and perplexed Napoleon. He had confidently expected that this fine large city would have afforded quarters and provisions to his troops,

on which he could have fallen back, if necessary, from Moscow. He now perceived the enormous magnitude of his enterprise. It was not alone a war against the emperor of Russia; it was a war against the whole nation—a complication of wars. He had not only to fight against soldiers, but against the people; and, what was worse, a wilderness, remote, barren, infinite. To aggravate his difficulties, Murat, Ney, and other generals, on whom were his main dependence, loudly murmured against the undertaking. He overruled their objections, and, pointing to Moscow as the goal of peace and security, issued orders to proceed still onward on the march.

The army accordingly, after a stay of only four days at Smolensk, set out for Moscow, a distance of 279 miles, which was expected to be traversed in fifteen days. Difficulties of an appalling kind now presented themselves at every step. Much of the way lay through marshes and forests; and almost every day there was an obscure battle, which thinned the ranks and dispirited the soldiers. Not all the blandishments of Napoleon, nor a profuse distribution of decorations—small bits of ribbon, usually much prized by the French—could compensate the privations which were endured.

No engagement of any moment took place till the 7th of September, when was fought the battle of the Borodino, or Moskwa, as it was indifferently called. In this famous encounter, in which the Russians were commanded by Kutusoff, the French were the victors, and had the way cleared for them to Moscow. It was, however, a dear-bought triumph. The slaughter had been immense. The loss of the French amounted to 12,000 killed and 38,000 wounded; that of the Russians was 15,000 killed and 32,000 wounded. The French, it is said, fired on this occasion 90,000 cannon, and each soldier used 100 cartridges. 'As we passed over the ground which the Russians had occupied,' says Labaume in his account of the campaign, 'we were able to judge of the immense loss that they had sustained. On many places the bursting of the shells had promiscuously heaped together men and horses. The fire of our howitzers had been so destructive, that mountains of dead bodies were scattered over the plain; and the few places that were not encumbered with the slain, were covered with broken lances, muskets, helmets, and cuirasses, or with grape-shot and bullets, as numerous as hailstones after a violent storm. The most horrid spectacle, however, was the interior of the ravines: almost all the wounded who were able to drag themselves along, had taken refuge in these hollows to avoid the shot. These miserable wretches—heaped one upon another, and almost suffocated with blood, uttering the most dreadful groans, and invoking death with piercing cries—eagerly besought us to put an end to their torments. We had no means of relieving them, and could only deplore the calamities inseparable from a war so atrocious.' Segur heightens this melancholy picture. In speaking of the sufferings of the Russians, he mentions 'that

one of these poor fellows lived for several days in the carcass of a horse, which had been gutted by a shell, and the inside of which he gnawed. Some were seen straightening a broken leg, by tying a branch of a tree tightly against it, then supporting themselves with another branch, and walking in this manner to the next village.'

The town of Mojaisk was next captured; but, like all the other towns, it contained neither inhabitants nor provisions, and being of wood, it was left in flames, amidst which hundreds of the wounded, and those too feeble to fly, were consumed. Mental torture, with bodily infirmity, now almost drove Napoleon to despair; and in this state of inquietude he took the road to Moscow with the collected wreck of his army.

As the French approached the capital of the Russian empire, the inhabitants in this part of the country, as elsewhere, fled before them, leaving nothing but a desert of scorched fields and smoking houses. The determined resolution with which this devastation continued to be effected greatly appalled Bonaparte; but he still consoled himself with the reflection that Moscow would offer a compensation for all privations. On reaching Moscow, as he believed, the whole object of the expedition would be accomplished: the Russian citizens would submit to the French emperor; he would dictate to them his laws, and offer them his protection; after the first shock of the entrance of the foreign army into the city, trade and commerce would assume their accustomed routine; the inhabitants would walk in the streets peacefully; the merchants would re-open their shops, and, except that Moscow would be in the possession of the French instead of the Russian emperor, all would be as it was. Such were the hopes of Napoleon; hopes doomed, however, to be miserably disappointed.

It was two o'clock on the afternoon of the 14th of September when the advanced guards of the French army, reaching the top of the last eminence which lay between them and Moscow, caught their first glimpse of the famous city, termed by native poets 'Moscow with the golden cupolas.' The picture was one of enchantment. There, in the midst of a fertile plain, through which the waters of the Moskwa were seen meandering, rose a thousand towers and steeples crowned with golden balls—a thousand domes flashing and blazing in the light of the sun. Ravished by these glistening colours, the eye, on looking at the city more narrowly, discerned its myriads of houses of all materials—wood, brick, stone; of all styles of architecture—Gothic, modern, and nondescript; and of all proportions—from the mansion of the grandee to the hut of the artisan. It was the boasted capital of a barbarous empire; luxury and wretchedness, gold and filth, quaint magnificence and miry poverty, all huddled together, with the brilliant points exposed to the sun's rays. As the French soldiers gazed on the spectacle,

their hearts swelled proudly, and as the cry of 'Moscow! Moscow!' rolled along the ranks, many were already anticipating the time when, in their old age, they would look back upon the present as the most honourable moment in their lives, and be able to say to a new generation: 'I was also in the army of Moscow.' Napoleon himself partook of the general enthusiasm. Surveying the scene beneath him, he exclaimed: 'There at last is the famous city!' His next exclamation, however, betrayed the anxiety under which he had been labouring: 'It was high time!'

As is usual on such occasions, Napoleon expected the arrival of a deputation of the principal men of the city, to surrender it into his hands. He waited till evening, the whole of his forces in the meantime coming up, and the scouts of Murat advancing to the suburbs of the city, and even mingling with the Cossacks in the rear of the retreating Russian army. Still no deputation arrived, and Napoleon now became anxious. Was it that the inhabitants of Moscow were ignorant of the formality which it was necessary for a capital to go through when it surrendered? Or was it that the nobles were removing with their effects? Rumours began to reach him that the city was deserted. Some of the scouts had penetrated into the streets, and found all silent, as if the population were either gone or asleep. Several Frenchmen too, who had been resident in Moscow, came out of their hiding-places, and, joining their countrymen, made the same report. Napoleon could scarcely at first credit it: it was so contrary to all his experience of war or human nature, that an entire city should be abandoned by its population, because it was about to fall into the hands of an enemy. That a few of the most influential inhabitants should do so, was nothing wonderful; but that all—merchants, tradesmen, artificers, who had little to lose by the change of masters—should voluntarily incur ruin by leaving their habitations, and fleeing into the country beyond, was a circumstance utterly unprecedented. The disagreeable truth, however, soon became too plain to be longer disbelieved. The city had been deserted: none were left in it except a few thousands of prowling vagabonds, the refuse of the population, who remained behind to plunder, along with a few French and foreign residents, whom the retreating Russians could not carry away.

To understand how this had been brought about, it is necessary to look back a little. The Emperor Alexander, on being forced to retreat before the French, had retired into the heart of his empire, to superintend in person the preparations which it was necessary to make there, leaving, as we have seen, his generals to oppose the French on their march. He proceeded to Moscow, a city rarely visited by the Russian czars, and, in consequence of its wealth, and the number of nobles who resided in it, somewhat jealous of the consequences which might result from such visits of an autocratic master. The excess of the danger, however, removed every feeling

of mutual suspicion between the emperor and his subjects; and when Alexander reached the ancient city, he was received with bursts of enthusiasm, and with offers of money and other supplies, such as he could not have expected. One merchant alone put down his name for 50,000 roubles, which was equal to two-thirds of his fortune, and paid the sum next day. A fever of patriotism seized all ranks; and before Alexander left Moscow, he was convinced that its population would do their duty.

After the emperor's departure, the inhabitants of Moscow watched with intense interest the approach of the French. While Napoleon was yet at a great distance, and long before the battle of the Moskwa had been fought, many left the city; the rest were encouraged and stimulated by the proclamations of the governor-general, Count Rostopchine, who held out hopes that the French would be defeated ere they reached Moscow, and forced to retreat. At the same time he made preparations for evacuating the city and leaving it a desert, in case his predictions should fail.

Whether the still more desperate resolution to burn the city was originated or sanctioned by Rostopchine, remains doubtful. He himself, while afterwards living in Paris, published a refutation of the charge (*La Vérité sur l'Incendie de Moscou;* Paris, 1823), in which he affirms that the desperate deed was due in part to the fervid patriotism of a few of the inhabitants, and in part to the violence and negligence of the French. One thing is certain, that he had prepared the means of destruction for his own country palace near the city, and at the last moment applied the torch with his own hand. This example of devotion was perhaps sufficient for the frenzied inhabitants, without any formal order or preparation by the governor. Be that as it may, the dreadful sacrifice was made.

About a fortnight before the arrival of the French, the general emigration had commenced. The archives of the city and the public treasure were removed by the orders of Rostopchine; the merchants next began to shift their property; and at last the whole country for miles round was covered by crowds of fugitives, turning to take a last look of their beloved Moscow. The news of the battle of the Moskwa completed the evacuation of the city. The wretched citizens who had remained to the last in their houses, were now obliged to take to flight, urged equally by the stern measures of Rostopchine, and their fear of the French. A stream of fugitives—men, women, and children—poured out at the gate of Kolomna, carrying with them whatever they esteemed dearest. Men might be seen harnessed to carts, dragging their wives, their children, their aged parents, or the little remains of their property. None apparently remained in the city except the foreign residents, some soldiers and officers of police, and a few thousands of abandoned wretches, the dregs of the population, a great proportion of whom were released from the various prisons for the occasion. To this savage horde, rushing about the streets with

ferocious joy, and delighted with the universal turmoil, and the prospect of pillage which it afforded them, was intrusted, it is said, the task of setting fire to the city on the arrival of the French. Such was the condition of Moscow when the French entered it. The army, the nobles, and the merchants gone—Rostopchine and the whole population gone: none left to negotiate the surrender, nor to welcome the conqueror, but a few Frenchmen in hiding, and a squalid crew of criminals and bacchanals hallooing in the deserted streets. To Napoleon, the disappointment must have been no doubt severe. He concealed his feelings, however, and only shrugging his shoulders, exclaimed: 'Ah, the Russians little know as yet the effect which the taking of their capital will produce upon them!'

Napoleon entered the city after dark on the 14th of September; and stopping at one of the houses in the suburbs, took up his residence for the night, while the army quartered all around. Rumours of the intended conflagration reached him, and he could take no rest. Every moment he was sending out to learn the state of things in the city. At length, about two in the morning, he was informed that a fire had broken out. 'A fire-balloon,' says Segur, 'had settled in the palace of Prince Trubetskoi, and consumed it: this was the signal. Fire had immediately been set to the Exchange; Russian police-officers had been seen stirring it up with tarred lances. Here, howitzer shells, perfidiously placed, had discharged themselves in the stoves of several houses, and wounded the military who crowded round them. Retiring to other quarters, which were still standing, they sought fresh retreats; but when they were on the point of entering houses closely shut up and uninhabited, they heard faint explosions within; these were succeeded by a light smoke, which immediately became thick and black, then reddish, and lastly the colour of fire, and presently the whole edifice was involved in flames.' So it continued during the night; and at daybreak, when Napoleon hastened into the streets, black smoke was seen issuing from under the iron roofs of hundreds of houses in all quarters of the city. Giving instructions to the soldiers to use their exertions to suppress the fire, he entered the Kremlin, the central part of Moscow, and the site of the ancient palace of the czars. Here, after inspecting the various wonders of the place, he employed himself in writing proposals of peace to the Emperor Alexander; thus carrying into effect the proudest aim of a conqueror—that of dictating terms to a rival in his own capital. In this case, however, the honour was an empty one; the capital was deserted; and at the moment he was writing his letter, flames were blazing around.

During daylight of the 15th, the conflagration still continued; the houses which had been set on fire during the night were consumed to ashes. It appeared, however, that the efforts made by the French to subdue the fire were producing effect, and hopes were entertained that the progress of the destructive element might be arrested. The

approach of night put an end to these hopes. The incendiaries, who had concealed themselves during the day, rushed out of their hiding-places, armed with torches, and recommenced their horrible work. Many of them were cut down by the French, reeling in a state of drunkenness through the streets, or in the act of setting fire to houses. Their numbers, however, increased, and defied the vigilance of the soldiery. Although masters of Moscow, the French troops could not find safe quarters in it. Fearful of being burned alive in the houses, if they remained within the city, they were obliged to bivouac without its gates. Meanwhile, Napoleon continued in the Kremlin, issuing his orders in quick succession. The palace had several times been threatened with the fate of others of the great buildings, the wind carrying the flames and showers of sparks in that direction. Fears began to be entertained that one of the burning brands which flew over the palace might alight on one of the powder-wagons which stood in the courtyard, or on some secret store of combustibles designedly concealed. One such brand, descending with true aim, might heave emperor and his army into the air in one murderous explosion. The noise, the heat, the glare of the flames awoke Napoleon from a short sleep. He paced the apartments hurriedly, ever and anon going to the windows to watch the progress of the conflagration. 'Short and incoherent exclamations,' says Segur, 'burst from his labouring bosom. "What a tremendous spectacle! It is their own work! So many palaces! What extraordinary resolution! What men! These are Scythians indeed!"'

At last the cry arose: 'The Kremlin is on fire!' The intelligence was true. Twice the flames had reached the building, and twice they had been extinguished; but the third time, an incendiary had set fire to a tower, where the labours of the soldiers were unavailing. Napoleon was forced to flee. Leaving the Kremlin, he set out for Petersköe, a residence of the Russian czar, about three miles distant, on the road to St Petersburg. It was with great difficulty that he effected his escape. 'We were encircled,' says Segur, 'by a sea of fire, which blocked up all the gates of the citadel, and frustrated the first attempts that were made to depart. After some search we discovered a postern-gate leading between the rocks to the Moskwa. It was by this narrow passage that Napoleon, his officers, and guard, escaped from the Kremlin. But what had they gained by this movement? They had approached nearer to the fire, and could neither retreat nor remain where they were. And how were they to advance? How force a passage through the waves of this ocean of flame? There was no time to be lost. The roaring of the flames around us became every moment more violent. A single narrow winding street appeared to be the only outlet. The emperor rushed on foot, and without hesitation, into this narrow passage. He advanced amid the crackling of the flames, the crash of floors, and

the fall of burning timbers, and of the red-hot iron roofs which tumbled around him. The flames, which with impetuous roar consumed the edifices between which we were proceeding, spreading beyond the walls, were blown about by the wind, and formed an arch over our heads. We walked on a ground of fire, beneath a fiery sky, and between two walls of fire. The intense heat burned our eyes, which we were nevertheless obliged to keep open, and fixed on the danger. A consuming atmosphere, glowing ashes, detached flames, parched our throats, and rendered our respiration short and dry; and we were already almost suffocated with the smoke.' At length the emperor and his attendants were extricated from the labyrinth of burning edifices, and were able to make their way to Petersköe.

This was on the evening of the 16th. The conflagration, however, raged till the 20th, when it ended, having lasted in all six days. During these six days, says Dr Lyall, in his *History of Moscow*, 'innumerable palaces, crowds of noble mansions, and thousands of houses, bazaars, shops, and warehouses, containing the wealth and luxuries of the world, the depositories of science, of literature, and taste, the cabinets and galleries, were destroyed. The total loss by fire and the war in the city and government of Moscow was estimated at 321,000,000 roubles'—about £50,000,000 sterling. On the 20th, Napoleon returned to Moscow, and again took up his residence in the Kremlin, which, owing to the exertions of the troops after his departure, had escaped with little damage. The description given by eye-witnesses of the appearance of the city and its suburbs, now that the fire was over, is horrible in the extreme. Strict orders had at first been issued to refrain from pillage; but these had been at last withdrawn, and thousands of persons of all descriptions—French and Russians, officers and privates, men of respectable character and the lowest dregs of the population, the refuse of the Russian jails—had for several days been going about through the streets, breaking open shops, and ransacking houses, in quest of such goods or movables as had escaped the fire. There had been no order or regularity; all had been excess and brutal indulgence. On the road from Petersköe to Moscow, the most strange and disgusting scenes met the eyes of the emperor—large blazing bonfires, in which the fuel consisted of mahogany furniture and gilded doors; around these, officers and soldiers, splashed and bedaubed with mud and dirt, lying on silken couches, or sitting in fine arm-chairs, their feet resting on Siberian furs, Cashmere shawls, or Persian gold cloth; gold and silver plates in their hands, from which they were ravenously eating huge pieces of half-broiled horse-flesh. Round every one of these little groups were gathered crowds of Russian citizens, trying in some cases to recover part of their own property, in others to pillage their neighbours, but many of them tempted merely by the fires which the French had kindled,

and the horse-flesh which they were eating. Entering the suburbs of the city, the scenes which offended the eye and the other senses were still more painfully disgusting. Everywhere heaps of ashes, and fragments of stone and iron, blocked up the path; and the air was filled with an indescribable stench, rising from such a smouldering chaos of lime, bricks, wood, dead bodies, and all the heterogeneous mass of materials which the imagination can conceive to be lodged in a great city. In the gardens, of which there are a great number in the suburbs of Moscow, wretched and gaunt-looking Russians, of both sexes—some with scarcely a rag to cover them, others clad in furs and rich pelisses—were seen scraping the soil with their nails, in search of roots or herbs; or fighting with each other for the thigh-bone of a horse which had been left behind by the French. On the banks of the river, crowds were devouring handfuls of raw and sour corn, which they had fished up from the water, out of a large quantity which had been sunk by the orders of Rostopchine. Penetrating farther into the city, the spectator was met by still more striking disorder: soldiers were seated on bales of rich merchandise, on mountains of sugar and coffee, and surrounded by barrels of luscious wines and costly liqueurs, which they were dealing out in exchange for bread, meat, or gold. Round these auctioneers reeled crowds of intoxicated purchasers; and not far off, half-covered by heaps of ashes, might be seen the corpses of poor wretches, most of them Russians, who, in a similar state of intoxication, had fallen victims to the fire.

The return of Napoleon put a stop to many of these scenes of disorder. The indiscriminate pillage was ordered to cease; regiments were appointed in turn to collect the property which remained; the churches and other public buildings were evacuated by the cavalry, who had taken shelter in them; the principal streets were cleared; and directions were issued to secure the Russian stragglers, who still loitered in the town and its suburbs. It was too late, however, to put this last order into execution, as most of the Russians, on learning the emperor's return, had abandoned Moscow, and fled into the country. Nor was it possible to repair the losses caused by the indiscriminate pillage of the last six days. Quantities of provisions, which, if judiciously taken care of, would have proved a welcome addition to the army stores, had been irretrievably squandered by the thoughtless soldiers who had obtained possession of them. But the uproar and confusion caused by the fire were such, that even the best-disciplined army could not have been kept in check, or obliged to obey orders.

If the desertion of Moscow by its inhabitants was a circumstance for which Napoleon was totally unprepared, the burning of the city, we may well conceive, was a still greater astonishment to him. Here he was in the centre of Russia, in the city of Moscow, in the palace of the czars: this had long been the goal of his hopes; and

yet all his anticipations of the consequences of such an event were disappointed. He was still as far as ever from the conquest of Russia; and should the inhabitants continue to manifest the same spirit of resistance which had prompted them to set fire to their capital rather than submit, he might march from town to town, and yet approach no nearer the end of his expedition. Besides, a Russian winter was coming on; and how would he be able to make good his quarters in the midst of an inhospitable population, willing to destroy their stores of provisions, rather than contribute them to the support of the invader? Perplexed with these anxieties, Napoleon still cherished the hope that the czar would submit and come to terms: accordingly, he waited at Moscow in expectation of Alexander's reply to the letter which he had despatched on the 15th. The French emperor, however, had miscalculated the firmness of his rival; had, like the rest of Europe up to this moment, given him credit for less strength of character than he possessed. 'No pusillanimous dejection!' was Alexander's address to his subjects when he learned the destruction of Moscow; 'let us vow redoubled courage and perseverance! The enemy is in deserted Moscow as in a tomb, without means of domination, or even of existence. He entered Russia with 300,000 men, of all countries, without union, or any national or religious bond: he has lost half of them by the sword, famine, and desertion. He has but the wreck of this army in Moscow. He is in the heart of Russia, and not a single Russian at his feet. Meanwhile, our forces are increasing, and enclosing him. He is in the midst of a mighty population—encompassed by armies which are waiting for and keeping him in check. To escape famine, he will soon be obliged to direct his flight through the close ranks of our brave soldiers. Shall we then recede when all Europe is looking on and encouraging us?'

In the meantime, while Napoleon was waiting in Moscow, Murat and part of his army were in pursuit of the Russian general Kutusoff. Several engagements took place between the wary Russian and the chivalrous king of Naples; decisive, however, of nothing, except the obstinacy of the Russians. Napoleon became daily more weary of this protracted warfare, more sensible of the dangers of his position, more anxious to bring the czar to sue for peace. His plans were undecided. At one time it seemed to be his intention to remain at Moscow through the winter; and, in conformity with this design, or possibly merely as a feint to deceive the Russians, an intendant and municipal magistracy were appointed for the city; a theatre was erected amid the ruins; first-rate actors were sent for from Paris; and an Italian singer commenced giving entertainments in the Kremlin. At another time, Napoleon would, in one of his vaunting moods, propose to his assembled generals to march to St Petersburg—a project which a few words of common sense from any of their number were sufficient to put aside. The only other

course which could be adopted in the circumstances, was one from which Napoleon revolted, and which no one durst yet openly propose to him—it was to retreat. The necessity of deciding upon something became more and more evident. What quantity of provisions had been saved from the pillage of Moscow was soon exhausted; and the army, quartered through the city, was dependent on the success of parties of cavalry sent to procure forage in the district around. Soon all the stock in the neighbourhood of the city was eaten up, and it became necessary for these parties to extend their foraging expeditions to a greater distance, where, in addition to other difficulties, they had to contend, while pursuing their labour of pillage, with the enraged peasantry and with bands of roving Cossacks. 'Our cattle,' says Labaume, 'perished for want of forage. Our real miseries were disguised by an apparent abundance. We had neither bread nor meat; yet our tables were covered with sweetmeats, syrups, and dainties. Coffee, and every kind of wine, served in crystal or china vases, convinced us that luxury might be nearly allied to poverty. The extent and the nature of our wants rendered money of little value to us, and this gave rise to an exchange, rather than a sale of commodities. Those who had cloth offered it for wine; and he who had a pelisse could procure plenty of sugar and coffee.' In addition to their present sufferings, the French were haunted by the dread of the Russian winter, of whose horrors they had heard, but could as yet form only a vague and undefined conception. In the meetings between Murat's soldiers and the Russians, during occasional moments of truce, the latter would tell them that the winter was at hand; that indeed it should have, in the natural course of things, already commenced: that within a fortnight their nails would drop off, and their arms fall out of their benumbed and half-dead fingers; that their graves would be the snows of Russia.

Still Napoleon would not decide upon a retreat; still he hoped that the czar would yield. His calculations were founded on the conviction that the occupation of Moscow, even in its deserted state, was too great a blow for the nation to survive. 'Millions of money,' he said, 'have no doubt slipped through our hands in consequence of the burning of Moscow; but how many millions is Russia losing! Her commerce is ruined for a century to come. The nation is thrown back fifty years: this of itself is an important result. When the first moment of enthusiasm is past, this reflection will fill them with consternation.' The soldiers, for the moment, caught the tone of the emperor, and endeavoured to please him, by assuming, as well as they could, the outward appearance of a conquering and still high-spirited army. Poor fellows!—with hungry stomachs, with tattered uniforms, with their toes projecting through their torn shoes—they would do their best to furbish themselves up, so as to appear clean and smart at a review; and at the sight, in front of their ranks, of the fat little man—in obedience to whose views or whims it was

that they had left their homes eight hundred leagues away, and come hither to live on horse-flesh, and blow their fellow-men out of the world—they would still make the air ring with cries of 'Vive l'Empereur.'

All Napoleon's efforts to induce the czar to sue for peace failed; a letter which he had despatched to Kutusoff on the 6th October, had produced no result. The alternative now pressed upon him—to retreat out of Russia, or to winter in Moscow. There were not wanting among his officers men who advised the latter course. Let them make themselves as comfortable as possible, they said, in the city; let them make every effort to procure provisions, by sweeping the neighbouring country; to lessen the consumption of forage, and increase the supply of food, let all the spare horses be salted down and barreled. With these preparations, they would be able to defy the Russian winter, and wait patiently for the arrival of spring. Strange picture!—an army shut up for a winter in a ruined and smoke-blackened city, amusing themselves with balls, operas, and theatricals, and living meanwhile on salted horse-flesh! Napoleon, however, could not bring himself to entertain the idea of wintering in Moscow; his thoughts were in Paris, from which he had, for some time, received no communication—the despatches having been intercepted in passing through such an extent of hostile territory. What might not happen in Europe during his absence! Might not some revolution occur, which would be taken advantage of for his ruin by his foreign allies or his discontented subjects? And on his return to Paris might he not find himself no longer an emperor?

RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

With feelings of the deepest humiliation, yet maintaining his accustomed bravado and pretension, Napoleon determined on retreating from Moscow; and a battle fought between Kutusoff and Murat in the environs of the city, shewed him that there was no time to lose. The order to march was issued to the French troops on the 18th of October—a month and four days after their triumphant entry into the capital. 'Let us march upon Kaluga,' he said; 'and woe be to those I meet by the way!' On the 19th the army quitted Moscow, on its way to Kaluga. It consisted of 100,000 fighting men, with a number of sick; for, anxious to give his retreat as little the appearance of a confession of defeat as possible, Napoleon had caused all the hospitals to be evacuated, and only such of the sick as could not be shifted, amounting to about 1200 men, to be left in Moscow. Following the army, there was a long procession of attendants and baggage-bearers, resembling the hordes which we read of in ancient history as accompanying barbarian armies on their return from successful invasions. 'It consisted,' says Segur, 'of three or four files of infinite length, in which there was

a mixture, a confusion of chaises, ammunition-wagons, handsome carriages, and vehicles of every kind. Here, trophies of Russian, Turkish, and Persian colours, and the gigantic cross of Ivan the Great; there, long-bearded Russian peasants, carrying or driving along our booty, of which they constituted a part; others dragging even wheelbarrows, filled with whatever they could remove. The fools were not likely to proceed in this manner till the conclusion of the first day; but their senseless avidity made them think nothing of battles, and a march of eight hundred leagues. Among these army-followers were men of all nations, without uniform and without arms, and servants swearing in every language, and urging, by dint of shouts and blows, the progress of elegant carriages, drawn by pigmy horses harnessed with ropes. They were filled with provisions, or with the booty saved from the flames. They carried also Frenchwomen, with their children, formerly happy inhabitants of Moscow, but who had now fled from the hatred of the Muscovites.'

And now began that retreat which will ever remain one of the most dreadful chapters in the bloody annals of war. On the 22d of October the emperor had fixed his quarters at Borovsk. Here, though the distance was ten leagues from Moscow, was distinctly heard the sound of the tremendous explosion in which, by Napoleon's orders, left to be executed by the rearguard of his army, the Kremlin was blown up. Next day took place the terrible battle of Malo-Jaroslavitz, fought between the advanced portion of the French forces under Prince Eugène, and a Russian army under Doctoroff. The French were victorious; but this battle had been one of the most desperate ever fought; and on the 25th, when Napoleon entered the town where it took place, and from which it derives its name, the scene which presented itself shocked even his accustomed eye. The lines of the streets could no longer be distinguished, on account of the number of corpses heaped up in them, many of them with their heads crushed by the wheels of the cannon which had passed over them. These, and the smoking ruins, and the blood-stained walls, and the moanings of poor wounded wretches crawling along, and the doleful sound of the funeral march accompanying the burial of the slain officers, testified how obstinate the engagement had been. The victory of Malo-Jaroslavitz only shewed Napoleon the desperate position he was in, and made him more eager to retreat. He was particularly anxious to reach Smolensk before the winter should have set in with severity: here he hoped to find plenty of everything of which the army stood in need, and the retreat beyond that point would be easier. There were three routes to Smolensk, each of which was attended with its peculiar difficulties. Napoleon chose that by Mojaisk, and the field of his former bloody battle of Borodino.

On the 28th of October the army reached Mojaisk, leaving a track of ruin and devastation behind it, and fronting a desert

equally horrible. 'The fields,' says Labaume, 'trampled down by thousands of horses, seemed as though they had never been cultivated. The forests, cleared by the long continuance of the troops, partook likewise of the general desolation. But most horrible was the multitude of dead bodies, which, deprived of burial for fifty-two days, scarcely retained the human form. As we traversed the fields of Borodino, my consternation was inexpressible when I found the forty thousand men who had perished there yet lying exposed. The whole plain was entirely covered with them. None of the bodies were more than half-buried. In one place were to be seen garments yet red with blood, and bones gnawed by dogs and birds of prey; in another were broken arms, drums, trumpets, and helmets. Continuing our march through the plain, we heard at a distance a feeble voice appealing to us for succour. Touched by his plaintive cries, some soldiers approached the spot, and, to their astonishment, saw a French soldier stretched on the ground, with both his legs broken. "I was wounded," said he, "on the day of the great battle. I fainted from the agony I endured, and, on recovering my senses, I found myself in a desolate place, where no one could hear my cries, or afford me relief. For two months I daily dragged myself to the brink of a rivulet, where I fed on the grass and roots, and some morsels of bread which I found among the dead bodies. At night I laid myself down under the shelter of some dead horses. To-day, seeing you at a distance, I summoned all my strength, and happily crawled sufficiently near your route to make my voice heard."' The poor wretch was placed in a carriage, and carried along with the army.

From Mojaisk the army retreated to Gshatsk, and thence to Viazma, the emperor marching some distance in advance, and Prince Eugène and Marshal Davout bringing up the rear. The sufferings of the men, especially those in the divisions of Prince Eugène and Davout, were increased during this march by the severity of the weather, which, although the sky still continued clear, had become piercingly cold, and foreboded the coming on of the snow-season. Starvation, cold, and the attacks of the Russians, especially the Cossacks, who hovered on the retreat like birds of prey, thinned the army so much, that when the rear reached Viazma, it became necessary to reorganise it, adding the broken regiments together, so as to form new ones. Smolensk was now the goal of all hopes. The order of march from Viazma to Smolensk was as follows: Napoleon left Viazma on the 1st of November; Prince Eugène and Davout, who were a day or two behind, left it on the 4th, fighting their way through the Russians, who by this time had arrived at the town, and were occupying the roads in its neighbourhood; and, by the directions of Napoleon, Marshal Ney remained last of all, to bear the brunt of the enemy's attacks, and protect the rest of the army during their retreat. Ney was also instructed to retreat as slowly

as possible, in order to afford time for the rest not only to arrive at Smolensk, but also to repose in that town for a few days after their fatigues. Thus it will be seen that the post of danger and honour belonged to Ney. The rest of the army had to contend with famine and cold; but he had to contend, in addition, with the pursuing Russians—to retreat step by step, and in as dilatory a manner as possible.

The march from Viazma to Smolensk was a terrible one for the whole army, but especially for the rear divisions. On the 6th of November, while the most advanced were still two or three days' march from the long-wished-for Smolensk, the winter came on. It came on suddenly, like a true Russian winter. The clear blue sky disappeared; the sun, the luminary of Napoleon's fancied destiny, was no longer seen; thick cold fogs descended, rolling and whirling, from the heavens; bitter sleety blasts swept along the earth; and at length the snow came down in large flakes, darkening the atmosphere, and enclosing the bewildered traveller as he walked. The whole aspect of nature was changed: objects around altered their appearance, at first from the effect of the ghastly fogs which preceded the storm, and afterwards from the effects of the snow, which covered the earth, the trees, the hills, and undulations of the ground with its white mantle. Driven into chasms and hollows, it accumulated there in wreaths, cheating many poor shivering wretches, who, stumbling in, were engulfed in the snow, and made no efforts to rise again. Many perished in these snow-pits. Leaving these to their fate, the others pushed on through the drifting storm. Soon their garments, after being wet through, began to freeze and stiffen on their bodies; their limbs became benumbed and powerless; their very breath was congealed as it issued from their mouths, and hung in icicles from their beards. On and on they staggered, as if by a mechanical effort of perseverance, growing weaker and weaker at every step. At last, when sense and feeling were almost extinct, a stone, a piece of slippery ice, a branch of a tree, would trip them up, and, falling to the ground, they would lie there, unable to rise, and in a few minutes they would be covered with a little snow tumulus. To one turning his head to look back, the road, covered with these white hillocks, seemed like a churchyard in a snowy day. All order was at an end among the survivors. Muskets were dropped among the snow, or fell from the frozen fingers which carried them; soldiers left their ranks, officers their companies; and all wandered on, caring for nothing, and thinking of nothing, but self. Some would straggle off into by-paths, hoping to reach some shelter. These uniformly fell into the hands of the Cossacks, who either killed them at once, or stripped them naked, and left them to perish in the snow. Night at last came, to vary and increase the horrors of the day. Halting to bivouac, the first care of all was to kindle a fire. Wagons, and everything which could be used as fuel, were

broken up; and after a flame had been with difficulty kindled, crowds would gather round it, thawing their garments and limbs, and eating their repast of raw and bloody horse-flesh. Hundreds, falling asleep by the enormous fires which they had kindled, never awoke. Such as survived the night, had again to undergo the miseries of the day —to stagger on through the snow, to rush eagerly upon a fallen horse to secure part of its flesh, to see their companions fall at every step, to hear the croaking of crows overhead, and the howling of dogs devouring the corpses behind them—and thus for day after night, for night after day, until Smolensk could be reached.

Some of course suffered less during this retreat than others; Napoleon's own division suffered less than that of Prince Eugène; and Prince Eugène's, again, less than that of Ney. Ney's conduct during the retreat was heroic. Instructed to protract his march as long as possible, to afford the rest of the army time to recruit at Smolensk, he obeyed his orders by literally fighting for ten whole days between Viazma and Smolensk. It was on the 9th of November when Napoleon reached the latter town—his long-looked-for haven of safety. Alas! Smolensk was by no means the termination of their misfortunes! Napoleon had calculated on finding there fifteen days' provisions and forage for an army of a hundred thousand men; instead of which he found a quantity of flour, rice, and spirits, not sufficient for fifty thousand, and no meat of any kind. The operations of the Cossacks, and the activity of several Russian generals whom he had left in his rear on his advance to Moscow, occasioned this defalcation. In the distribution, too, of what provisions there were, fresh sufferings arose. Those who reached Smolensk first being a host of stragglers, without order and without officers, received no supplies till they were reorganised, or till the regular troops came up; and many died in the interval, besieging the doors of the magazines where the flour was lodged. When the regular troops did arrive, only a few could obtain baked bread. To the rest were distributed rye-flour, vegetables, and spirits, for which they fought and scrambled in the streets. Refusing to carry the supplies to their regiments, the wretched men would tear open the sacks at the doors of the magazines, snatch a few pounds of flour, and as much spirits as they could obtain, and then rush away to gorge themselves in some secret place. Next day the dead bodies of many of these unfortunate wretches were found in the streets and in the houses. As it was the 14th of November before all the army reached Smolensk, those who came last, and who stood most in need of refreshment, fared worst. The brave Ney and his men were regaled with what the others had left.

On the 19th of October, when the French army left Moscow, it consisted of 100,000 fighting men, an immense cavalcade of unarmed stragglers, together with an enormous train of artillery and baggage. When the whole wreck of the troops was collected at Smolensk, it

appeared that there remained only 36,000 fighting men, with stragglers, baggage, and artillery reduced in proportion. In other words, nearly two-thirds of the army had perished in twenty-five days. What a carnage! And what a prospect for the survivors, who had still so many dangers before them!

The next stage of the retreat was from Smolensk to Orcha, a distance of five days' march. Napoleon again marched first, quitting Smolensk on the 14th of November. Prince Eugène and Davout were to follow at a day's interval. Ney was instructed, as before, to bring up the rear, leaving Smolensk on the 16th or 17th. The whole country between the two towns was occupied by Russian armies under Kutusoff, Milaradowitch, and others; and through these the various divisions of the retreating army had successively to fight their way. It is impossible for any but a military pen to do justice to the retreat from Smolensk to Orcha, or to describe the desperate battles that were fought within so short a space of time. Suffice it to say, that again Ney was the hero of the march. When the rest, escaping from their own difficulties, had arrived at Orcha, they waited anxiously for the marshal's appearance; but after several days, during which no intelligence was received of him, they gave him up for lost. At length, on the evening of the 20th, he reached Orcha with his brave little band. When Napoleon, who was a league or two in advance, heard that the marshal had made his appearance, he leaped and shouted for joy, and cried out that he had saved his eagles, and that he would sooner have suffered any other loss than that of such a man. Leaving Smolensk on the 17th, he had been obliged to pursue a new route, to avoid being cut off; and after three days of incessant fighting, during which every manœuvre which the most extraordinary military genius could suggest was put in practice, he had been able to save his army. One anecdote of his march will shew the terrible condition to which the poor fugitives were reduced. At the gates of Smolensk, says Segur, 'a mother had abandoned her little son, only five years old. In spite of his cries and tears, she had driven him away from her sledge, which was too heavily laden. She herself cried out, with a distracted air, "that *he* had never seen France—that *he* would not regret it: as for *her*, *she* knew France; *she* was resolved to see France once more." Twice did Ney himself replace the unfortunate child in the arms of his mother: twice did she cast him off into the frozen snow. This solitary crime, amidst a thousand instances of the most sublime and devoted tenderness, they did not leave unpunished. The unnatural mother was abandoned to the same snow from which her infant was snatched, and intrusted to another mother. This little orphan was exhibited in their ranks; and he survived all the horrors of the retreat.'

On the 25th of November, the whole army, reduced now to about twenty-eight thousand fighting men and forty thousand stragglers,

still encumbered with a quantity of baggage, were assembled on the banks of the Beresina, which they had to cross. The passage of this river was one of the most disastrous points in the retreat. The bridge at Borissov had been destroyed; a Russian army under Tchitchakoff occupied the opposite bank of the river, and the passage appeared impracticable. So desperate seemed the state of affairs, that Murat advised Napoleon to leave the army to its fate, and make his own way to Paris. Napoleon, however, refused to listen to such a proposal, and occupied himself for two days in making such preparations as should enable him to cross the river, and at the same time deceive the enemy as to the exact spot at which he intended to cross it. 'What a frightful picture,' says Labaume, 'did such a multitude of men present! Our soldiers, pale, emaciated, dying with hunger and cold, having nothing to defend them from the inclemency of the season but tattered pelisses, and sheep-skins half-burnt, and muttering the most mournful lamentations, crowded the banks of this fatal river. Germans, Poles, Italians, Spaniards, Croats, Portuguese, and French were all mingled together, disputing and quarrelling with each other in their different languages; finally, the officers, and even the generals, wrapped in pelisses covered with dirt and filth, mingling with the soldiers, and abusing those who pressed upon them or braved their authority, formed a scene of strange confusion, of which no painter could trace the faintest resemblance.' The passage of the river commenced on the 27th, two wooden bridges having been by that time hastily constructed. A considerable part of the army crossed safely during the forenoon and afternoon of that day; among the rest Napoleon, with a division of about six thousand men, whom he marched immediately to Zembin, leaving the remainder to follow. Unfortunately, many of the stragglers preferred remaining on the left bank till the morning of the 28th, loath to quit the fires which they had kindled. The delay proved calamitous. The Russian armies in pursuit had come up before daylight; and, in order to afford time for the stragglers and baggage to cross, the soldiers who remained on the left side had to interpose themselves between them and the Russians. A terrible carnage ensued: one whole division of the French was obliged to surrender, and the rest were exposed to an incessant fire. Meanwhile the crowd was crushing along both bridges in the wildest confusion—men, women, children, horses, baggage—all struggling to be first. A heavy snow was falling; the weather was bitterly cold; large pieces of ice were floating down the river, and dashing against the frail woodwork; and the Russian bullets and cannon-balls were sweeping overhead. The scene became every moment more horrible. Here might be seen strong men, brutal in their selfishness, driving carriages through the crowd, crushing to death those who stood in their way; there, poor weak wretches, sitting composedly on the bank, gazing at the water;

and farther on, persons who had been thrown off the bridge into the water, trying to climb up again, or grasping, in their agony, floating fragments of ice. One of the bridges at length broke down. The crowd still pushing on from behind, scores were thrown into the water, and carried down by the stream. The rest rushed, pell-mell, to the other bridge. Nothing now was to be heard but groans, curses, and screams from victims trampled to death under the feet of their companions. So it continued during the whole night of the 28th, the Russian artillery never slacking their murderous fire. When morning dawned, many thousands still remained waiting to cross. Before this time, however, the Russians had approached so near that, to save those who had crossed, it became necessary to burn the bridge. This was accordingly done at about half-past eight o'clock; and all who had not passed were abandoned to the Russians. The fatal passage of the Beresina cost the army an immense number of its men; about twenty thousand armed men and thirty thousand stragglers alone escaping to the other side.

The miseries of the fugitives, however, were not yet over. The dreadful winter, the want of food, the goading attacks of the Cossacks, who hovered on the skirt of the army, continued to thin the ranks of the wretched caravan, and to strew its route with corpses. On the 5th of December the army reached Smorgoni, on the banks of the Vilno. Here Napoleon left it in a private manner, taking with him a small body-guard, and travelling as fast as possible, by means of sledges, in the direction of Poland and France. At his departure, the retreating army was left in the command of Murat, who was to conduct it homeward. No sooner, however, was it known that Napoleon had left the army to its fate, than there arose universal disorganisation and anarchy. Generals, inferior officers, and common soldiers were all seized with the instinct of self-preservation, and refused to obey orders. What little remains there were of generous or soldierly feeling in the army, were now entirely lost: hunger, cold, and despair had reduced the heroes of the Grand Army to a horde of savages.

From Smorgoni to Vilno, a distance of three days' march, was the next stage of the retreat: arrived at Vilno, a large and wealthy city, it was hoped that all their sufferings would be at an end. But, as if the Russian winter had resolved to drag back and detain its victims, these three days' march were through an atmosphere of icy frost. We shall let Segur describe these last days and nights of the retreat. 'On the 6th of December,' he says, 'the very day after Napoleon's departure, the sky exhibited a dreadful appearance. You might see icy particles floating in the air; the birds fell from it quite stiff and frozen. We flitted along in this empire of death like unhappy spirits. The dull and monotonous sound of our steps, the cracking of the snow, and the feeble groans of the dying, were the only interruptions to the vast and doleful silence. Such of our

soldiers as had hitherto been the most persevering, here lost heart entirely. Whenever they stopped for a moment from exhaustion, the winter, laying his heavy and icy hand upon them, was ready to seize upon his prey. In vain did these poor unfortunates, feeling themselves benumbed, raise themselves, and, already deprived of the power of speech, and plunged in a stupor, proceed a few steps like automatons; their blood freezing in their veins like water in the current of rivulets, congealed their heart, and then flew back to their head: these dying men then staggered as if they had been intoxicated. From their eyes, which were reddened and inflamed by the continual aspect of the snow, by the want of sleep, and the smoke of the bivouac, there flowed real tears of blood; their bosom heaved with heavy sighs; they looked at heaven, at us, and at the earth, with an eye dismayed, fixed, and wild; it expressed their farewell, and perhaps their reproaches, to the barbarous nature which had tortured them. They were not long before they fell upon their knees, and then upon their hands; their heads still wavered for a few minutes alternately to the right and left, and from their open mouth some agonising sounds escaped; at last it fell, in its turn, upon the snow, which it reddened immediately with livid blood, and their sufferings were at an end. Their comrades passed by them without moving a step out of their way, for fear of prolonging their journey, or even turning their head; for their beards and their hair were stiffened with the ice, and every movement was a pain.

'Such were the last *days* of the Grand Army. Its last *nights* were still more dreadful: those whom they surprised marching together, far from every habitation, halted on the borders of the woods; there they lighted their fires, before which they remained during the whole night, erect and motionless, like spectres. They seemed as if they could never have enough of the heat; they kept so close to it as to burn their clothes, as well as the frozen parts of their bodies, which the fire decomposed. The most dreadful pain then compelled them to stretch themselves, and the next day they attempted in vain to rise. In the meantime, such as the winter had almost wholly spared, and who still retained some portion of courage, prepared their melancholy meal. It consisted, ever since they had left Smolensk, of some slices of horse-flesh broiled, and some rye-meal diluted into a *bouillie* with snow-water, or kneaded into muffins, which they seasoned, for want of salt, with the powder of their cartridges. The sight of these fires was constantly attracting fresh spectres, who were driven back by the first comers. They then laid themselves down among the snow behind their more fortunate comrades, and there expired.'

On the 9th of December the fugitives reached Vilno. After crossing the Beresina, they had been joined by about twenty-five thousand recruits, so that at Smorgoni their numbers amounted

in all to about seventy-five thousand men. Of these, about one-half perished during the three days' march; only forty thousand reaching Vilno. Here no arrangements had been made for receiving or accommodating them; and a universal pillage ensued, many dying in the streets before food could be procured. From Vilno, the wreck of the army pushed on in broken bands to Kovno, the last town on the Russian frontier. The greater number of them arrived here on the 12th of December, and crossed the Niemen next day. Out of four hundred thousand men, in the prime of health and strength, who had crossed the Niemen on their advance into Russia, not more than twenty-five thousand now recrossed it on their return; and these were covered with rags, with hollow eyes and hunger-bitten faces. Plunging into the forests of Russian Poland, these poor wretches made their way to their several homes as well as they could, pursued for miles by the remorseless Cossacks. Many perished by the sword and by famine; and finally, only a mere handful reached France. Prince Eugène, after making every research to gather together the remains of his division, could muster only about eight hundred wounded, the miserable wreck of forty-eight thousand warriors.

Thus the Grand Army, which was to have subdued Russia, was annihilated, and its boastful chief a fugitive towards France. On the evening of the 10th of December, the sledges which bore Napoleon and a few attendants from the scene of danger reached Warsaw; and hence, wrapped in furs, after a brief stay, they pursued their way as secretly as possible through Germany and France to Paris. His sudden and unexpected appearance in Paris on the 19th of December caused general surprise; and it was only by concealing for a time the result of the campaign, and issuing false intelligence respecting the movements and state of the army, that he was able to prevent the discontent which was likely to arise. Ultimately, all became known; but while Europe was filled with horror for so much suffering, France was distracted and amused with the prospect of new campaigns and victories which would efface the recollection of its losses.

From the most careful calculations that can be made, it would appear that upwards of 650,000 men, French and Russians, invaders and defenders, perished in this most disastrous campaign. All estimates of the loss of life and also of property must, however, fall short of the truth. Many thousands of Russians perished obscurely, murdered in defence of their homes; thousands died of fatigue, hunger, and other privations. Innumerable villages, towns, and cities were sacked, burnt, and destroyed; and many years of dire suffering elapsed before the general distress was allayed, or the marks of disaster obliterated.

THE ANCIENT MARINER, AND OTHER POEMS, BY COLERIDGE.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART I.

IT is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three;
'By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

An ancient Mariner meeteth three gallants bidden to a wedding-feast, and detaineth one.

'The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
Mayst hear the merry din.'

He holds him with his skinny hand;
'There was a ship,' quoth he.
'Hold off! unhand me, graybeard loon!'
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three-years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he;
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon——
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The wedding-guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she:
Nodding their heads, before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear!
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship driven by a storm towards the South Pole.

And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts, and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head;
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice mast-high came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts, the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen :
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The land of ice and of fearful sounds, where no living thing was to be seen.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around ;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound.

At length did cross an albatross,
Thorough the fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

Till a great sea-bird, called the albatross, came through the snow-fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

It ate the food it ne'er had ate,
And round and round it flew,
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
The helmsman steered us through !

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo !

And, lo ! the albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud
It perched for vespers nine ;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.

'God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus !
Why look'st thou so ?' With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross.

The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

PART II.

The sun now rose upon the right ;
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo !

His shipmates cry out against the ancient Mariner for killing the bird of good-luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe;
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
'Ah, wretch!' said they, 'the bird to slay
That made the breeze to blow!'

But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist;
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
''Twas right,' said they, 'such birds to slay
That bring the fog and mist.'

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails northward even till it reaches the line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

And the albatross begins to be avenged.

Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink:
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: alas!
That ever this should be;
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

A Spirit had followed them, one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root:
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah, well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross the albatross
About my neck was hung.

The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner; in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird around his neck.

PART III.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye!
When looking westward I beheld
A something in the sky.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved, and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood;
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried: 'A sail! a sail!'

At the nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship, and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call;
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

A flash of joy.

'See! see!' I cried, 'she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal,
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!'

And horror follows; for can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

The western wave was all aflame,
The day was well-nigh done,
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! thought I, and my heart beat loud,
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting sun—the spectre woman and her death-mate, and no other, on board the skeleton ship.

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold;
Her skin was as white as leprosy;
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks men's blood with cold.

Like vessel, like crew.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done! I've won, I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

Death, and Life-in-Death, have diced for the ship's crew; she, the latter, winneth the ancient Mariner.

The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea
Off shot the spectre-bark.

No twilight within the courts of the sun.

We listened and looked sideways up;
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip.

The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white,
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

At the rising of the moon,

One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

One after another,

Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

His shipmates drop down dead;

The souls did from their bodies fly—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul it passed me by
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner.

PART IV.

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner,
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,*
As is the ribbed sea-sand!

The wedding-guest feareth that a spirit is talking to him.

'I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown.'
Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest,
This body dropped not down.

But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on: and so did I.

He despiseth the creatures of the calm,

* For the last two lines of this stanza I am indebted to Mr Wordsworth. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton with him and his sister, in the autumn of 1797, that this poem was planned, and in part composed.—*Author.*

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away:
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

And envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gushed,
A wicked whisper came and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they;
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward, and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country, and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide;
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside.

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoarfrost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmèd water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

By the light of the moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm;

Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire;

Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

Their beauty and their happiness.

He blesseth them in his heart.

The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sunk
Like lead into the sea.

The spell begins to break.

PART V.

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew,
And when I woke it rained.

By grace of the Holy Mother the ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind;
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails
That were so thin and sere.

He heareth sounds, and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the elements.

The upper air burst into life,
And a hundred fire-flags sheen;

To and fro they were hurried about,
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side;
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen these dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on,
Yet never a breeze upblew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said naught to me.

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
Be calm, thou wedding-guest,
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

But not by the souls of the men, nor by demons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint.

For when it dawned, they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute,
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailèd on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel, nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid; and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The lonesome Spirit from the South Pole carries on the ship as far as the line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

The sun right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean;
But in a minute she 'gan stir
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length,
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound;
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

'Is it he?' quoth one; 'Is this the man?
By him who died on cross!
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless albatross.

'The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

The Polar Spirit's fellow-demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong, and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew;
Quoth he: 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

But tell me, tell me, speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go,
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

FIRST VOICE.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?

The Mariner hath been cast into a trance, for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life can endure.

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind!

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high,
Or we shall be belated;
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

I woke, and we were sailing on,
As in a gentle weather;
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter;
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse with which they died,
Had never passed away;
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt; once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

The curse is finally expiated;

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made;
Its path was not upon the sea
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship—
Yet she sailèd softly too;
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

Oh, dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

And the ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God,
Or let me sleep alway!

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn;
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock;
The moonlight steeped in silentness,
The steady weathercock.

The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies,

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

And appear in their own forms of light.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were,
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Alas! what saw I there?

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And by the holy rood,
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood!

This seraph-band each waved his hand,
It was a heavenly sight;
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sunk
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The pilot and the pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast;

Dear Lord in heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice;
It is the hermit good;
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood;
He 'll shrieve my soul, he 'll wash away
The albatross's blood.

PART VII.

This hermit good lives in that wood — The hermit of the wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump;
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk—
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair
That signal made but now?'

'Strange, by my faith,' the hermit said— — Approacheth the ship with wonder.
'And they answered not our cheer!
The planks look warped; and see these sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were
Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along:
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look,'
The pilot made reply—
'I am afeared.' 'Push on, push on!'
Said the hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;

The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

The ship suddenly sinketh.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams myself I found
Within the pilot's boat.

The ancient Mariner is saved in the pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sunk the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the pilot shrieked,
And fell down in a fit;
The holy hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro:
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see
The devil knows how to row!'

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!'
The hermit crossed his brow;
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say
What manner of man art thou?'

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the hermit to shrieve him, and the penance of life falls on him:

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass like night from land to land:
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

And ever and anon throughout his future life, an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land,

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden bower the bride
And bridemaids singing are:
And hark! the little vesper-bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer.

O wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea;
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell,
To thee, thou wedding-guest:
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

And to teach, by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God that loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,

Is gone; and now the wedding-guest
Turns from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

NOTE.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was a native of Devonshire, being born on the 21st of October 1772, at Ottery St Mary, of which his father was vicar. He received the principal part of his education at Christ's Hospital, London, and distinguishd himself as a scholar. Being of an imaginative and irregular turn of mind, he was ill adapted to the ordinary struggles of life, and in youth encountered various misfortunes. About the beginning of the present century, he became acquainted with Southey and Wordsworth; and at Stowey, near the residence of the latter, he wrote his *Ancient Mariner*, and various other pieces; in which may be seen the richness of his imagination and depth of his poetical and metaphysical temperament. The versification of the *Ancient Mariner* is irregular, in the style of the old ballads, and most of the action of the piece is unnatural; yet the poem is full of vivid and original sentiment, and it possesses touches of exquisite tenderness. 'There is nothing else like it,' says a critic; 'it is a poem by itself; between it and other compositions there is a chasm which you cannot overpass. The sensitive reader feels himself insulated, and a sea of wonder and mystery flows round him as round the spell-stricken ship itself.' This lamented poet died at Highgate in 1834. In the present tract, we offer a few of his earliest pieces, trusting to make them favourably known in quarters from which they have hitherto been excluded. May every reader be able to say with the author: 'Poetry has been to me an exceeding great reward; it has soothed my affliction; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared my solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.'

LOVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of LOVE,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armèd man,
The statue of the armèd knight;
She stood and listened to my lay
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined; and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
Which crazed this bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

But sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once,
In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;

And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The lady of the land;

And how she wept and clasped his knees,
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay.

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve—
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng;
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved, she stept aside;
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace,
And bending back her head, looked up
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears; and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride!

BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

[FROM THE UNFINISHED POEM OF CHRISTABEL.]

ALAS! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain:
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother;
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining;
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder:
A dreary sea now flows between.
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

PICTURE OF A DUNGEON.

[FROM THE TRAGEDY OF REMORSE.]

AND this place our forefathers made for man!
This is the process of our love and wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us—
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty?
Is this the only cure? Merciful God!
Each pore and natural outlet shrivelled up
By ignorance and parching poverty,

His energies roll back upon his heart,
And stagnate and corrupt, till, changed to poison,
They break on him like a loathsome plague-spot!
Then we call in our pampered mountebanks—
And this is their best cure! uncomforted
And friendless solitude, groaning and tears,
And savage faces at the clanking hour,
Seen through the steam and vapours of his dungeon
By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies
'Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed
By sights of evermore deformity!
With other ministrations, thou, O Nature,
Healest thy wandering and distempered child:
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets;
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters;
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit healed and harmonised
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

THE SIGH.

WHEN Youth his fairy reign began,
Ere sorrow had proclaimed me man;
While Peace the present hour beguiled,
And all the lovely prospect smiled;
Then, Mary, 'mid my lightsome glee,
I heaved the painless sigh for thee.

And when, as tossed on waves of woe,
My harassed heart was doomed to know
The frantic burst, the outrage keen,
And the slow pang that gnaws unseen;
Then shipwrecked on life's stormy sea,
I heaved an anguished sigh for thee.

But soon Reflection's power impressed
A stiller sadness on my breast;
And sickly Hope, with waning eye,
Was well content to droop and die:
I yielded to the stern decree,
Yet heaved a languid sigh for thee!

And though, in distant climes to roam,
A wanderer from my native home,
I fain would soothe the sense of care,
And lull to sleep the joys that were;
Thy image may not banished be—
Still, Mary, still I sigh for thee.

WRITTEN IN EARLY YOUTH.

THE TIME, AN AUTUMNAL EVENING.

O THOU wild Fancy, check thy wing! No more
Those thin white flakes, those purple clouds explore;
Nor there with happy spirits speed thy flight,
Bathed in rich amber-glowing floods of light;
Nor in yon gleam, where slow descends the day,
With western peasants hail the morning ray;
Ah! rather bid the perished pleasures move,
A shadowy train, across the soul of love.
O'er disappointment's wintry desert fling
Each flower, that wreathed the dewy locks of Spring,
When blushing like a bride, from hope's trim bower
She leaped, awakened by the pattering shower.

Now sheds the sinking sun a deeper gleam;
Aid, lovely sorceress, aid thy poet's dream
With fairy wand; oh, bid the maid arise,
Chaste joyance dancing in her bright blue eyes;
As erst when from the Muse's calm abode
I came, with learning's meed not unbestowed:
When as she twined a laurel round my brow,
And met my kiss, and half returned my vow,
O'er all my frame shot rapid my thrilled heart,
And every nerve confessed the electric dart.
Oh, dear deceit! I see the maiden rise,
Chaste joyance dancing in her bright blue eyes;
When first the lark high-soaring, swells his throat,
Mocks the tired eye, and scatters the loud note,
I trace her footsteps on the accustomed lawn,
I mark her glancing 'mid the gleams of dawn;
When the bent flower beneath the night-dew weeps,
And on the lake the silver lustre sleeps,
Amid the paly radiance, soft and sad,
She meets my lonely path in moonbeams clad.
With her along the streamlet's brink I rove;
With her I list the warblings of the grove;

And seems in each low wind her voice to float,
Lone-whispering pity in each soothing note.

Spirits of love! ye heard her name! Obey
The powerful spell, and to my haunt repair;
Whether on clustering pinions ye are there,
Where rich snows blossom on the myrtle-trees,
Or with fond languishment, around my fair
Sigh in the loose luxuriance of her hair;
Oh, heed the spell, and hither wing your way,
Like far-off music voyaging the breeze!
Spirits, to you the infant maid was given,
Formed by the wondrous alchemy of heaven.
No fairer maid does love's wide empire know,
No fairer maid e'er heaved the bosom's snow.
A thousand loves around her forehead fly;
A thousand loves sit melting in her eye;
Love lights her smile—in Joy's bright nectar dips
The flamy rose, and plants it on her lips!
Tender, serene, and all devoid of guile,
Soft is her soul, as sleeping infant's smile:
She speaks! and hark that passion-warbled song—
Still, Fancy, still those mazy notes prolong.
Sweet as the angelic harps, whose rapturous falls
Awake the softened echoes of heaven's halls.
Oh! (have I sighed) were mine the wizard's rod,
Or mine the power of Proteus, changeful god,
A flower-entangled arbour I would seem,
To shield my love from noontide's sultry beam;
Or bloom a myrtle, from whose odorous boughs
My love might weave gay garlands for her brows.
When twilight stole across the fading vale,
To fan my love, I'd be the evening gale:
Mourn in the soft folds of her swelling vest,
And flutter my faint pinions on her breast.
On seraph wing I'd float a dream by night,
To soothe my love with shadows of delight;
Or soar aloft, to be the spangled skies,
And gaze upon her with a thousand eyes.

As when the savage, who his drowsy frame
Had basked beneath the sun's unclouded flame,
Awakes amid the troubles of the air,
The skyey deluge, and white lightning's glare—
Aghast he scours before the tempest's sweep,
And sad recalls the sunny hour of sleep:
So tossed by storms along life's wildering way,
Mine eye reverted, views that cloudless day,

When by my native brook I wont to rove,
While hope with kisses nursed the infant love.
Dear native brook! like peace, so placidly
Smoothing through fertile fields thy current meek!
Dear native brook! where first young Poesy
Stared wildly eager in her noontide dream,
Where blameless pleasures dimple Quiet's cheek,
As water-lilies ripple a slow stream.
Dear native haunts! where Virtue still is gay;
Where Friendship's fixed star sheds a mellowed ray;
Where Love a crown of thornless roses wears;
Where softened Sorrow smiles within her tears;
And Memory, with a vestal's chaste employ,
Unceasing feeds the lambent flame of joy—
No more your skylarks, melting from the sight,
Shall thrill the attuned heart-string with delight;
No more shall deck your pensive pleasures sweet
With wreaths of sober hue my evening seat.
Yet dear to fancy's eye your varied scene
Of wood, hill, dale, and sparkling brook between;
Yet sweet to fancy's ear the warbled song,
That soars on morning's wing your vales among.

Scenes of my hope! the aching eye ye leave
Like yon bright hues that paint the clouds of eve.
Tearful and saddening with the saddened blaze,
Mine eye the gleam pursues with wistful gaze;
Sees shades on shades with deeper tint impend,
Till, chill and damp, the moonless night descend.

ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR [1795].

I.

SPIRIT who sweepest the wild harp of time!
It is most hard, with an untroubled ear
Thy dark inwoven harmonies to hear!
Yet mine eye fixed on heaven's unchanging clime
Long when I listened, free from mortal fear,
With inward stillness, and submitted mind;
When lo! its folds far waving on the wind,
I saw the train of the departing year!
Starting from my silent sadness,
Then with no unholy madness,
Ere yet the entered cloud foreclosed my sight,
I raised the impetuous song, and solemnised his flight.

II.

Hither from the recent tomb,
From the prison's direr gloom,
From Distemper's midnight anguish;
And thence, where Poverty doth waste and languish;
Or where, his two bright torches blending,
Love illumines manhood's maze;
Or where, o'er cradled infants bending,
Hope has fixed her wishful gaze,
Hither, in perplexèd dance,
Ye Woes! ye young-eyed Joys! advance!
By time's wild harp, and by the hand
Whose indefatigable sweep
Raises its fateful strings from sleep,
I bid you haste, a mixed tumultuous band!
From every private bower,
And each domestic hearth,
Haste for one solemn hour;
And with a loud and yet a louder voice,
O'er nature struggling in portentous birth
Weep and rejoice!
Still echoes the dread name that o'er the earth
Let slip the storm, and woke the brood of hell:
And now advance in saintly jubilee
Justice and Truth! They, too, have heard thy spell;
They, too, obey thy name, divinest Liberty!

III.

I marked Ambition in his war-array!
I heard the mailèd monarch's troublous cry:
'Ah! wherefore does the northern conqueress stay?
Groans not her chariot on its onward way?'
Fly, mailèd monarch, fly!
Stunned by Death's twice mortal mace,
No more on Murder's lurid face
The insatiate hag shall gloat with drunken eye!
Manes of the unnumbered slain!
Ye that gasped on Warsaw's plain!
Ye that erst at Ismail's tower,
When human ruin choked the streams,
Fell in conquest's glutted hour,
'Mid women's shrieks and infants' screams!
Spirits of the uncoffined slain,
Sudden blasts of triumph swelling,
Oft at night, in misty train,
Rush around her narrow dwelling!

The exterminating fiend is fled—
(Foul her life, and dark her doom)
Mighty armies of the dead
Dance like death-fires round her tomb!
Then with prophetic song relate
Each some tyrant-murderer's fate!

IV.

Departing year! 'twas on no earthly shore
My soul beheld thy vision! Where alone,
Voiceless and stern, before the cloudy throne,
Aye Memory sits: thy robe inscribed with gore,
With many an unimaginable groan
Thou storiedst thy sad hours! Silence ensued,
Deep silence o'er the ethereal multitude,
Whose locks with wreaths, whose wreaths with glories shone.
Then, his eye wild ardours glancing,
From the choirèd gods advancing,
The Spirit of the earth made reverence meet,
And stood up, beautiful, before the cloudy seat.

V.

Throughout the blissful throng
Hushed were harp and song:
Till wheeling round the throne the Lampads seven
(The mystic words of Heaven)
Permissive signal make:
The fervent Spirit bowed, then spread his wings and spake:
'Thou in stormy blackness throning
Love and uncreated Light,
By the Earth's unsolaced groaning,
Seize thy terrors, Arm of might!
By Peace with proffered insult scared,
Maskèd Hate and envying Scorn!
By years of havoc yet unborn!
And Hunger's bosom to the frost-winds bared!
But chief by Afric's wrongs,
Strange, horrible, and foul!
By what deep guilt belongs
To the deaf Synod, "full of gifts and lies!"
By Wealth's insensate laugh! by Torture's howl!
Avenger, rise!
For ever shall the thankless island scowl,
Her quiver full, and with unbroken bow?
Speak! from thy storm-black heaven, oh, speak aloud!
And on the darkling foe

Open thine eye of fire from some uncertain cloud!
O dart the flash! O rise and deal the blow!
The past to thee, to thee the future cries!
Hark! how wide Nature joins her groans below!
Rise, God of Nature! rise.'

* * * *

VII.

Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,
O Albion! O my mother isle!
Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers;
Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
Echo to the bleat of flocks
(Those grassy hills, those glittering dells
Proudly ramparted with rocks);
And Ocean, 'mid his uproar wild,
Speaks safety to his island-child!
Hence, for many a fearless age
Has social Quiet loved thy shore!
Nor ever proud invader's rage
Or sacked thy towers, or stained thy fields with gore.

VIII.

Abandoned of Heaven! mad Avarice thy guide,
At cowardly distance, yet kindling with pride—
'Mid thy herds and thy corn-fields secure thou hast stood,
And joined the wild yelling of Famine and Blood!
The nations curse thee!

* * * *

IX.

Away, my soul, away!
In vain, in vain the birds of warning sing—
And hark! I hear the famished brood of prey
Flap their lank pennons on the groaning wind!
Away, my soul, away!
I, unpartaking of the evil thing,
With daily prayer and daily toil
Soliciting for food my scanty soil,
Have wailed my country with a loud lament.
Now I recentre my immortal mind
In the deep sabbath of meek self-content;
Cleansed from the vaporous passions that bedim
God's image, sister of the seraphim.

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